The ASSEMBLY HYMN and SONG COLLECTION

C. GUY BOOMER

COMPLETE EDITION

P36 #18

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The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection

For Use In

Chapel, Assembly, Convocation
or General Exercises of

SCHOOLS, NORMALS, COLLEGES,
UNIVERSITIES, Etc.

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PREFACE

"The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection" defines its purpose. The compiler's experience in Schools, Colleges, and Universities has proven the great need of a song collection, containing only such material as has been found to be the most suitable and practical for the Chapel or Assembly Hour. In many schools this period is largely a devotional period. Hence the need of *Scriptural Readings and Singing Responses*, and a large collection of *Standard Hymns and Sacred Songs*. In selecting these, great care has been taken to use not only choice hymns of the best words and music, but also *only such* as are best suited to school use.

However, the majority of schools and institutions to-day do not confine the assembly music to sacred text; hence the demand for a large variety of *Part-Songs and Choruses*. In this division will be found not only the cream of familiar part-songs and folksong gems, but also a goodly number of more pretentions part-songs and choruses, all of which have been tested and tried under varying conditions where the school desires to make the music a prominent feature of the assembly period.

Indispensable to any school song book are a number of the best *National and Patriotic Songs*, also a limited number of Songs for Special Occasions, such as Arbor Day, Christmas, Commencement, Songs of Nature, etc. In addition will be found a few of the more popular and adaptable *School and College Songs*. In these, it was the aim of the compiler to select only the generally known school songs, and such as might easily be adapted to the use of any school or college.

"The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection" is the result of years of work, observation, and experience, and produced to meet the demand among Schools, Colleges, and Universities for just such a book. Trusting that that "The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection" may be found a valuable means of brightening the Assembly Hour, I submit the production to the "School World."

THE COMPILER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Compiler uses this means of expressing his gratitude to the many leading educators and musicians who have so liberally given time, valuable suggestions, and assistance toward the preparation of this work. Also to those who who have so kindly granted permission for use of copyright material, which forms a large portion of this collection. It is felt that special mention is due the following: J. H. Vincent, Eugene T. Ware, Geo. W. Doane, Horatio C. King Arthur C. Ainger, (of England) William Mann Irvine, Chas. A. Levermore, Lewis B. Fisher, P. S. Shanahan, Edith Rankin (White), C. A. Fullerton, J. H. T. Main, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Oliver Ditson Co., Silver, Burdett & Co., and The Willis Music Co.

1927—EDITION—1928

This new 14th edition of The Assembly Collection means another printing is necessary to meet the ever increasing demand. Such a record, without assistance of agents or salesmen, is surely unprecedented in the history of any song book of its kind. This book has virtually SOLD ITSELF, or more strictly speaking, "Sold On Its Merits"—thru the recommendation of one school to another.

The thorough practicalness and wearing qualities of any publication can be proved only by actual use. Since it is the 'users' that so enthusiastically recommend The Assembly Collection and who are doing most to promote its sales, the compiler has reason for feeling that his efforts—the six years of labor spent in preparation of this work, have not been in vain and that the book has adequately filled the purpose intended.

The compiler takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude and appreciation to the many users for their liberal patronage, and especially to the many educators who have so generously endorsed and recommended the book to other schools.

Chicago, Illinois. **C. G. HOOVER.**

OBSERVE THE INCREASING DEMAND

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The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

Part I.

Selected Scriptural Readings.

No. 1. The Commandments.

EXODUS 20: 1–17.

1 And God spake all these words, saying,
2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.
3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:
5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;
6 And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.
9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:
10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:
11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
12 ¶ Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
13 Thou shalt not kill.
14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.
15 Thou shalt not steal.
16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour
17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

No. 2. Psalm 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

No. 3. Psalm 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

No. 4. Psalm 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

No. 5. Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 6. Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 7. Psalm 8.

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who has set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 8. Psalm 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

No. 9. Psalm 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

No. 10. Psalm 103. (1-12.)

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

No. 11. Psalm 103. (13-22.)

1 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

2 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

3 As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

4 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

5 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

6 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

7 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

8 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

9 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

10 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

No. 12. Psalm 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

No. 13. Proverbs 3. (1–17.)

1 My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

8 It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones.

9 Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase:

10 So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

11 My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction.

12 For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

13 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

14 For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

15 She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

16 Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

17 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

No. 14. Proverbs 15. (1–15.)

1 A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

2 The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.

3 The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

4 A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit.

5 A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

6 In the house of the righteous is much treasure: but in the revenues of the wicked is trouble.

7 The lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.

8 The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord: but the prayer of the upright is his delight.

9 The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord: but he loveth him that followeth after righteousness.

10 Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way: and he that hateth reproof shall die.

11 Hell and destruction are before the Lord: how much more then the hearts of the children of men?

12 A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him: neither will he go unto the wise.

13 A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

14 The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge: but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.

15 All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

No. 15. The Word.

St. John 1: 1–18.

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

15 John bare witness of him, and cried, saying, This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me; for he was before me.

16 And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

17 For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

18 No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

No. 16. Charity.

1 Cor. 13: 1–13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

No. 17. Pure Religion.

James 1: 16–27.

16 Do not err, my beloved brethren.

17 Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

18 Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

19 Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:

20 For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

21 Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

22 But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

23 For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

24 For he beholdeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

25 But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

26 If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

27 Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

No. 18. The Christian Soldier.

EPHESIANS 6: 10–17.

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

No. 19. Remember thy Creator.

ECCLES. 12.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8 ¶ Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

9 And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

10 The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

11 The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

12 And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

13 ¶ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

14 For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

No. 20. Confidence in God.

PSALM 42.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of

God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

No. 21. The Beatitudes.

ST. MATT. 5: 1–12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 22. Wisdom.

PROV. 4: 1–13.

1 Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.

2 For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law.

3 For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.

4 He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live.

5 Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

6 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee.

7 Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

8 Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her.

9 She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

10 Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

11 I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

12 When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

13 Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

No. 23. The Call of Wisdom.

JOB. 28: 12–28.

12 But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

13 Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

14 The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

15 It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

16 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

17 The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

18 No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

19 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

20 Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

21 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

22 Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

23 God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

24 For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

25 To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

26 When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

27 Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

28 And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

No. 24. Temperance.

PROVERBS 20.

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

PROVERBS 21.

17 He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

PROVERBS 23.

19 Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way.

20 Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

21 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. * * *

29 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

30 They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32 At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

GALATIANS 5.

19 Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; * * *

21 Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

22 But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

23 Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

2 PETER 1.

5 And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;

6 And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness;

7 And to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

No. 25. Invitation.

ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thith-

er, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

No. 26. Golden Rule.

ST. MATTHEW 7: 1–12.

1 Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2 For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

3 And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

4 Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

5 Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

6 Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

7 Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

8 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

9 Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

10 Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

11 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

12 Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

No. 27. Heavenly Treasures.

ST. MATTHEW 6: 19–34.

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

22 The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

23 But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

24 No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

25 Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

26 Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

27 Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

28 And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

29 And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

30 Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

31 Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

32 (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

33 But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

34 Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

No. 28. Resist Not Evil.

St. Matt. 5: 38–48.

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

39 But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

45 That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

48 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Parable of the Ten Talents.

No. 29. St. Matt. 25: 14–29.

14 For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

15 And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

16 Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

17 And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

18 But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

19 After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

20 And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

21 His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

22 He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

23 His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

24 Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed:

25 And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

26 His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

27 Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

28 Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

29 For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Parable of the Sower.

No. 30. St. Matt. 13: 3–9; 18–23.

3 And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

4 And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

5 Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

6 And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

7 And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

8 But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

9 Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

* * *

18 Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower.

19 When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart. This is he which received seed by the way side.

20 But he that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it;

21 Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended.

22 He also that received seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word; and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful.

23 But he that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

Parable of the Good Samaritan.

No. 31. St. Luke 10: 25–37.

25 And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

26 He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

27 And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

28 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

29 But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

30 And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

31 And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

32 And likewise a Levite, when he saw at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

33 But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

34 And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

35 And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee

36 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

37 And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

No. 32. The Great Doctrine.

Romans 5: 1–11.

1 Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

2 By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

3 And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience;

4 And patience, experience; and experience, hope:

5 And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

6 For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

7 For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

8 But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

9 Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

10 For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

11 And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

No. 33. Sundry Duties.

ROMANS 12.

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

No. 34. Our Civil Duties.

ROMANS 13: 1-8.

1 Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.

2 Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.

3 For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same:

4 For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.

5 Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

6 For for this cause pay ye tribute also: for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

7 Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

8 Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

No. 35. Paul at Athens.

THE ACTS 17: 19-31.

19 And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?

20 For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean.

21 (For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing.)

22 Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

23 For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

24 God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

25 Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

26 And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

27 That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

28 For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.

29 Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

30 And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent:

31 Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

No. 36. Fruits of the Spirit.

GALATIANS 5: 16-26.

16 This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.

17 For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

18 But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

19 Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness,

20 Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies,

21 Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

22 But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

23 Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

24 And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

25 If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

26 Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

No. 37. Exhortation.

2 PETER 1: 2–11.

2 Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord,

3 According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:

4 Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

5 And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge;

6 And to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness;

7 And to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

8 For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

9 But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

10 Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall:

11 For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

No. 38. Faith and Love.

PHILEMON 1.

1 Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, and Timothy our brother, unto Philemon our dearly beloved, and fellowlabourer,

2 And to our beloved Apphia, and Archippus our fellowsoldier, and to the church in thy house:

3 Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

4 I thank my God, making mention of thee always in my prayers,

5 Hearing of thy love and faith, which thou hast toward the Lord Jesus, and toward all saints;

6 That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus.

7 For we have great joy and consolation in thy love, because the bowels of the saints are refreshed by thee, brother.

8 Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient,

9 Yet for love's sake I rather beseech thee, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ.

10 I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds:

11 Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me;

12 Whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him. that is. mine own bowels:

13 Whom I would have retained with me, that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the gospel:

14 But without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly.

15 For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him for ever;

16 Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord?

17 If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself.

18 If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account;

19 I Paul have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it: albeit I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides.

20 Yea, brother, let me have joy of thee in the Lord: refresh my bowels in the Lord.

21 Having confidence in thy obedience I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say.

22 But withal prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you. * * *

25 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen.

No. 39. Mutual Dependence.

1 Cor. 12: 14–26.

14 For the body is not one member, but many.

15 If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

16 And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

17 If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

18 But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.

19 And if they were all one member, where were the body?

20 But now are they many members, yet but one body.

21 And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

22 Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary:

23 And those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness.

24 For our comely parts have no need: but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked:

25 That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.

26 And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

No. 40. The Only Foundation.

1 Cor. 3: 1–11; 18–23.

1 And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

3 For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?

4 For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal?

5 Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man?

6 I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.

7 So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

8 Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour.

9 For we are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building.

10 According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon.

11 For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

* * *

18 Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.

19 For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.

20 And again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain.

21 Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are your's;

22 Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are your's;

23 And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.

No. 41. The Water of Life.

REVELATION 22: 1–7, 17.

1 And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

* * *

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

No. 42. Patriotism.

PROVERBS 14.

34 Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.

PSALM 33.

12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

ROMANS 13: 1, 7.

1 Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. * * *

7 Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour.

EXODUS 15: 11, 13, 17.

11 Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? * * *

13 Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. * * *

17 Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

DEUTERONOMY 30: 15–20.

15 See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil;

16 In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments and his statutes and his judgments, that thou mayest live and multiply: and the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it.

17 But if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them;

18 I denounce unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land, whither thou passest over Jordan to go to possess it.

19 I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live:

20 That thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto him: for he is thy life, and the length of thy days: that thou mayest dwell in the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give them.

No. 43. Thanksgiving.

PSALM 148.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

6 He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7 Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

9 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

10 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

11 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

12 Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

13 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

14 He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a twoedged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people;

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 44. Invocation.

(FROM BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.)

Almighty and everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being; We, thy needy creatures, render thee our humble praises, for thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day: we bless and magnify thy glorious Name; humbly beseeching thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy Name.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life.

Have mercy upon this whole land; and so rule the hearts of thy servants THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, *The Governor of this State*, and all others in authority, that they, knowing whose ministers they are, may above all things seek thy honour and glory; and that we and all the People, duly considering whose authority they bear, may faithfully and obediently honour them, in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed Word.

O Thou, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

No. 45. Benedictions.

The Lord bless us, and keep us. The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

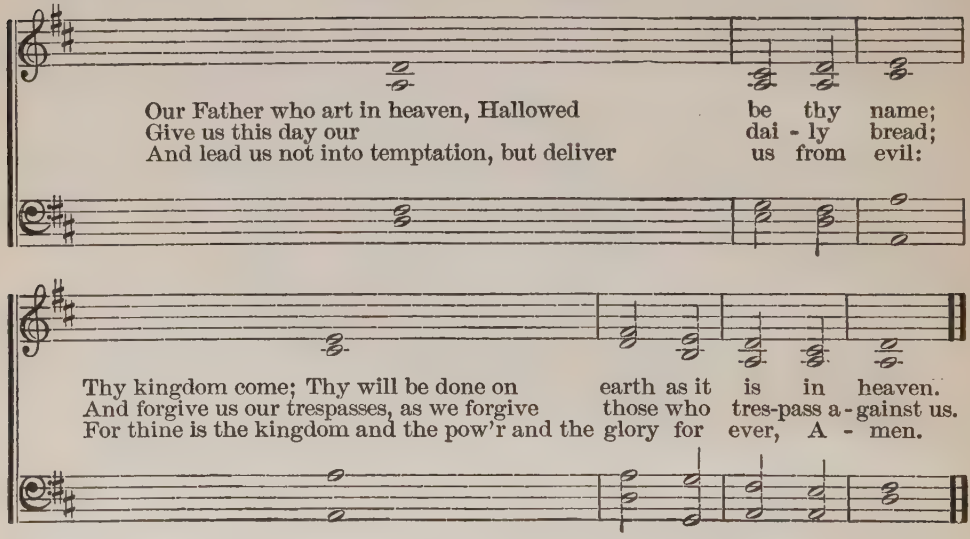
2 CORINTHIANS 13.

14 The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

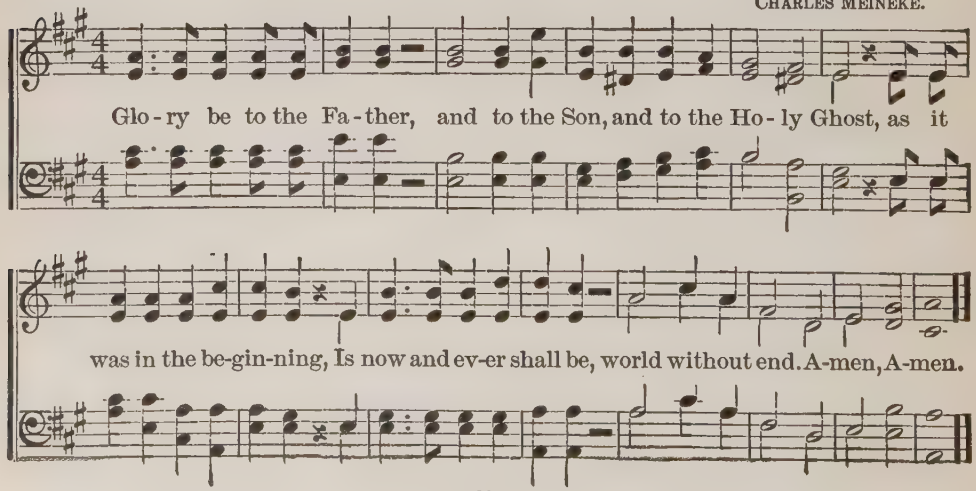
Responses and Chants.

No. 1. The Lord's Prayer.

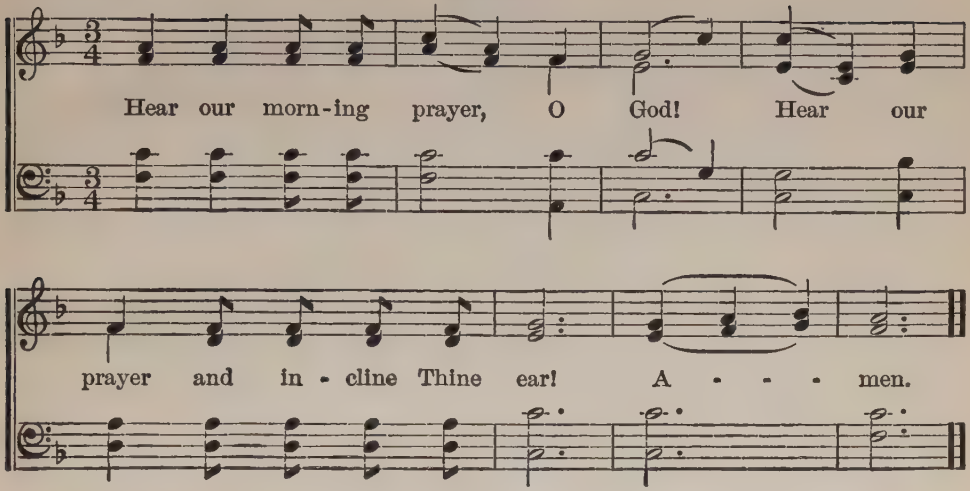

Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who tres-pass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom and the pow'r and the glory for ever, A - men.

No. 2. Gloria Patri.

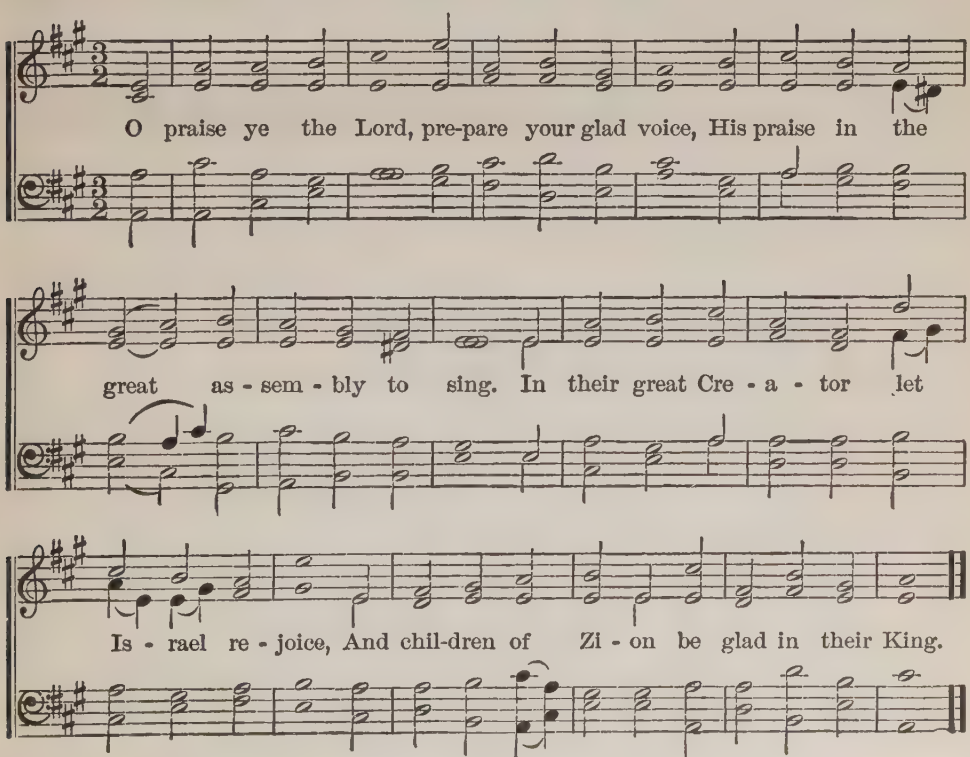
CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it
was in the be-gin-ning, Is now and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

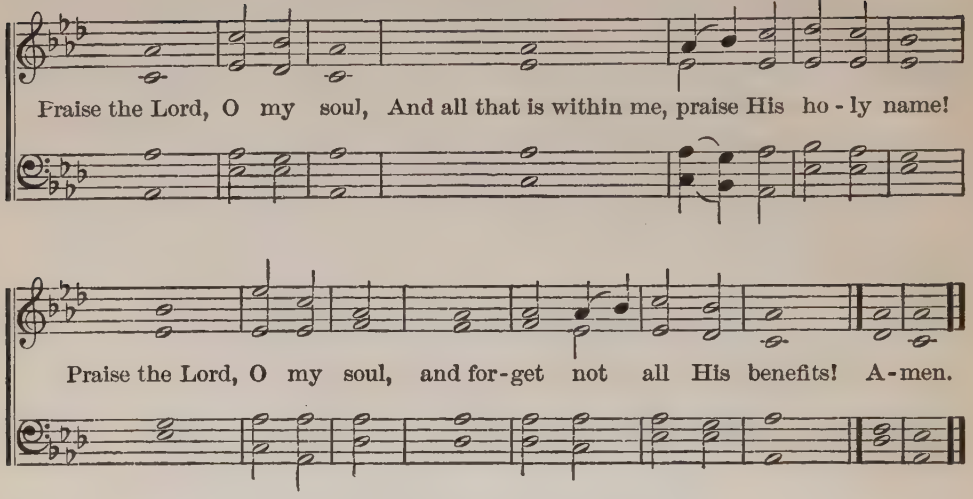
No. 3. Hear Our Morning Prayer.



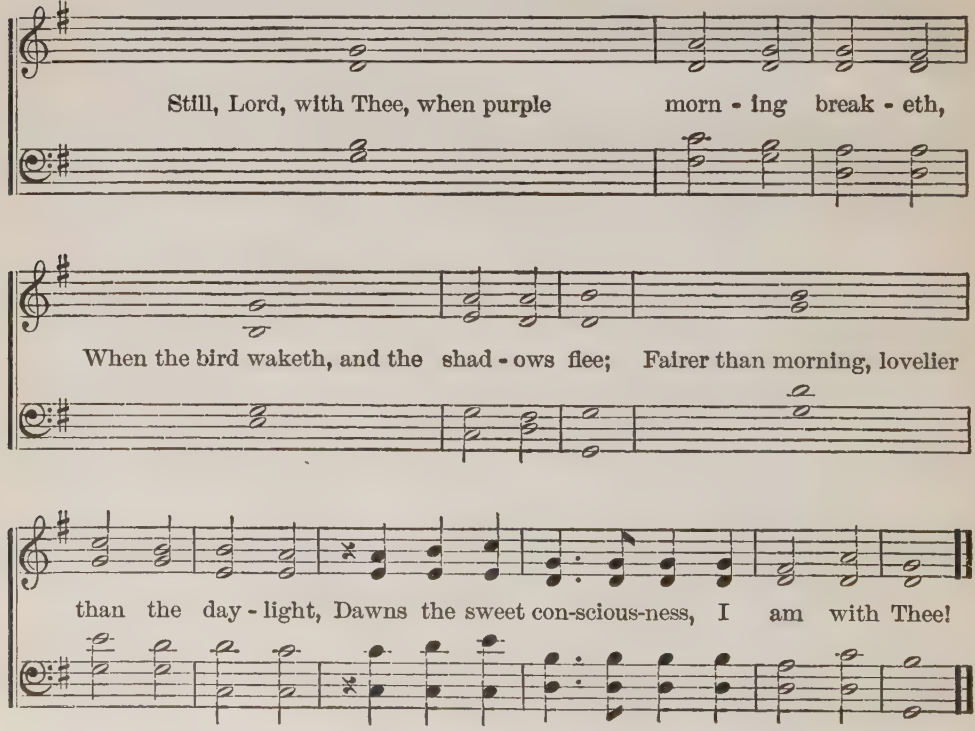
No. 4. O Praise Ye the Lord.


O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the
great as - sem - bly to sing. In their great Cre - a - tor let
Is - rael re - joice, And chil-dren of Zi - on be glad in their King.

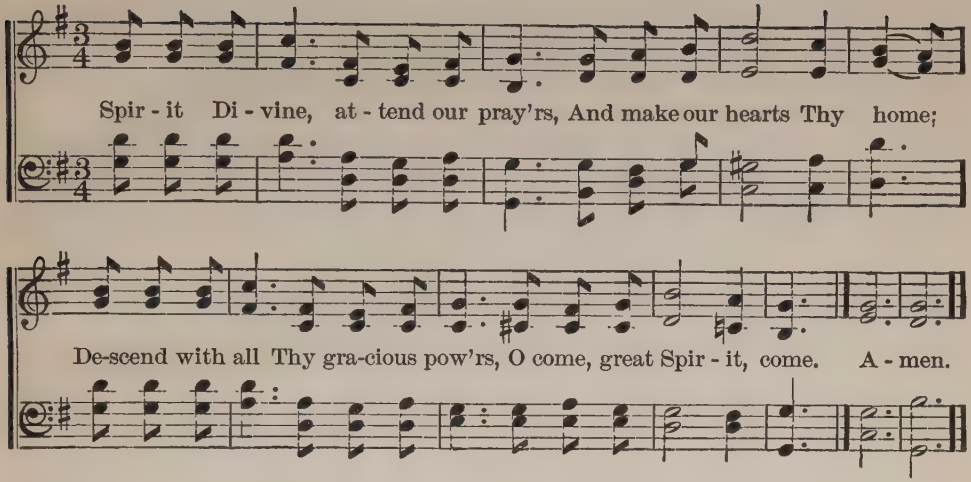
No. 5. Praise the Lord, O My Soul


Praise the Lord, O my soul, And all that is within me, praise His ho - ly name!
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for-get not all His benefits! A-men.

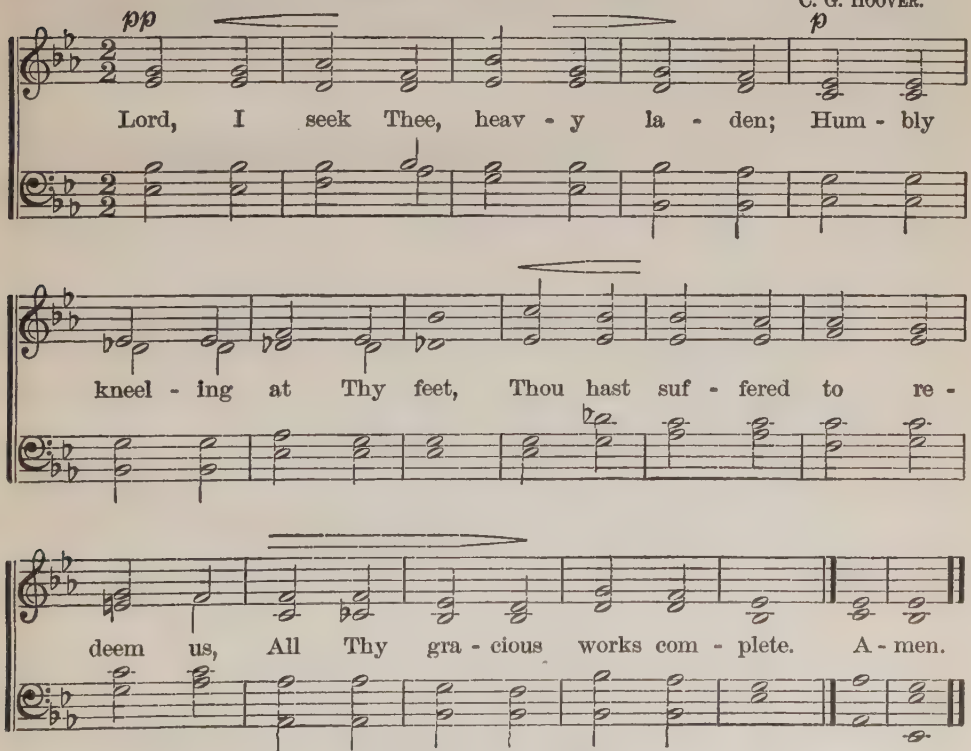
No. 6. Still, Lord, With Thee.


Still, Lord, with Thee, when purple morn - ing break - eth,
When the bird waketh, and the shad - ows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier
than the day - light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee!

No. 7. Spirit Divine.

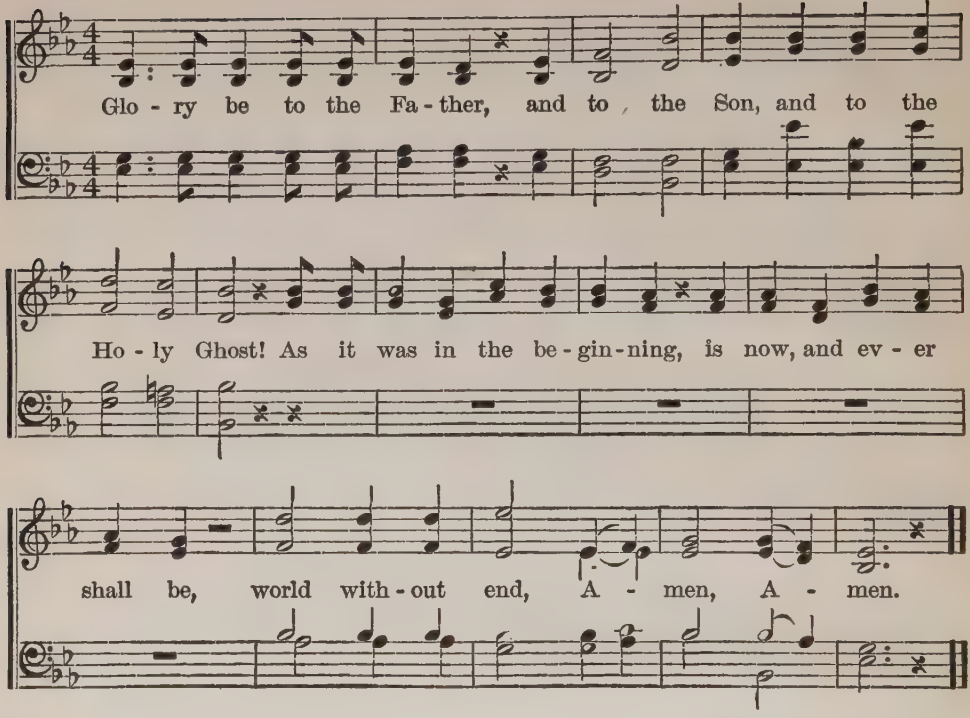

Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make our hearts Thy home;
De-scend with all Thy gra-cious pow'rs, O come, great Spir - it, come. A - men.

No. 8. Lord, I Seek Thee.


C. G. Hoover.
pp
p
Lord, I seek Thee, heav - y la - den; Hum - bly
kneel - ing at Thy feet, Thou hast suf - fered to re -
deem us, All Thy gra - cious works com - plete. A - men.

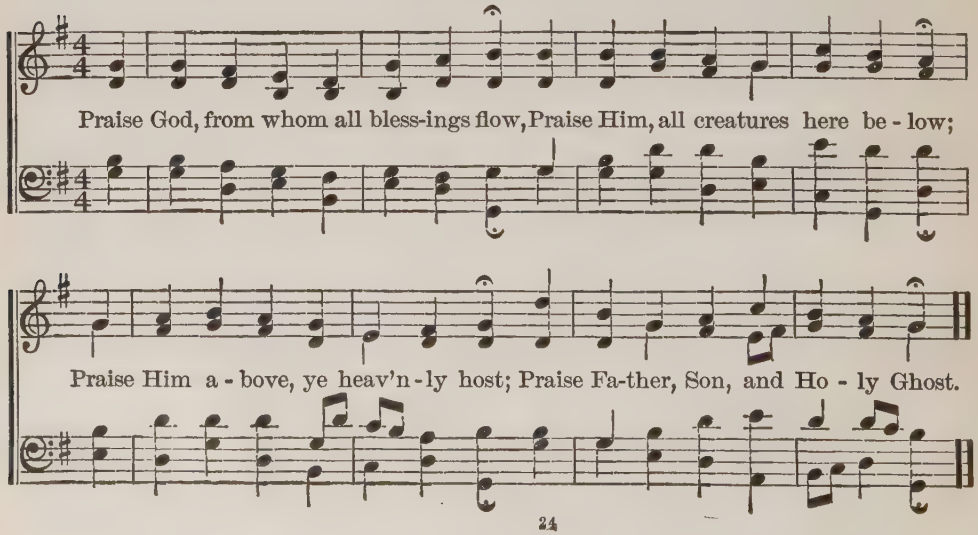
Copyright, 1912, by C. G. Hoover.

No. 9. Glory Be To the Father.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost! As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er
shall be, world with - out end, A - men, A - men.

No. 10. Doxology.

THOMAS KEN. OLD Hundreth. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.


Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

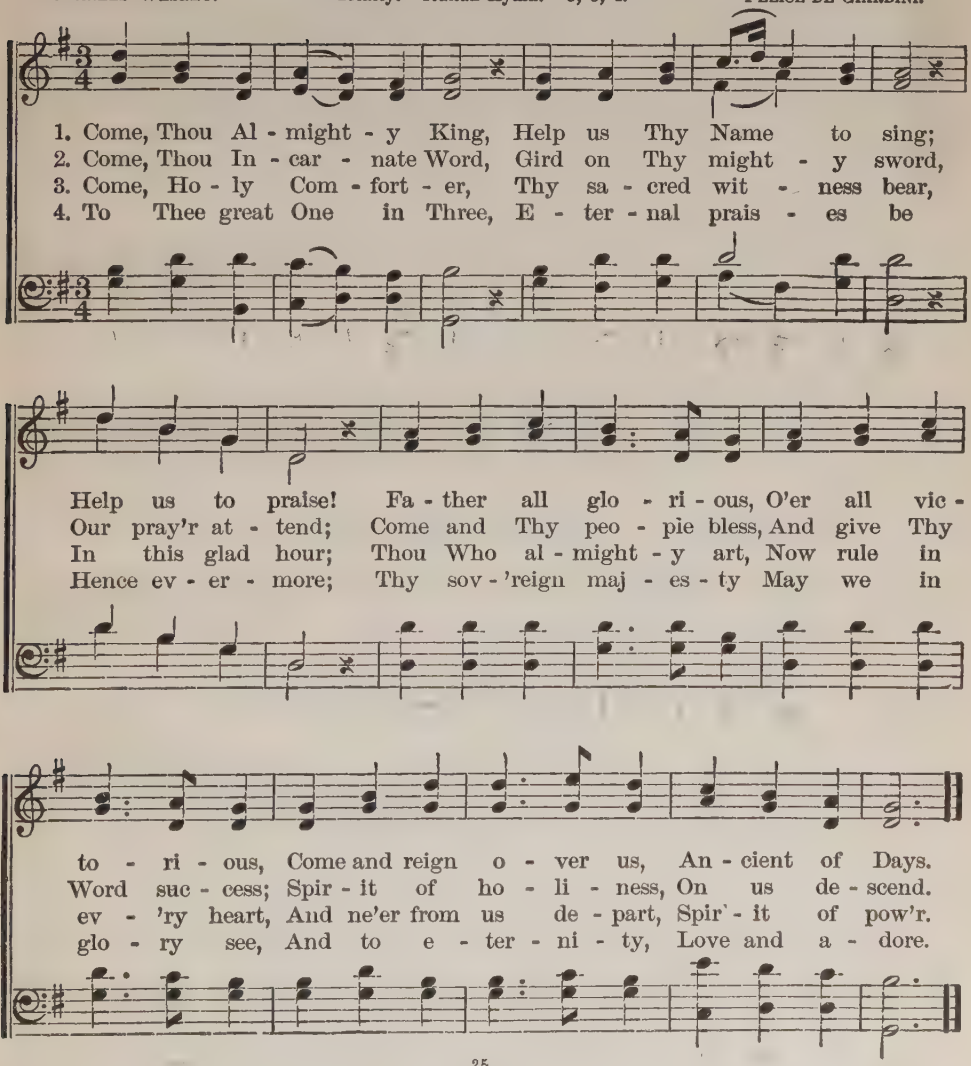
The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

Part II.

Standard Hymns and Sacred Songs.

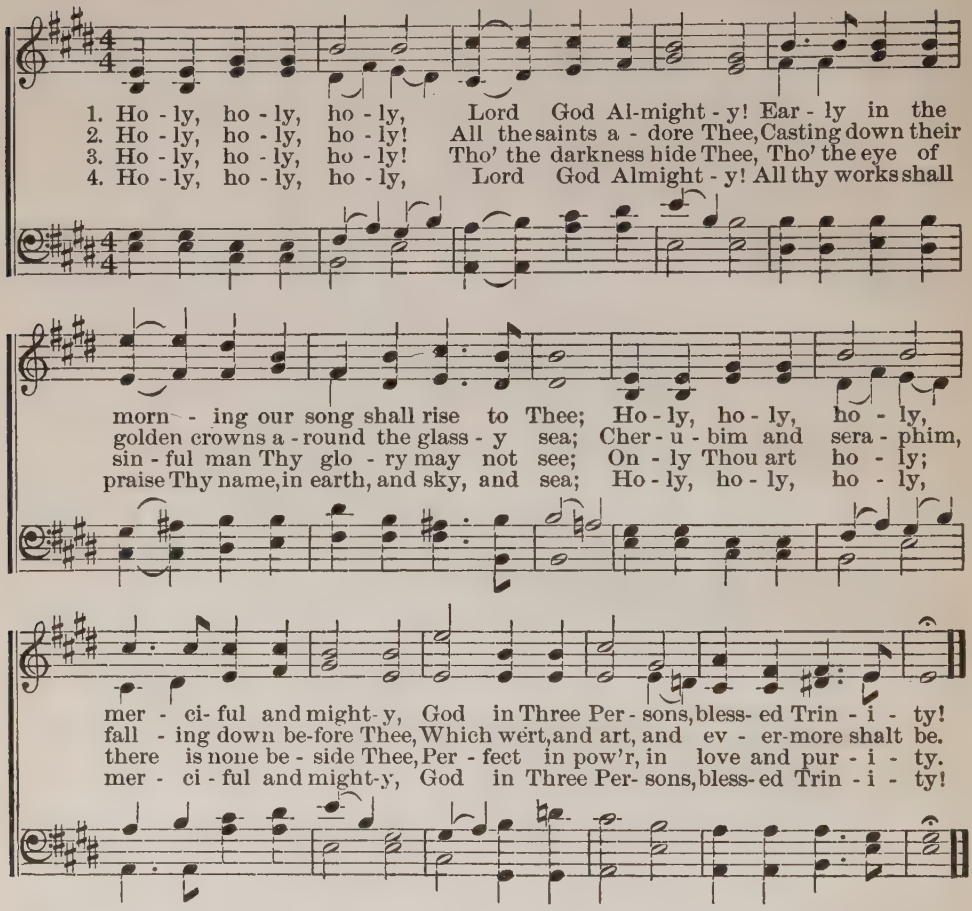
No. 1. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Trinity. Italian Hymn. 6, 6, 4. FELICE DE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing;
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To Thee great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou Who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

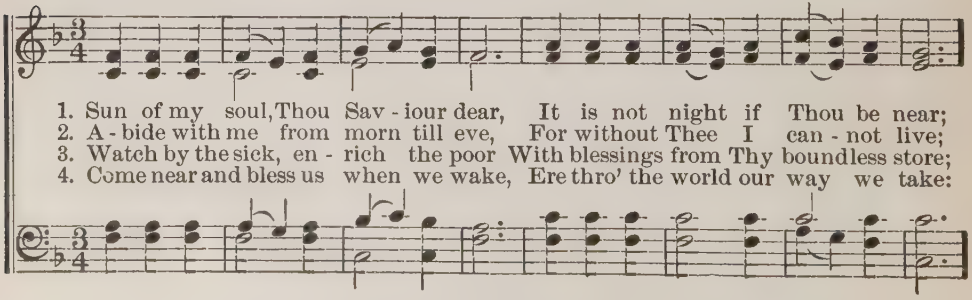
No. 2. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER. Nicæa. 11, 12, 10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

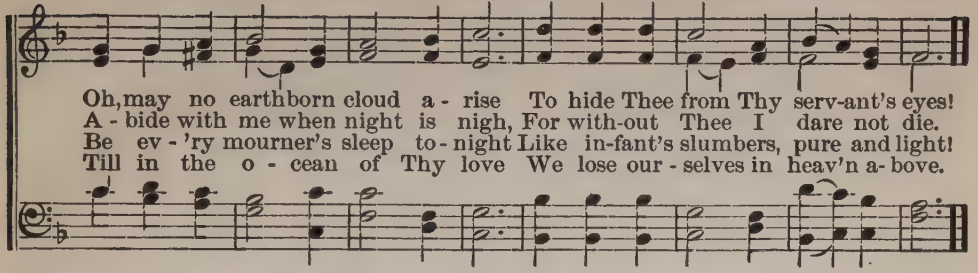

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight - y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim,
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 3. Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

JOHN KEBLE. Hursley. L. M. W. H. MONK.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
3. Watch by the sick, en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take:

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.—Concluded.


Oh, may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to - night Like in-fant's slumbers, pure and light!
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

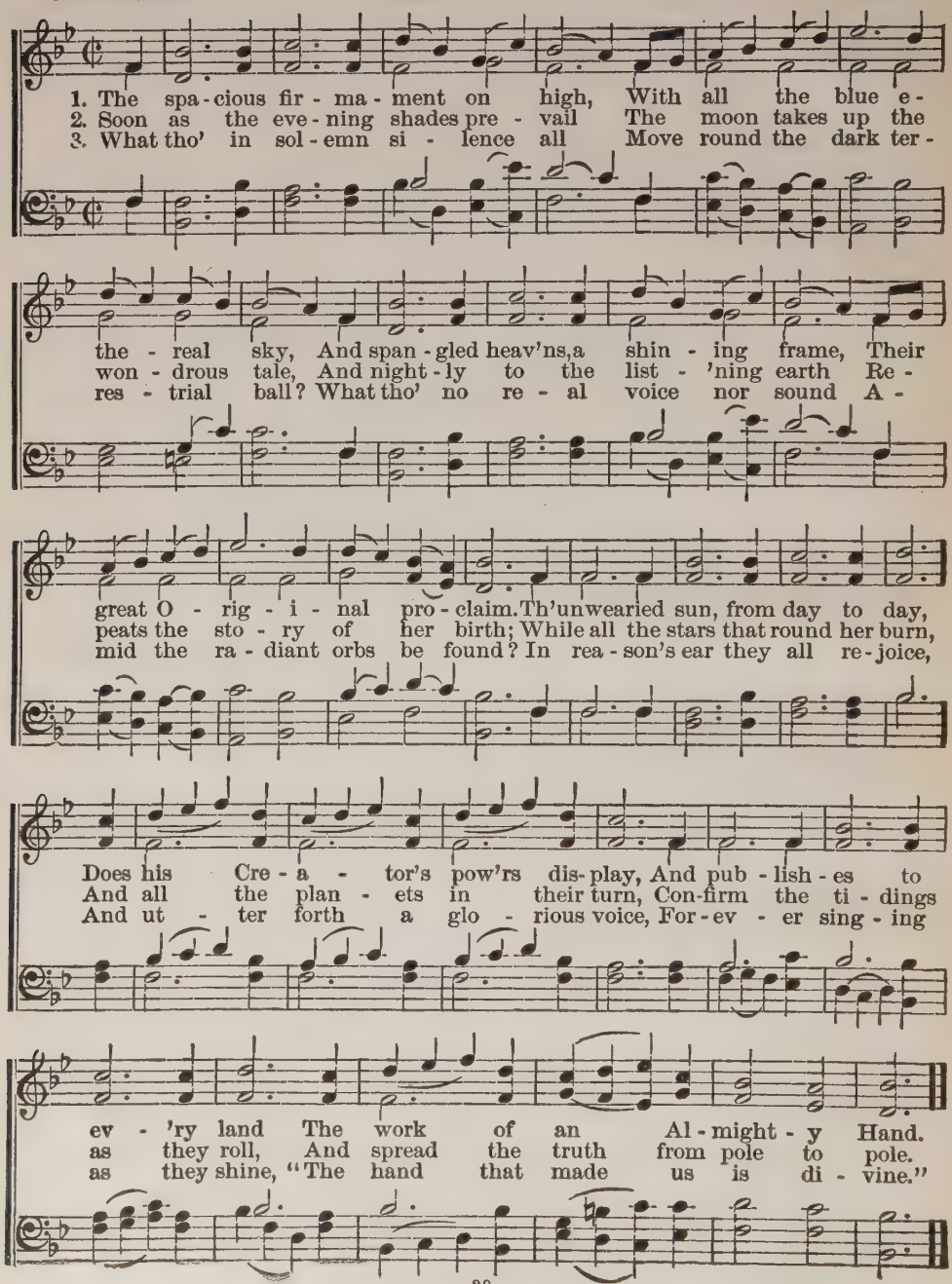
No. 4. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. Love Divine. 8, 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
3. Fin - ish then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning; Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

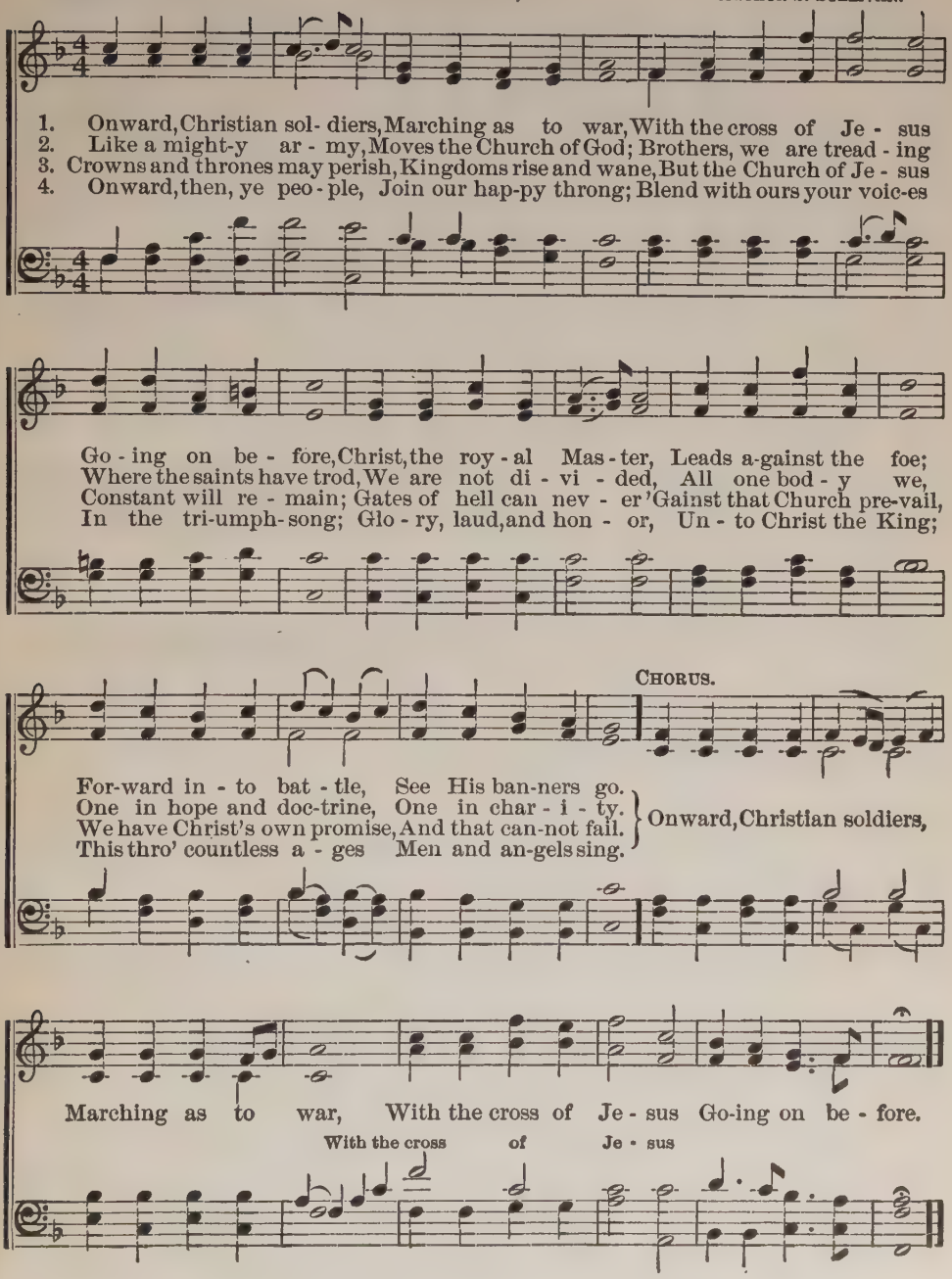
No. 5. The Spacious Firmament On High.

JOSEPH ADDISON. Creation. L. M. D. HAYDN.


1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -
the - real sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
won - drous tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -
res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A -
great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
mid the ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,
Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'rs dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing
ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

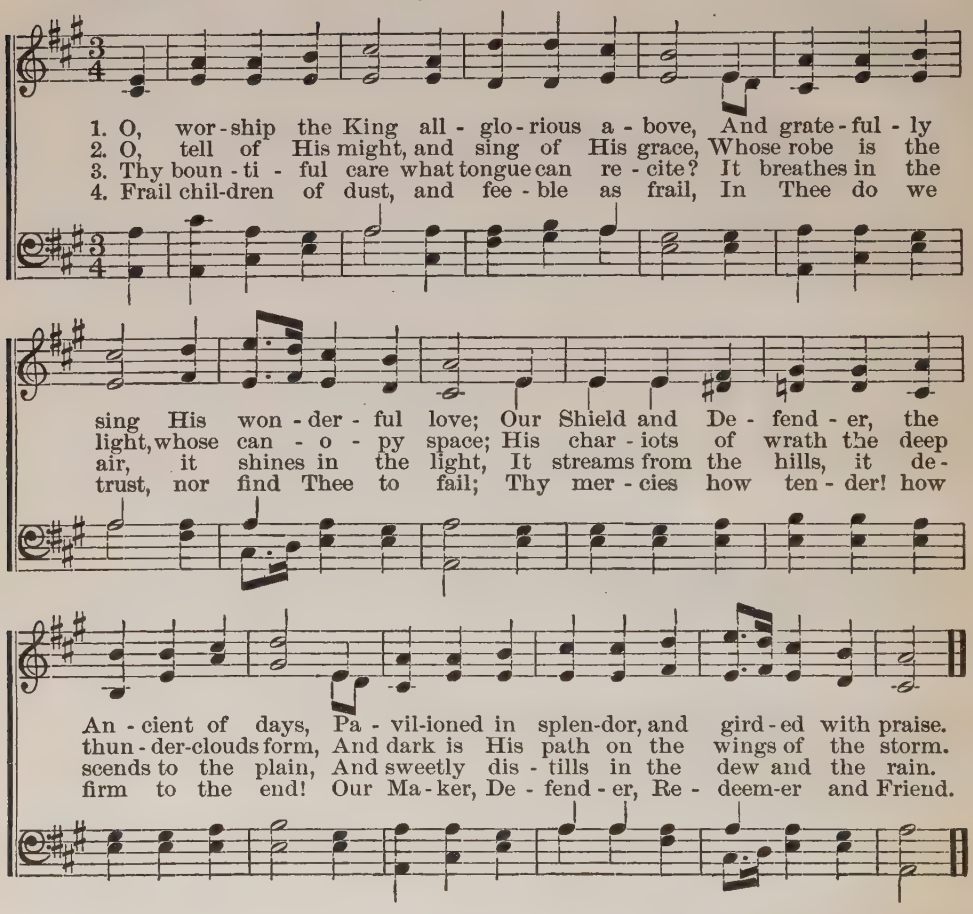
No. 6. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD. St. Gertrude. 6, 5. D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian sol- diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voic-es
Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod, We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail,
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.
With the cross of Je - sus

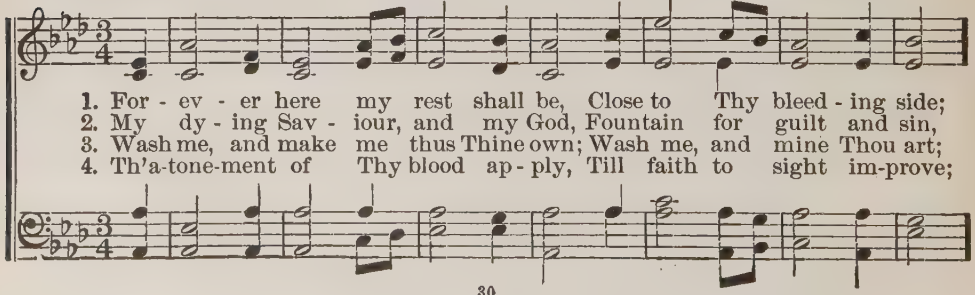
No. 7. O, Worship the King.

Sir ROBERT GRANT. Lyons. 10, 11. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

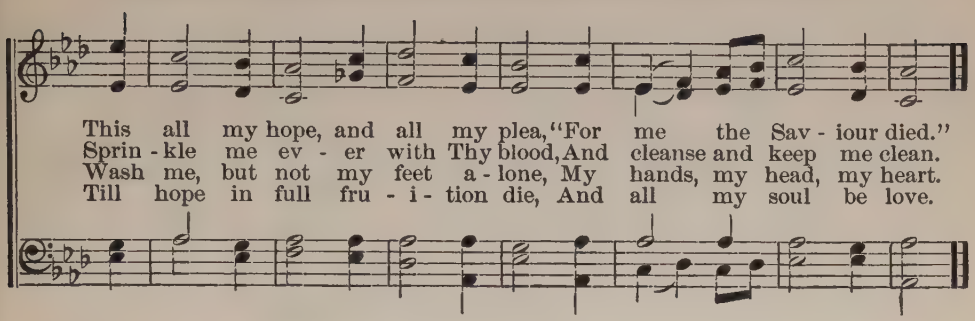

1. O, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how
An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.

No. 8. Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY. Avon. C. M. HUGH WILSON.

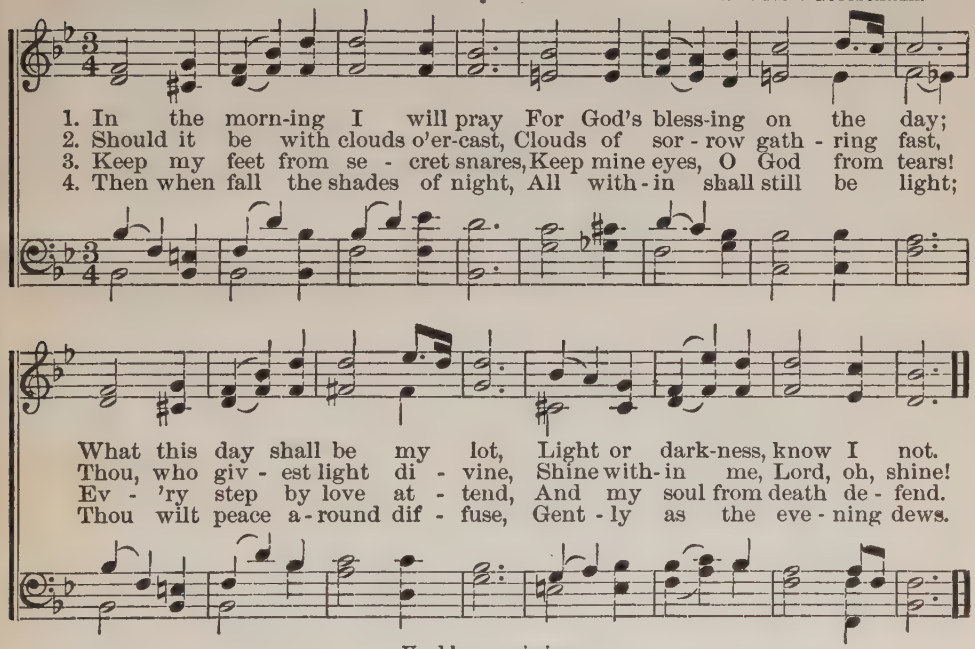

1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy-ing Sav-iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th'a-tone-ment of Thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove;

Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.—Concluded.


This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."
Sprin - kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 9. In the Morning I Will Pray.

WM. H. FURNESS. Mercy. 7s. Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.


1. In the morn-ing I will pray For God's bless-ing on the day;
2. Should it be with clouds o'er-cast, Clouds of sor - row gath - ring fast,
3. Keep my feet from se - cret snares, Keep mine eyes, O God from tears!
4. Then when fall the shades of night, All with - in shall still be light;
What this day shall be my lot, Light or dark-ness, know I not.
Thou, who giv - est light di - vine, Shine with - in me, Lord, oh, shine!
Ev - 'ry step by love at - tend, And my soul from death de - fend.
Thou wilt peace a - round dif - fuse, Gent - ly as the eve - ning dews.

Used by permission.

No. 10. Softly Now the Light of Day.

Tune,—Mercy. 7s.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

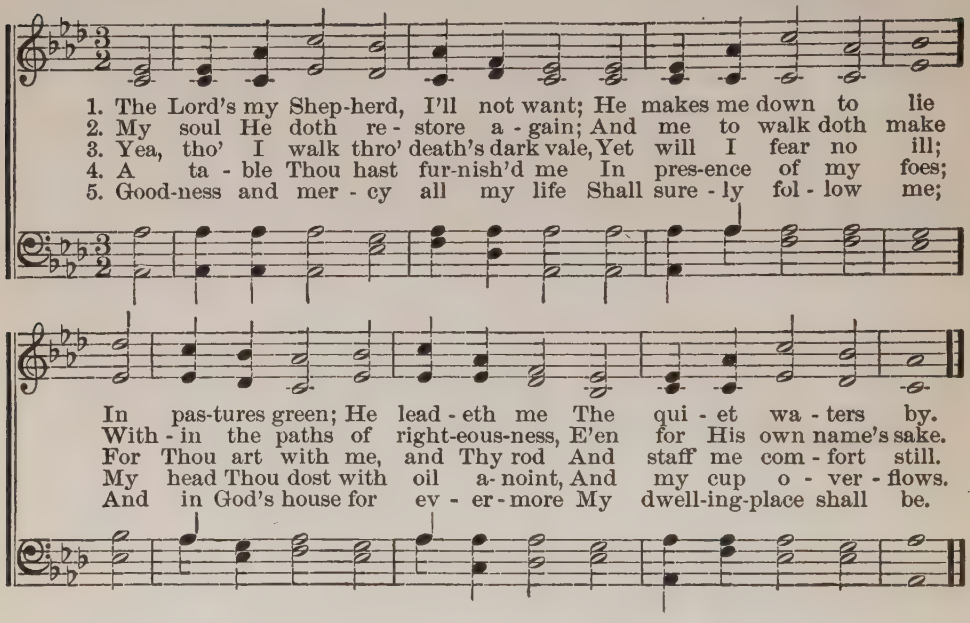
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

George W. Doane.

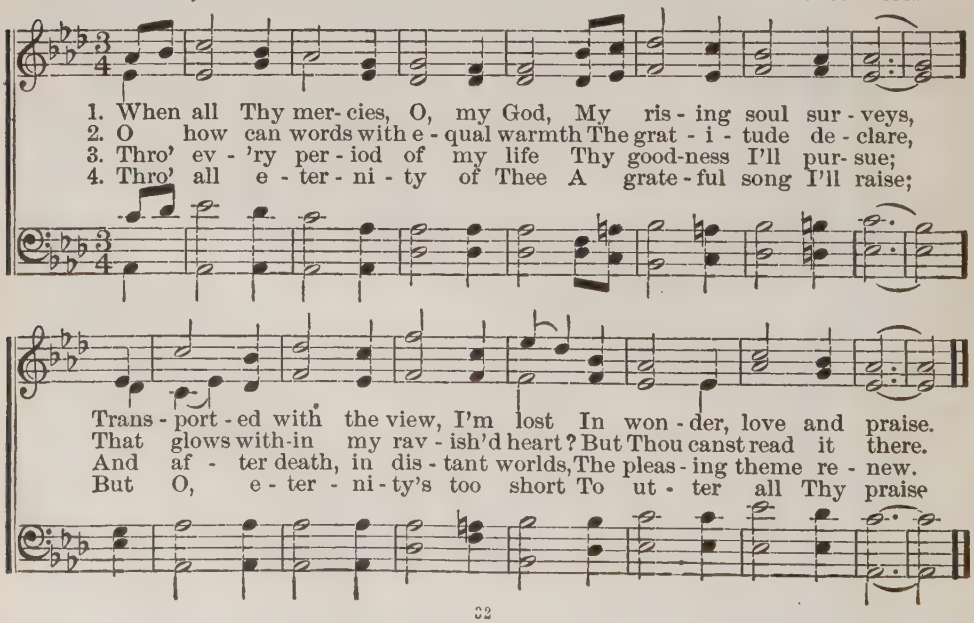
No. 11. The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

FRANCIS ROUS. Evan. C. M. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.


1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nish'd me In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.
And in God's house for ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.

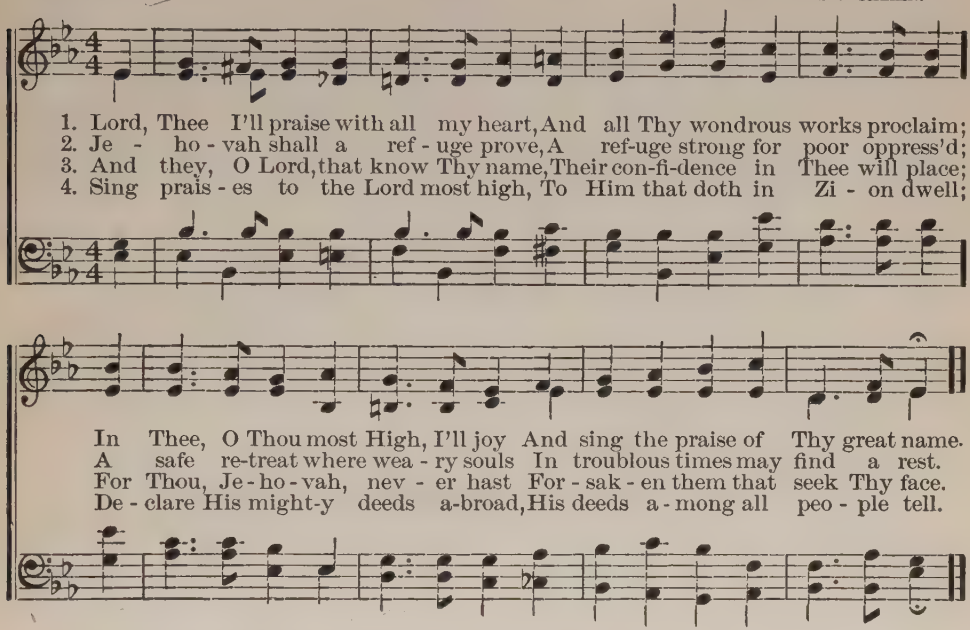
No. 12. When All Thy Mercies, O, My God.

JOSEPH ADDISON, Manoah. C. M. F. J. HAYDN.


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O, my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
2. O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
3. Thro' ev-'ry per-iod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue;
4. Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty of Thee A grate-ful song I'll raise;
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.
That glows with-in my rav-ish'd heart? But Thou canst read it there.
And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleas-ing theme re-new.
But O, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all Thy praise

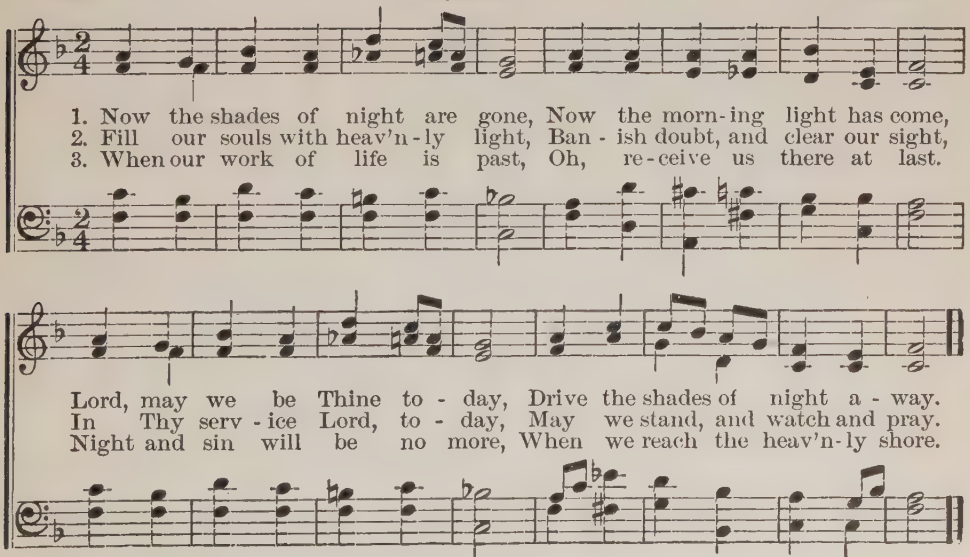
No. 13. Lord, Thee I'll Praise With All My Heart.

Anon. Waltham. L. M. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.


1. Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my heart, And all Thy wondrous works proclaim;
2. Je - ho - vah shall a ref - uge prove, A ref-uge strong for poor oppress'd;
3. And they, O Lord, that know Thy name, Their con-fi-dence in Thee will place;
4. Sing prais - es to the Lord most high, To Him that doth in Zi - on dwell;
In Thee, O Thou most High, I'll joy And sing the praise of Thy great name.
A safe re-treat where wea - ry souls In troublous times may find a rest.
For Thou, Je - ho - vah, nev - er hast For - sak - en them that seek Thy face.
De - clare His might-y deeds a-broad, His deeds a - mong all peo - ple tell.

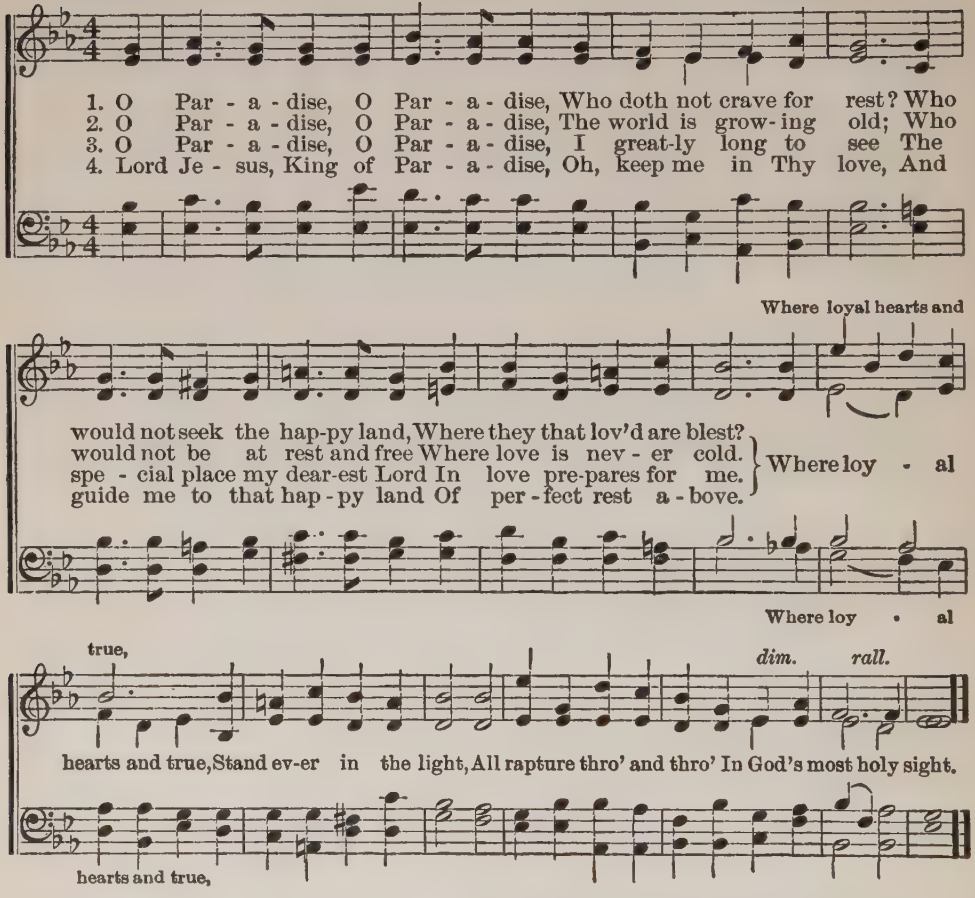
No. 14. Now the Shades of Night are Gone.

Anon. Seymour. 7s. C. M. VON WEBER.


1. Now the shades of night are gone, Now the morn-ing light has come,
2. Fill our souls with heav'n-ly light, Ban - ish doubt, and clear our sight,
3. When our work of life is past, Oh, re-ceive us there at last.
Lord, may we be Thine to - day, Drive the shades of night a - way.
In Thy serv - ice Lord, to - day, May we stand, and watch and pray.
Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heav'n-ly shore.

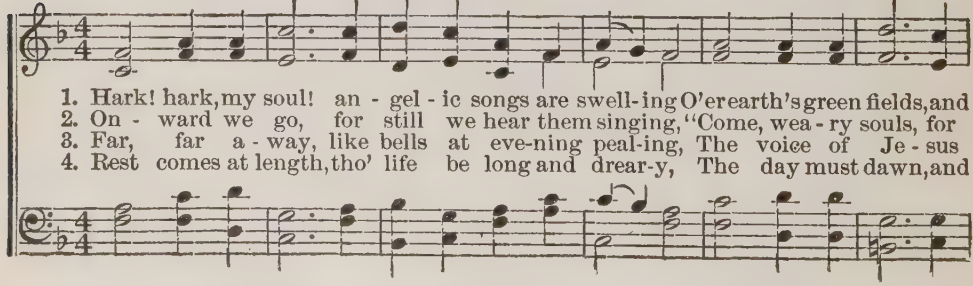
No. 15. O Paradise.

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER. Paradise. JOSEPH J. BARNEY.


1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great-ly long to see The
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love, And
Where loyal hearts and
would not seek the hap-py land, Where they that lov'd are blest?
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold.
spe - cial place my dear-est Lord In love pre-pares for me.
guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.
Where loy - al
Where loy • al
true,
dim.
rall.
hearts and true, Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro' In God's most holy sight.
hearts and true,

No. 16. Hark! Hark, My Soul!

F. W. FABER. Vox Angelica. JOHN W. DYKES.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and

Hark! Hark, My Soul!—Concluded.

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are
Je - sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meek-ly
darksome night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in wel - come to the
tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p CHORUS.
cres.
f
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to
f
wel - come the pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to wel-come the
p
pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night. A - men, A - men.

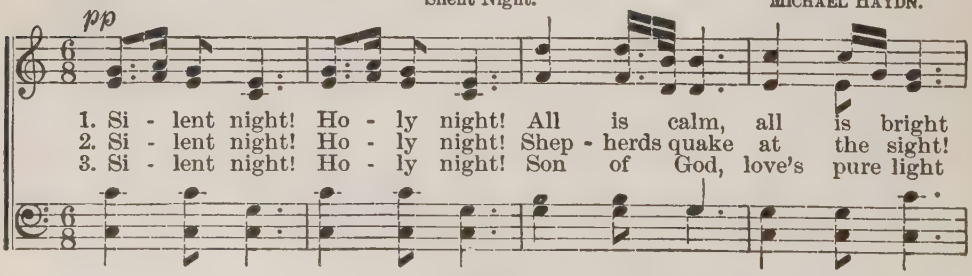
No. 17. Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. Eventide. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

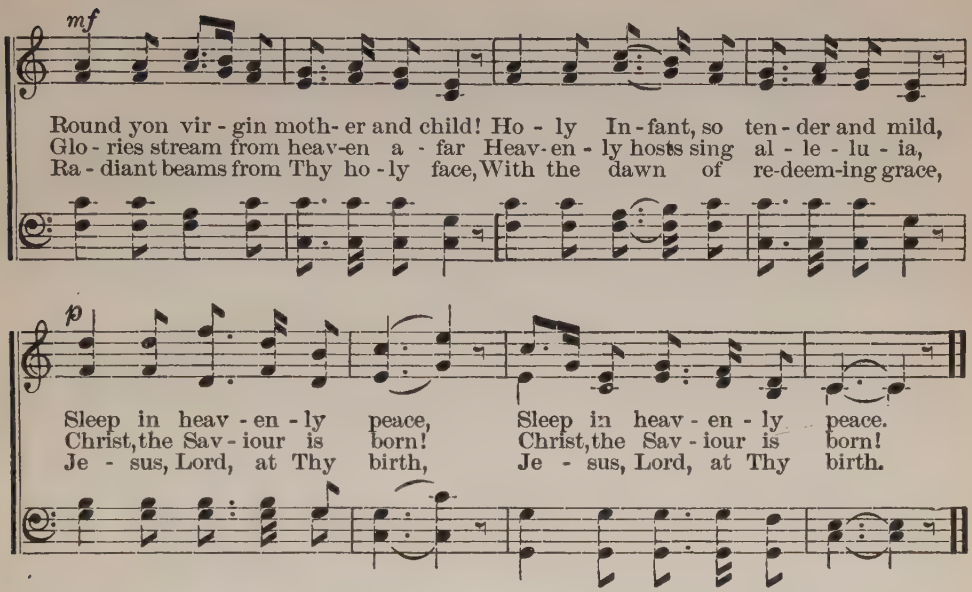
1. A - bide, with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens,—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and
fail and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - y? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 18. Silent Night! Holy Night!

Silent Night. MICHAEL HAYDN.

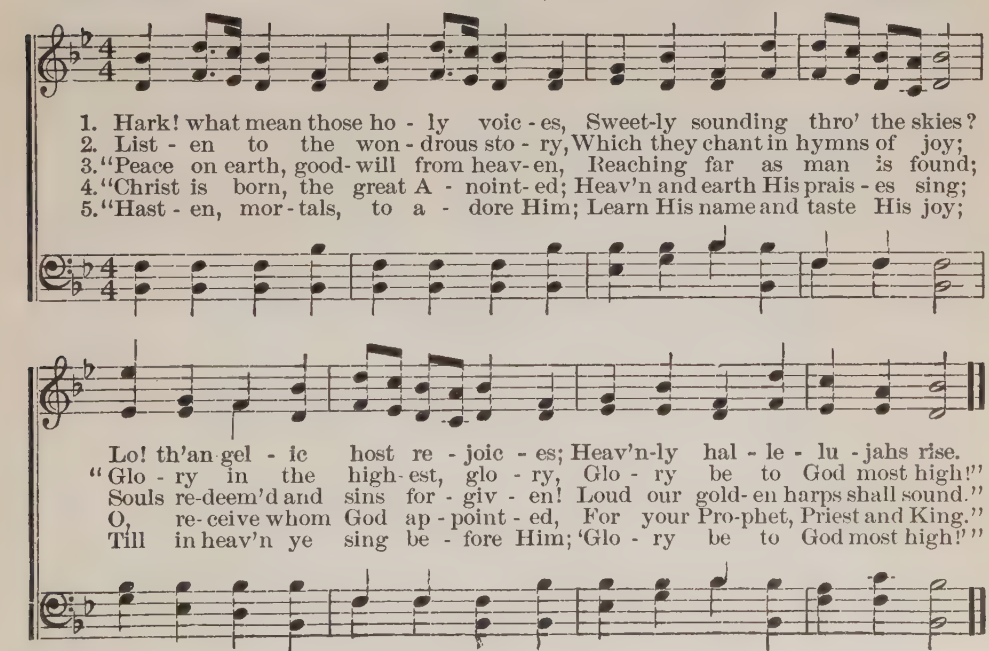

pp
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

Silent Night! Holy Night!—Concluded.


mf
Round yon vir - gin moth- er and child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far Heav-en - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia,
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,
p
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour is born! Christ, the Sav - iour is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

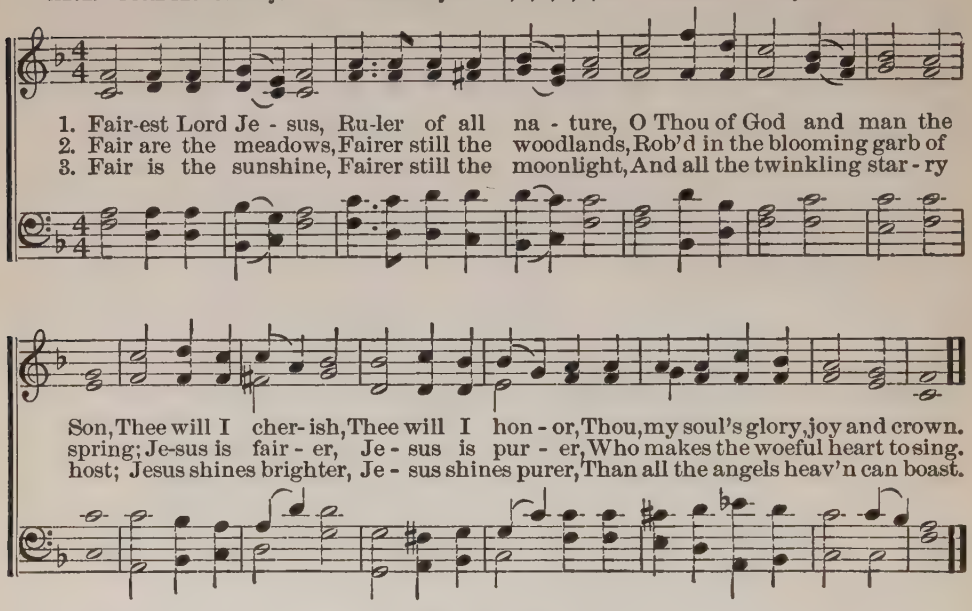
No. 19. Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices.

JOHN CAWOOD. Wilmot. 8, 7. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?
2. List - en to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;
4. "Christ is born, the great A - nointed; Heav'n and earth His prais - es sing;
5. "Hast - en, mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy;
Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!"
Souls re-deem'd and sins for - giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound."
O, re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed, For your Pro-phet, Priest and King."
Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him; 'Glo - ry be to God most high!'"

No. 20. Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of All Nature.

Anon. From 12th century. Crusaders' Hymn. 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8. German. Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.


1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Ru-ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star - ry
Son, Thee will I cher- ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
spring; Je-sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
host; Jesus shines brighter, Je - sus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

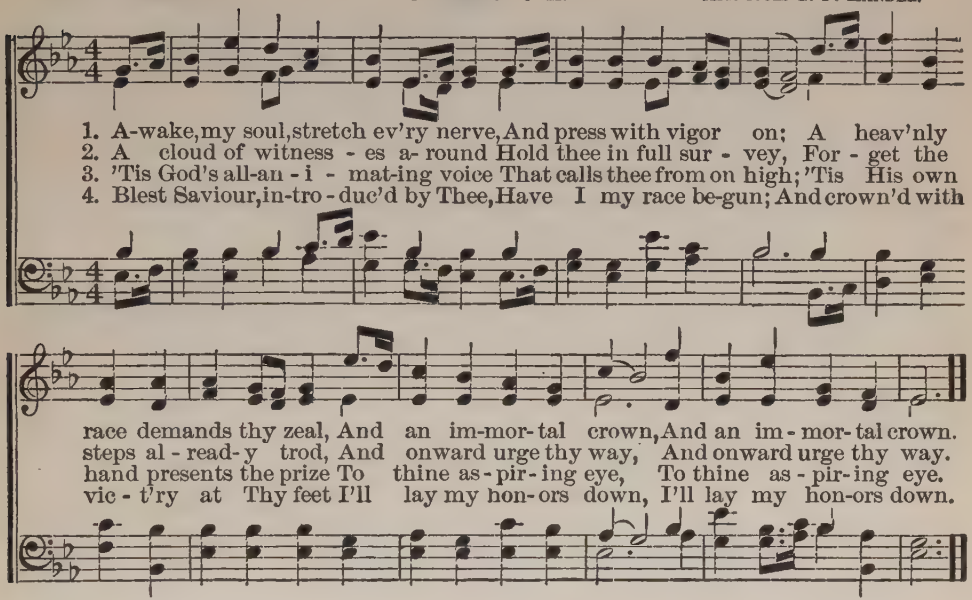
No. 21. Art Thou Weary.

J. M. Neale. St. Stephanos. Bullinger. ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER.

mp
1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
cres.
p
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be..... at rest."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass..... a - way."
"Sor - row van-quish'd, la - bor end - ed, Jor - - dan past."

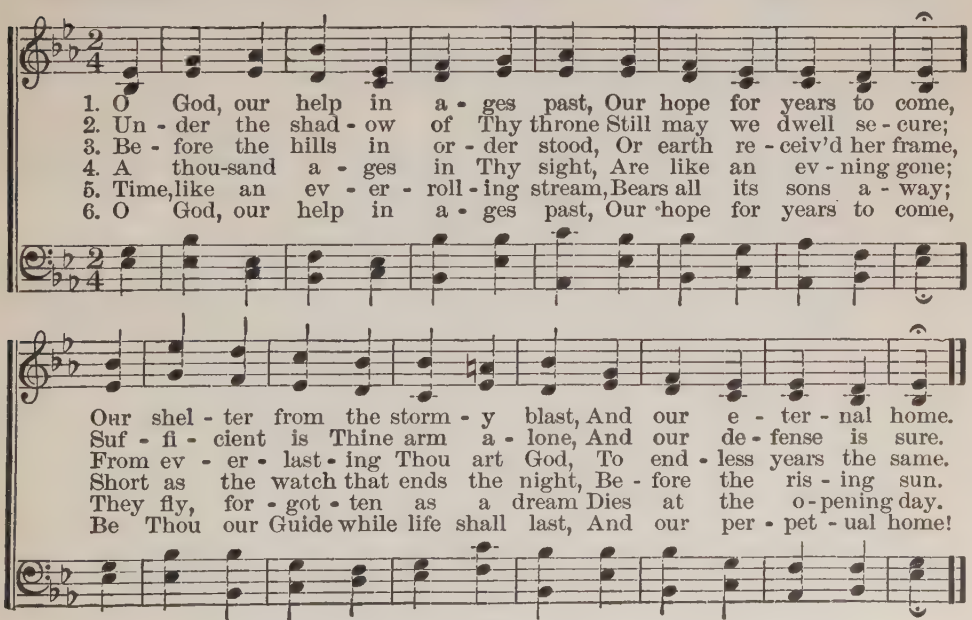
No. 22. Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Christmas. C. M. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.


1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly
2. A cloud of witness - es a- round Hold thee in full sur - vey, For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, in-tro - duc'd by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And crown'd with
race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im - mor- tal crown.
steps al - read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir-ing eye.
vic - t'ry at Thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

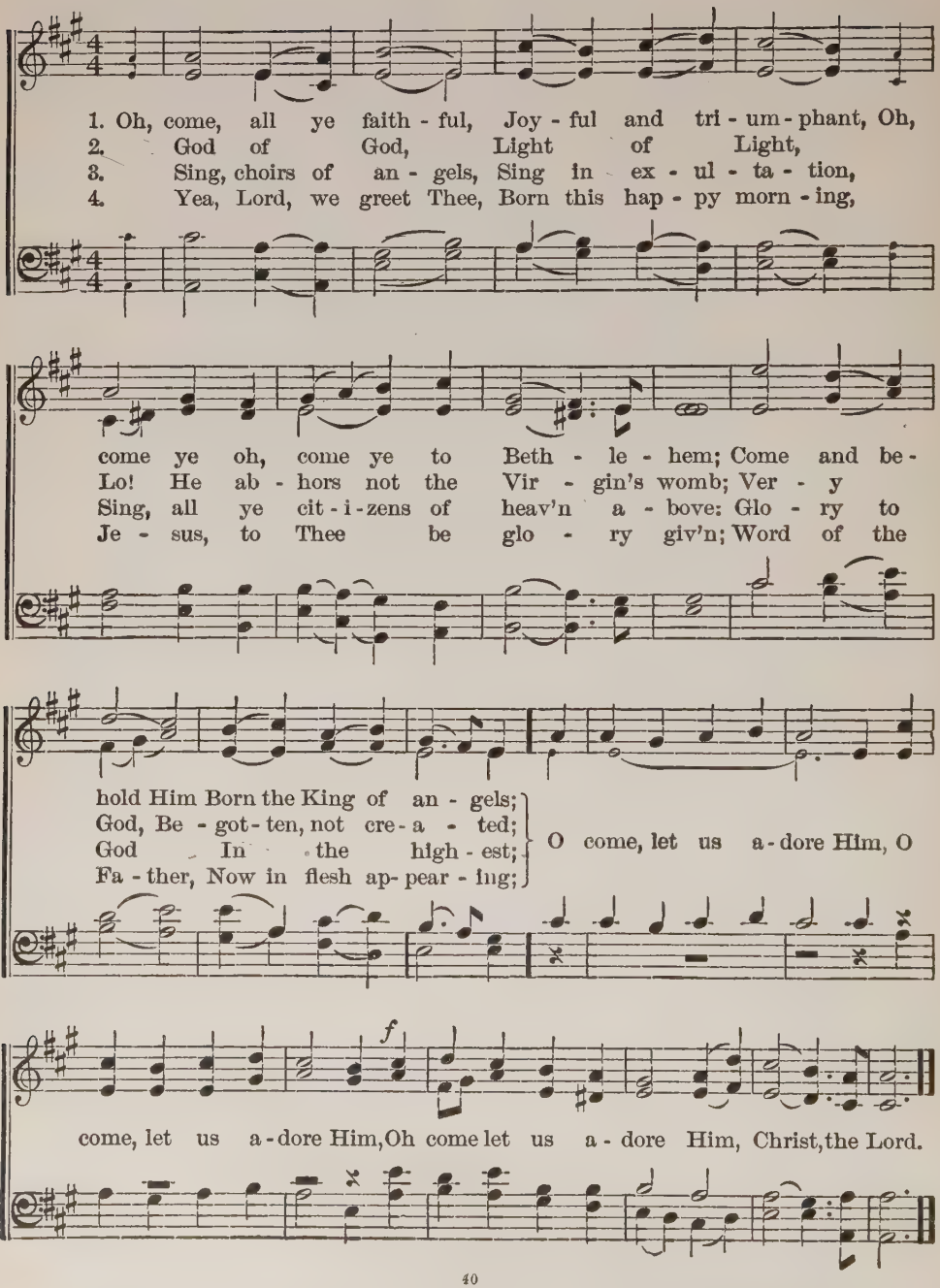
No. 23. O God, Our Help In Ages Past.

ISAAC WATTS. Dundee. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceiv'd her frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an ev - ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
They fly, for - got - ten as a dream Dies at the o - pening day.
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last, And our per - pet - ual home!

No. 24. Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful.

Tr. F. OAKELEY. Adeste Fideles. P. M. Irregular. Anon.


1. Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, Oh,
2. God of God, Light of Light,
3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,
come ye oh, come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be -
Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to
Je - sus, to Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the
hold Him Born the King of an - gels;
God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
God In the high - est;
Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
O come, let us a - dore Him, O
f
come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

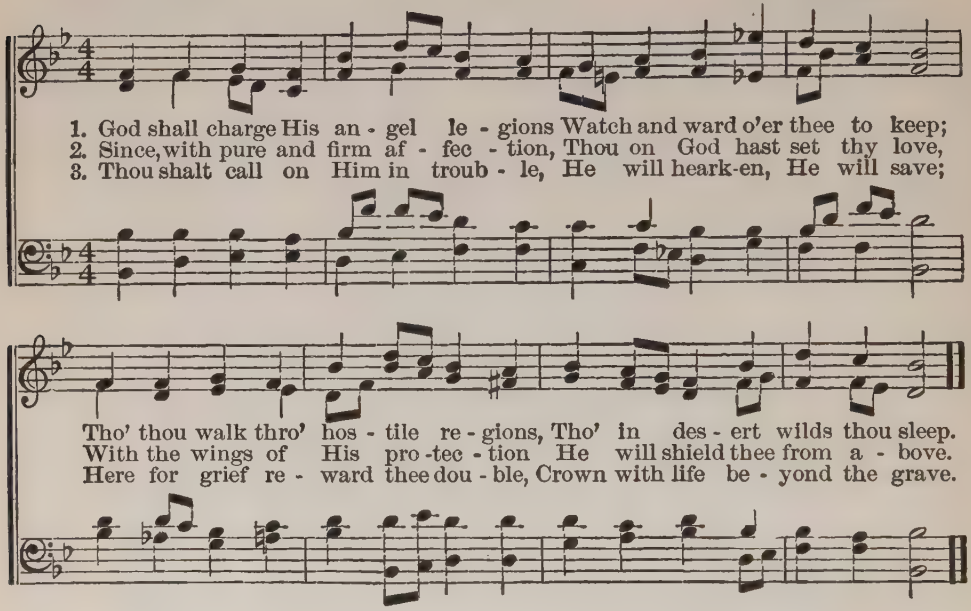
No. 25. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. 7s, 6s. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold- en fan- cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I
sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old, sto - ry That
CHORUS.
noth - ing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

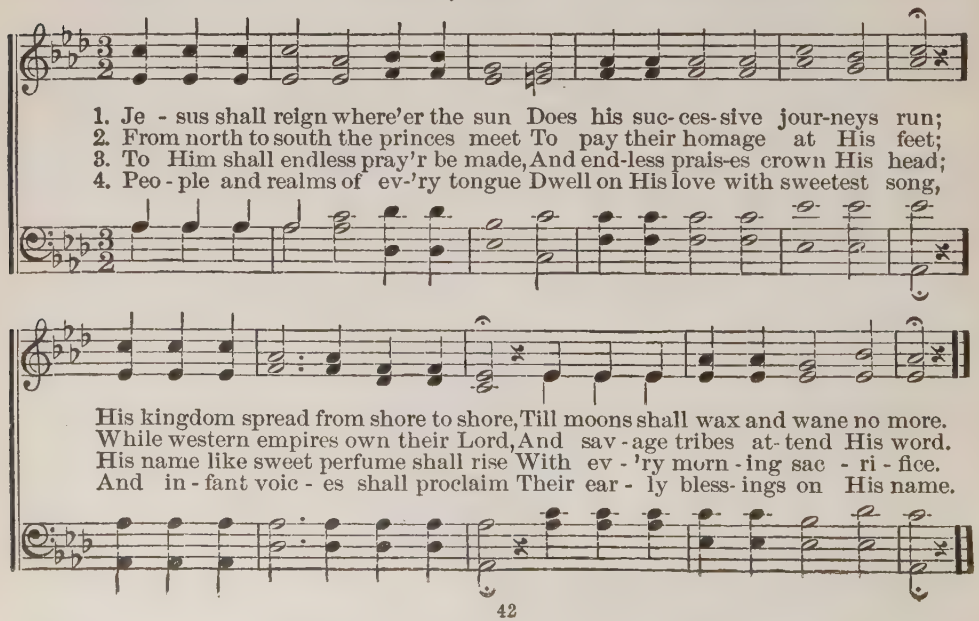
No. 26. God Shall Charge His Angel Legions.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Trust. 8, 7. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.


1. God shall charge His an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
2. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,
3. Thou shalt call on Him in troub - le, He will heark-en, He will save;
Tho' thou walk thro' hos - tile re - gions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.
With the wings of His pro-tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove.
Here for grief re - ward thee dou - ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

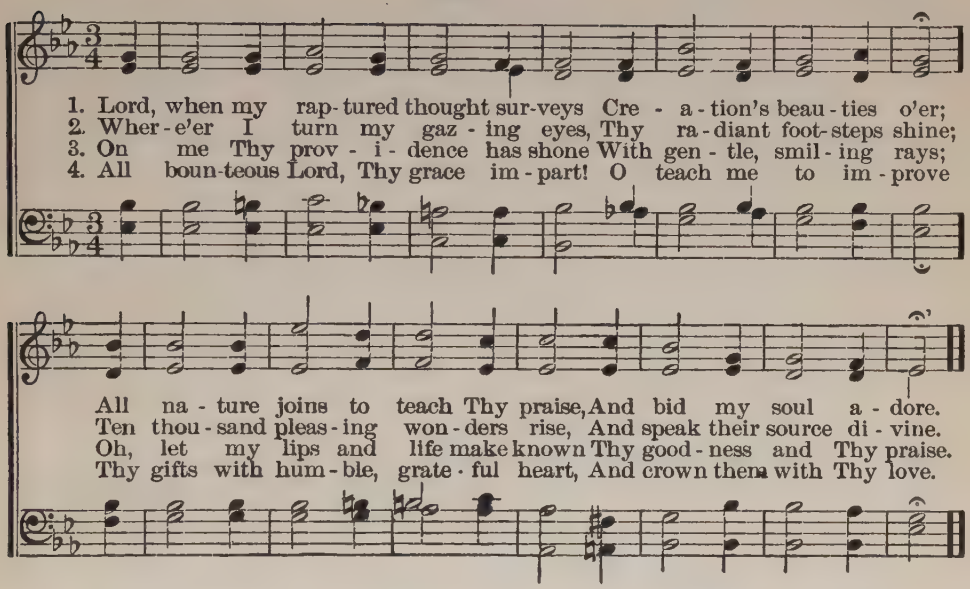
No. 27. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS. Missionary Chant. L. M. HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZUENER.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at-tend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voic - es shall proclaim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

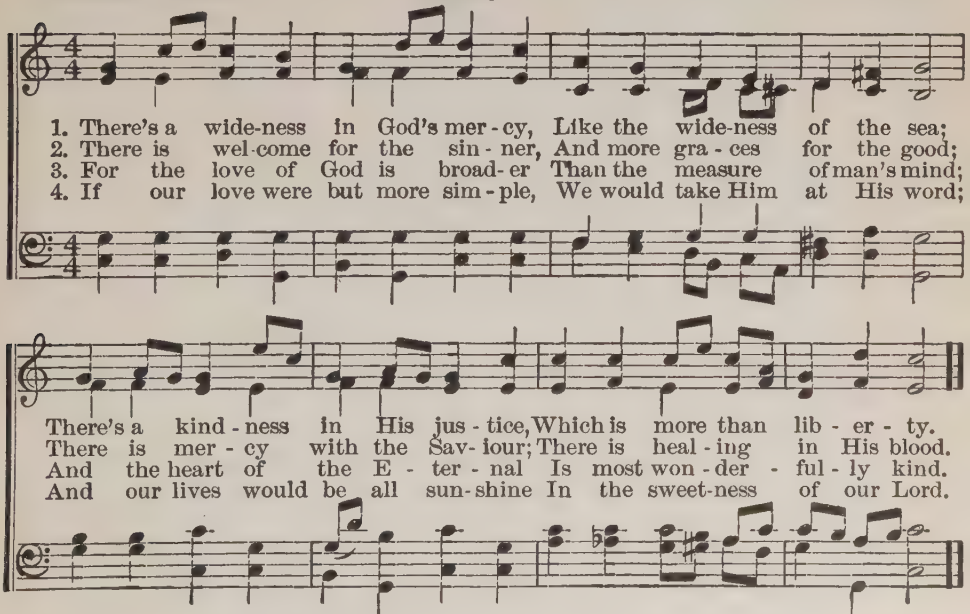
No. 28. Lord, When My Raptured Thought Surveys.

ANNE STEEL. Bigelow. C. M. Arr. from W. V. WALLACE.


1. Lord, when my rap-tured thought sur-veys Cre - a-tion's beau-ties o'er;
2. Wher-e'er I turn my gaz-ing eyes, Thy ra-diant foot-steps shine;
3. On me Thy prov - i - dence has shone With gen-tle, smil-ing rays;
4. All boun-teous Lord, Thy grace im-part! O teach me to im-prove
All na-ture joins to teach Thy praise, And bid my soul a-dore.
Ten thou-sand pleas-ing won-ders rise, And speak their source di-vine.
Oh, let my lips and life make known Thy good-ness and Thy praise.
Thy gifts with hum-ble, grate-ful heart, And crown them with Thy love.

No. 29. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Wellesley. 8, 7. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We would take Him at His word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

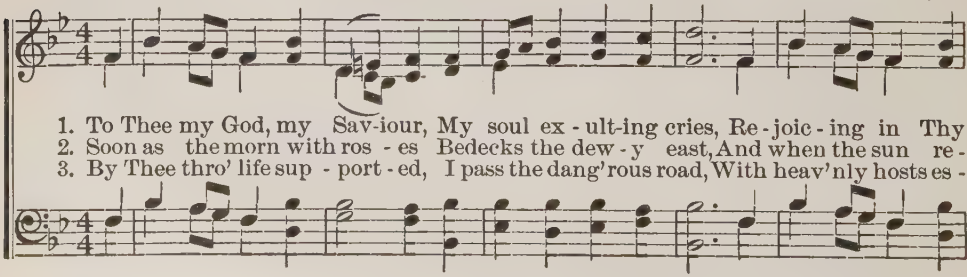
No. 30. We Three Kings of Orient Are.

JOHN H. HOPKINS.

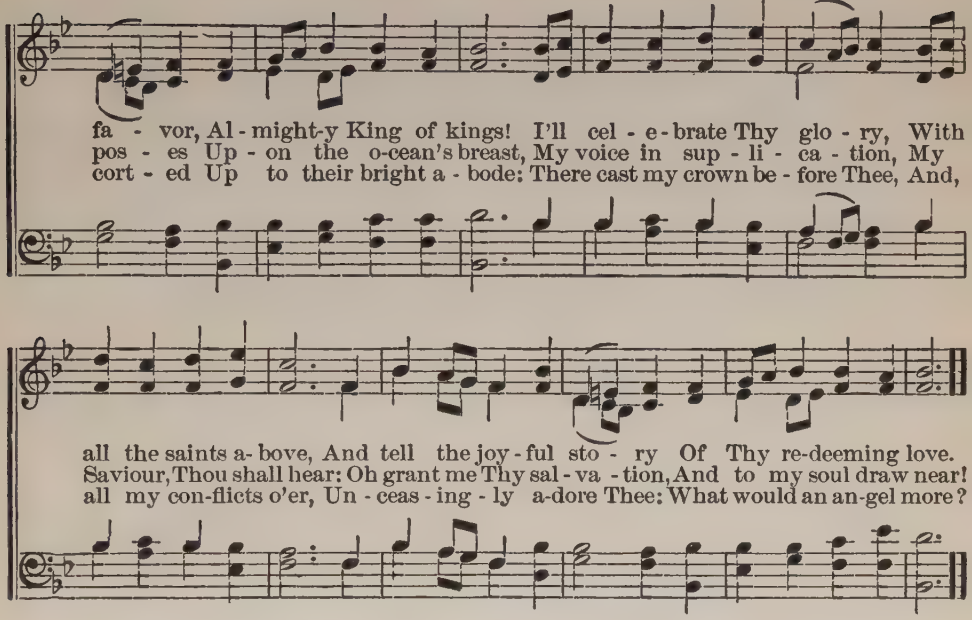
1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse far
2. Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a - gain;
3. Frankin - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh,
4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - 'ring gloom;
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;
Field and fount - ain, moor and mount - ain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
Pray'r and prais - ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship God on high.
Sorrowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone - cold tomb.
Heav'n sings "Hal - le - lu - jah!" "Hal - le - lu - jah!" earth re - plies.
CHORUS.
Oh, star of won - der, star of might, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to the per - fect light.

No. 31. To Thee, My God, My Saviour.

THOMAS HAWEIS. Ellacombe. 7, 6. St. Gall's Collection.—Old German Melody.

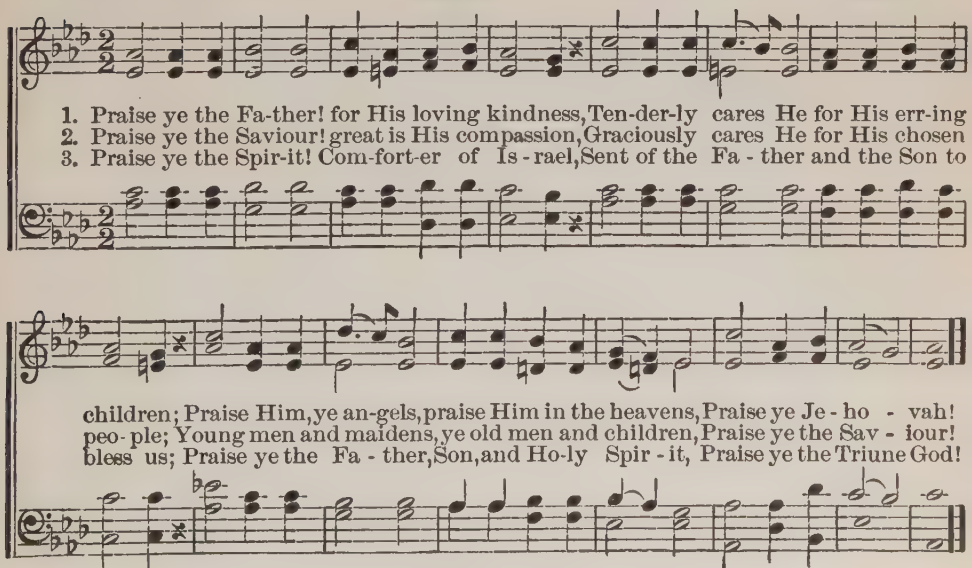

1. To Thee my God, my Sav - iour, My soul ex - ult - ing cries, Re - joic - ing in Thy
2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Bedecks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
3. By Thee thro' life sup - port - ed, I pass the dang'rous road, With heav'nly hosts es -

To, Thee, My God, My Saviour.—Concluded.


fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings! I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With
pos - es Up - on the o-cean's breast, My voice in sup - li - ca - tion, My
cort - ed Up to their bright a - bode: There cast my crown be - fore Thee, And,
all the saints a- bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re-deeming love.
Saviour, Thou shall hear: Oh grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near!
all my con-flicts o'er, Un - ceas - ing - ly a-dore Thee: What would an an-gel more?

No. 32. Praise Ye the Father! For His Loving Kindness.

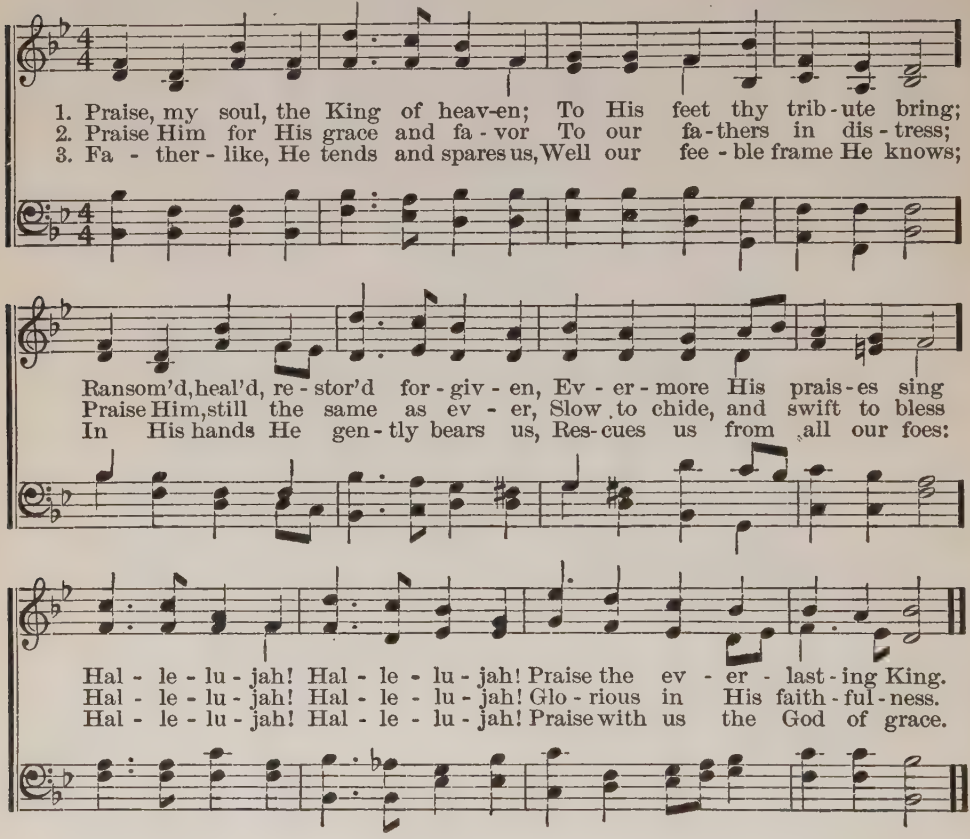
ELIZABETH CHARLES. Flemming. 11, 5s. FLEMMING.


1. Praise ye the Fa-ther! for His loving kindness, Ten-der-ly cares He for His err-ing
2. Praise ye the Saviour! great is His compassion, Graciously cares He for His chosen
3. Praise ye the Spir-it! Com-fort-er of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to
children; Praise Him, ye an-gels, praise Him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
peo- ple; Young men and maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Sav - iour!
bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho-ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

No. 33. Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven.

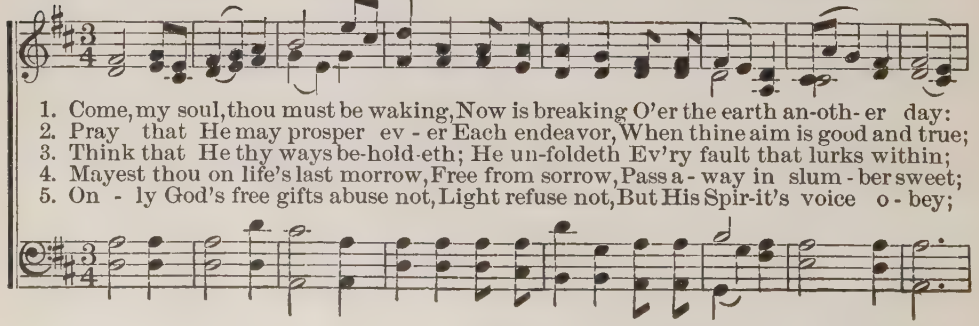
Regent Square. 8, 7, 4, or 8, 7. D.

HENRY F. LYTE and Sir HENRY W. BAKER. HENRY SMART.

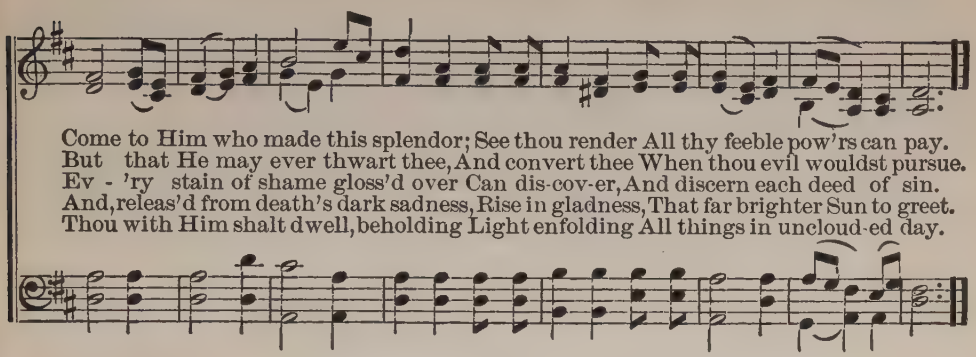

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa - ther-like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee-ble frame He knows;
Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His prais-es sing
Praise Him, still the same as ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless
In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes:
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise with us the God of grace.

No. 34. Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking.

Baron von CANITZ, Haydn. 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7. Arr. from JOSEPH HAYDN.

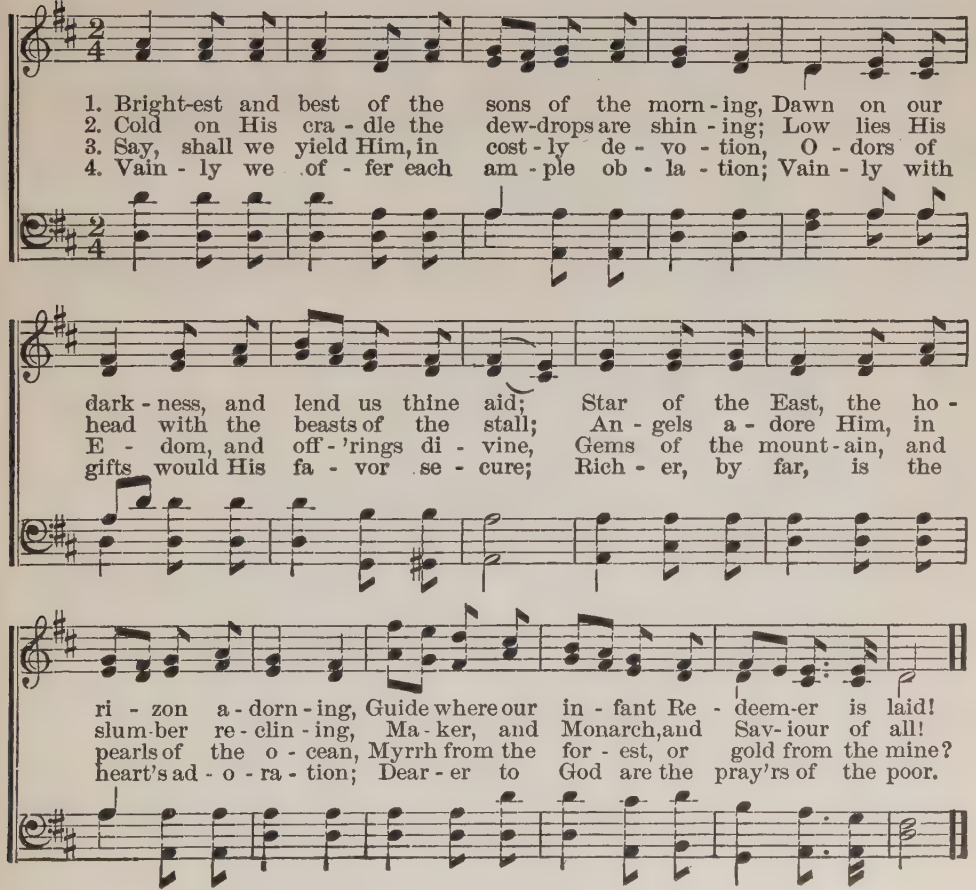

1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking, Now is breaking O'er the earth an-oth-er day:
2. Pray that He may prosper ev-er Each endeavor, When thine aim is good and true;
3. Think that He thy ways be-hold-eth; He un-foldeth Ev'ry fault that lurks within;
4. Mayest thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow, Pass a-way in slum-ber sweet;
5. On-ly God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not, But His Spir-it's voice o-bey;

Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking.—Concluded.


Come to Him who made this splendor; See thou render All thy feeble pow'rs can pay.
But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee When thou evil wouldst pursue.
Ev - 'ry stain of shame gloss'd over Can dis-cov-er, And discern each deed of sin.
And, releas'd from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness, That far brighter Sun to greet.
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding Light enfolding All things in uncloud-ed day.

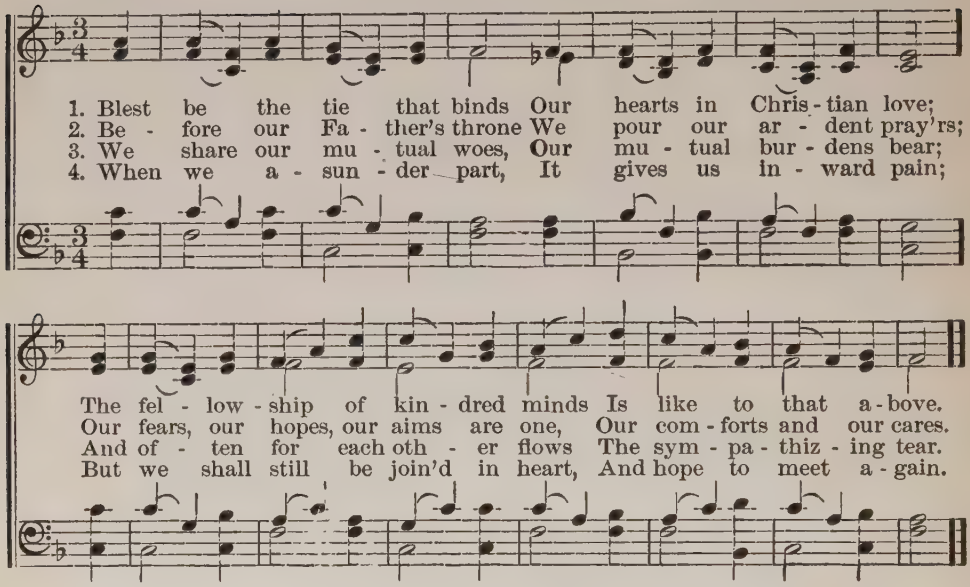
No. 35. Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. Folsom. 11, 10. Arr. from MOZART.


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion; Vain - ly with
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him, in
E - dom, and off - 'rings di - vine, Gems of the mount - ain, and
gifts would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er, by far, is the
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem-er is laid!
slum-ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Sav - iour of all!
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

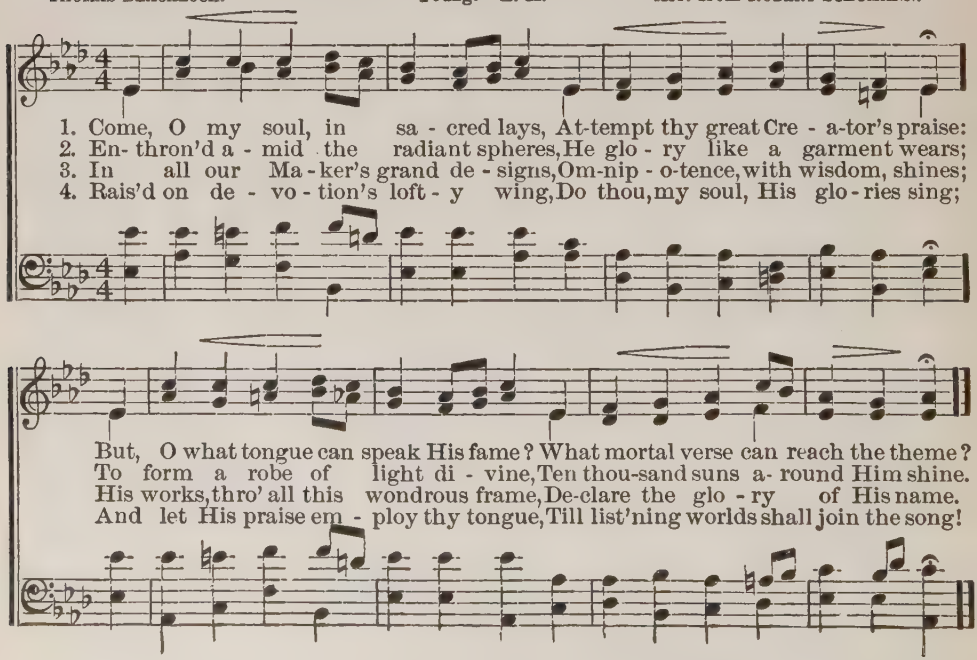
No. 36. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. Dennis. S. M. HANS GEORGE NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

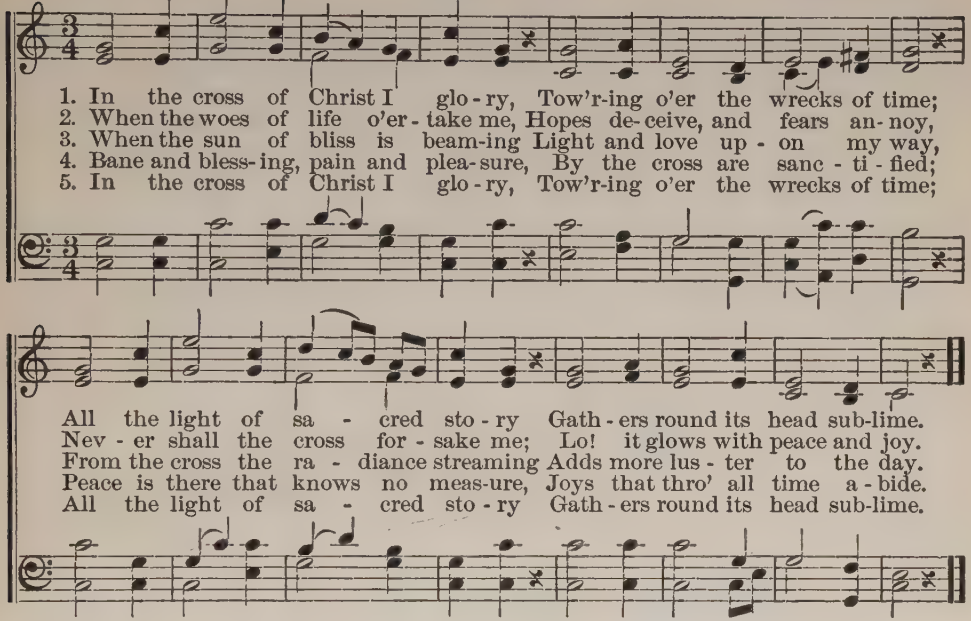
No. 37. Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. Young. L. M. Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN.


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre - a-tor's praise:
2. En- thron'd a - mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry like a garment wears;
3. In all our Ma - ker's grand de - signs, Om-nip - o-tence, with wisdom, shines;
4. Rais'd on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;
But, O what tongue can speak His fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou-sand suns a- round Him shine.
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, De-clare the glo - ry of His name.
And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till list'ning worlds shall join the song!

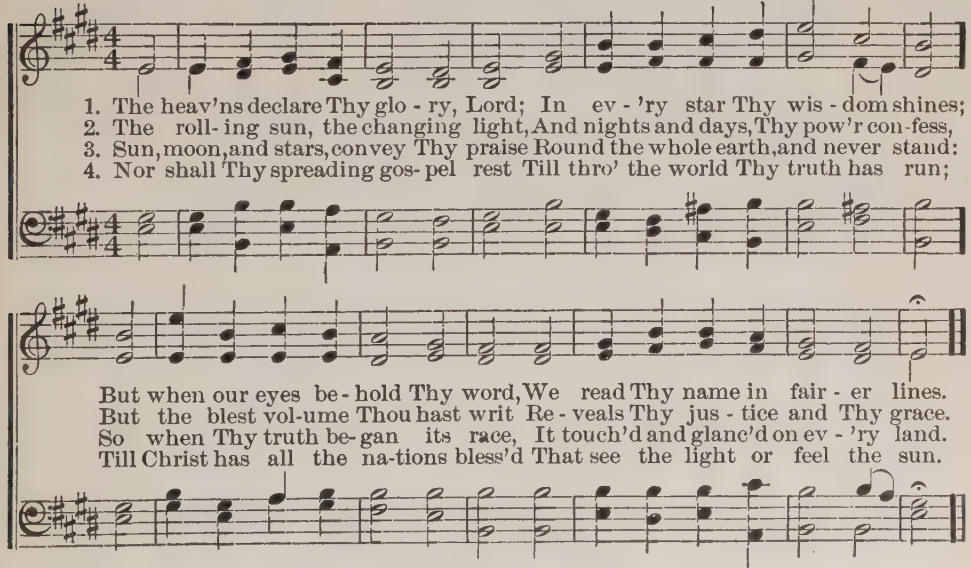
No. 38. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Rathbun. 8, 7. ITHAMAR CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and plea-sure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.

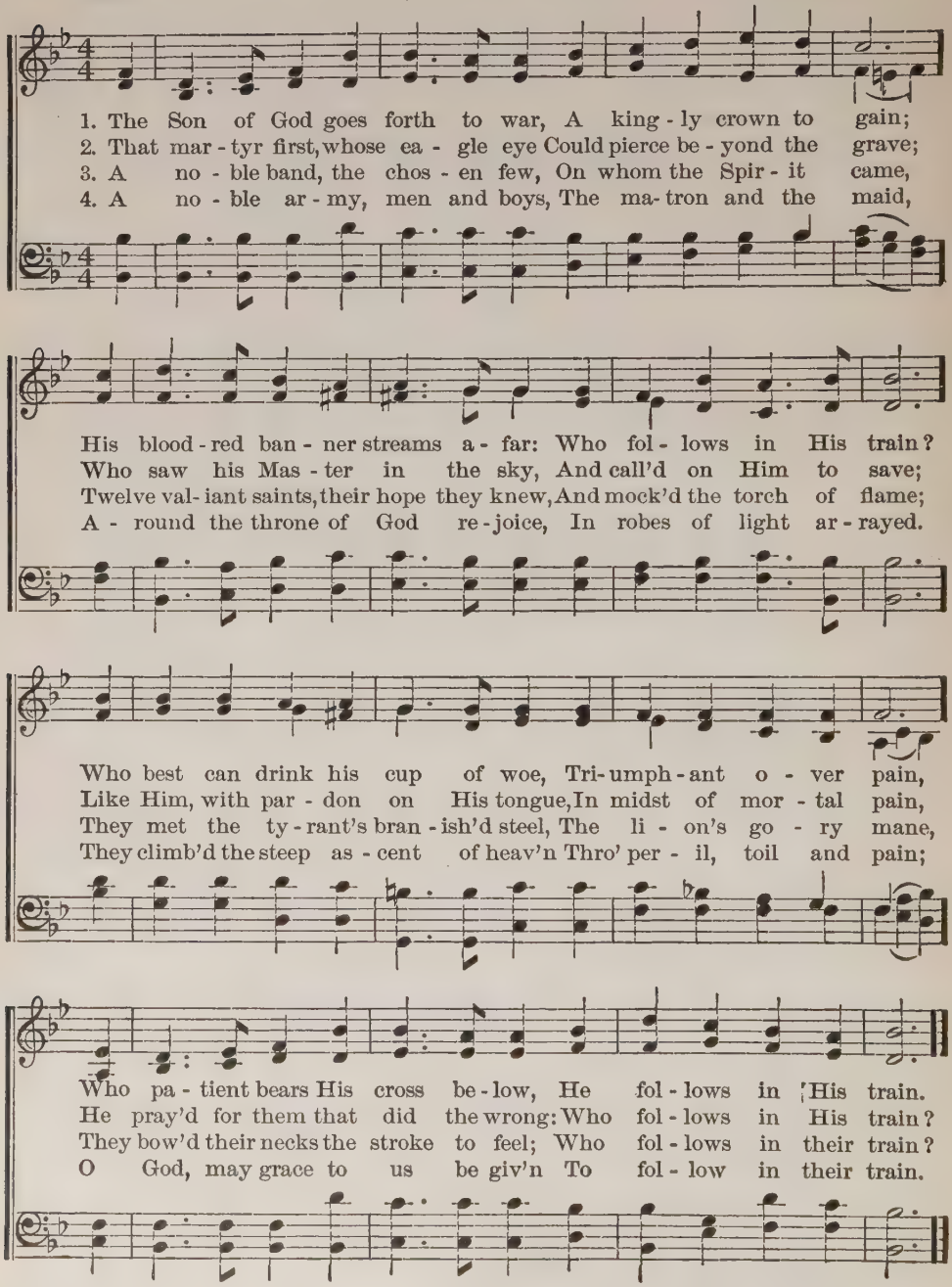
No. 39. The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Uxbridge. L. M. LOWELL MASON.


1. The heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
2. The roll- ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days, Thy pow'r con-fess,
3. Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand:
4. Nor shall Thy spreading gos- pel rest Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.
But the blest vol-ume Thou hast writ Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
So when Thy truth be-gan its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev - 'ry land.
Till Christ has all the na-tions bless'd That see the light or feel the sun.

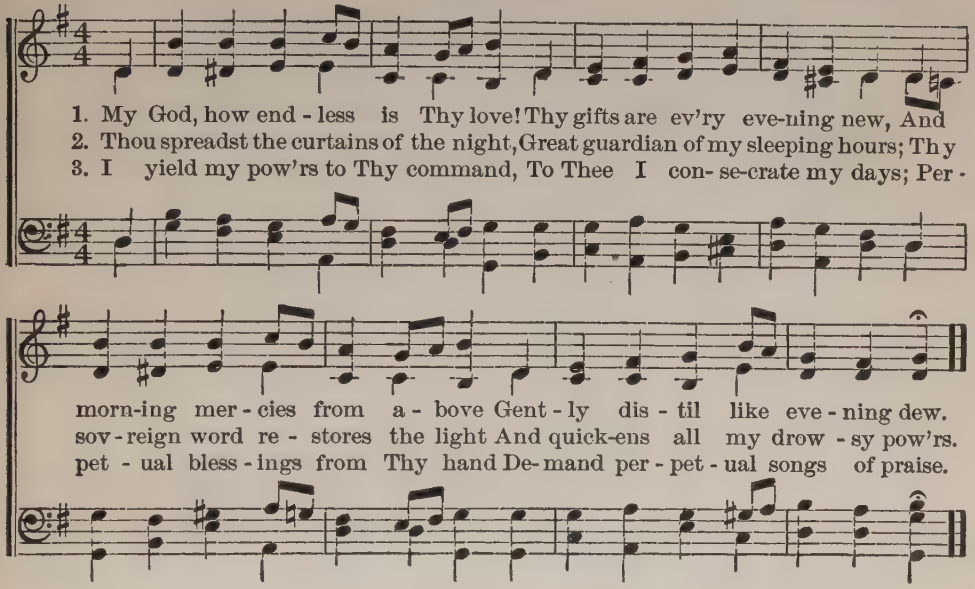
No. 40. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. HEBER. All Saints, New. C. M- 8 lines. H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma- tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the torch of flame;
A - round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri- umph - ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty - rant's bran - ish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, may grace to us be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

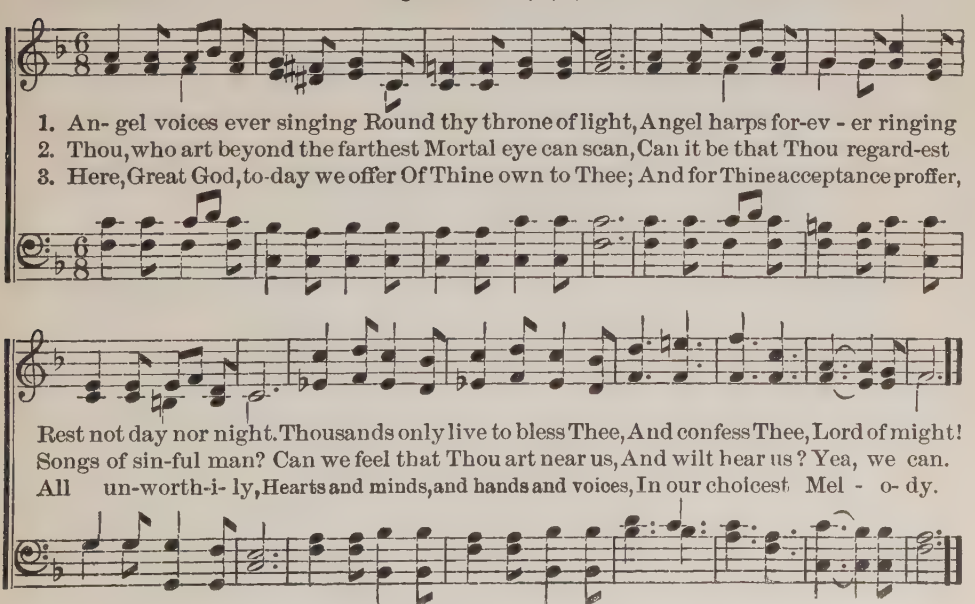
No. 41. My God, How Endless Is Thy Love.

ISAAC WATTS. Canonbury. L. M. Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.


1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev'ry eve-ning new, And
2. Thou spreadst the curtains of the night, Great guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con- se-crate my days; Per -
morn-ing mer - cies from a - bove Gent - ly dis - til like eve - ning dew.
sov - reign word re - stores the light And quick-ens all my drow - sy pow'rs.
pet - ual bless - ings from Thy hand De-mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

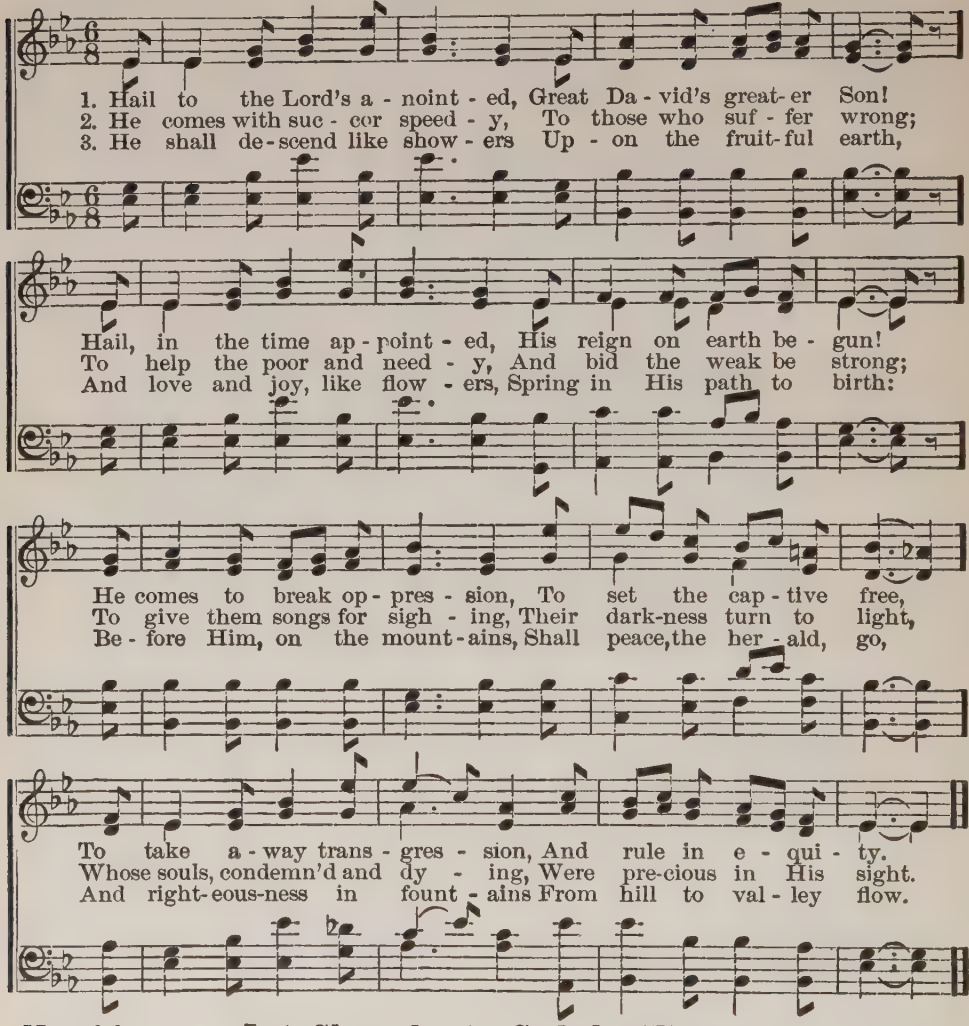
No. 42. Angel Voices Ever Singing.

FRANCIS POTT. Angel Voices. 8, 5, 4, 3. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. An- gel voices ever singing Round thy throne of light, Angel harps for-ev - er ringing
2. Thou, who art beyond the farthest Mortal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou regard-est
3. Here, Great God, to-day we offer Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine acceptance proffer,
Rest not day nor night. Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee, Lord of might!
Songs of sin-ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
All un-worth-i- ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choicest Mel - o- dy.

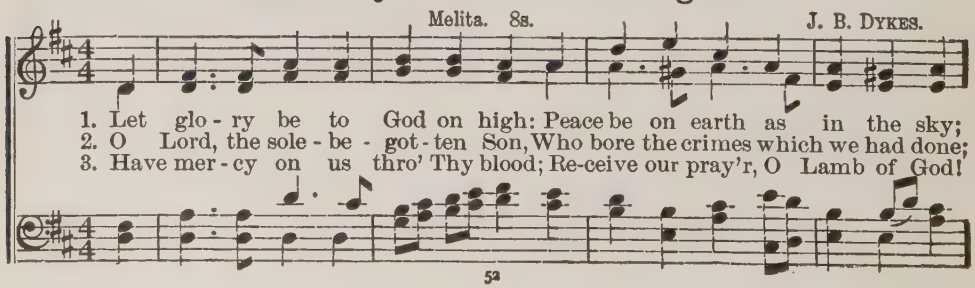
No. 43. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Salvation. 7, 4. W. A. MOZART.

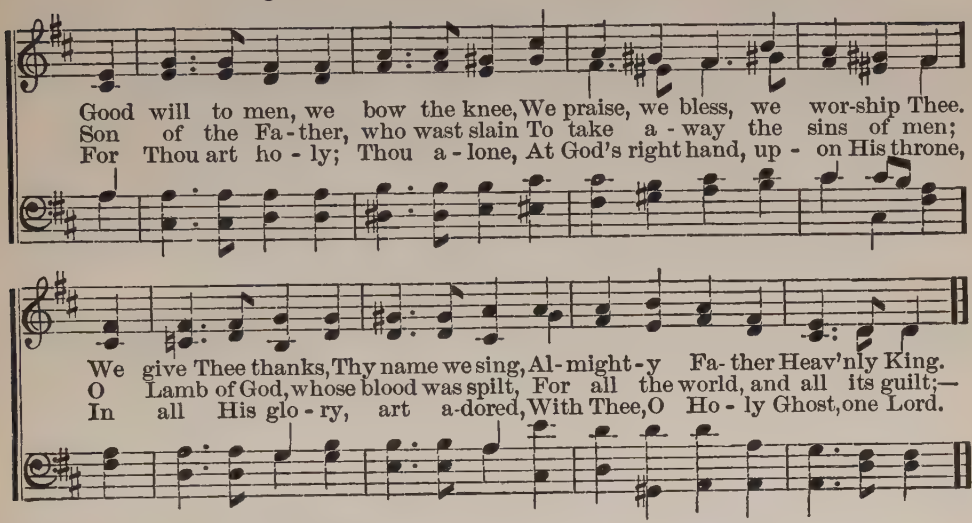

1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y, To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall de - scend like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love and joy, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark-ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him, on the mount - ains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go,
To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.
Whose souls, condemn'd and dy - ing, Were pre-cious in His sight.
And right - eous-ness in fount - ains From hill to val - ley flow.

No. 44. Let Glory be to God On High.

Melita. 8s. J. B. DYKES.

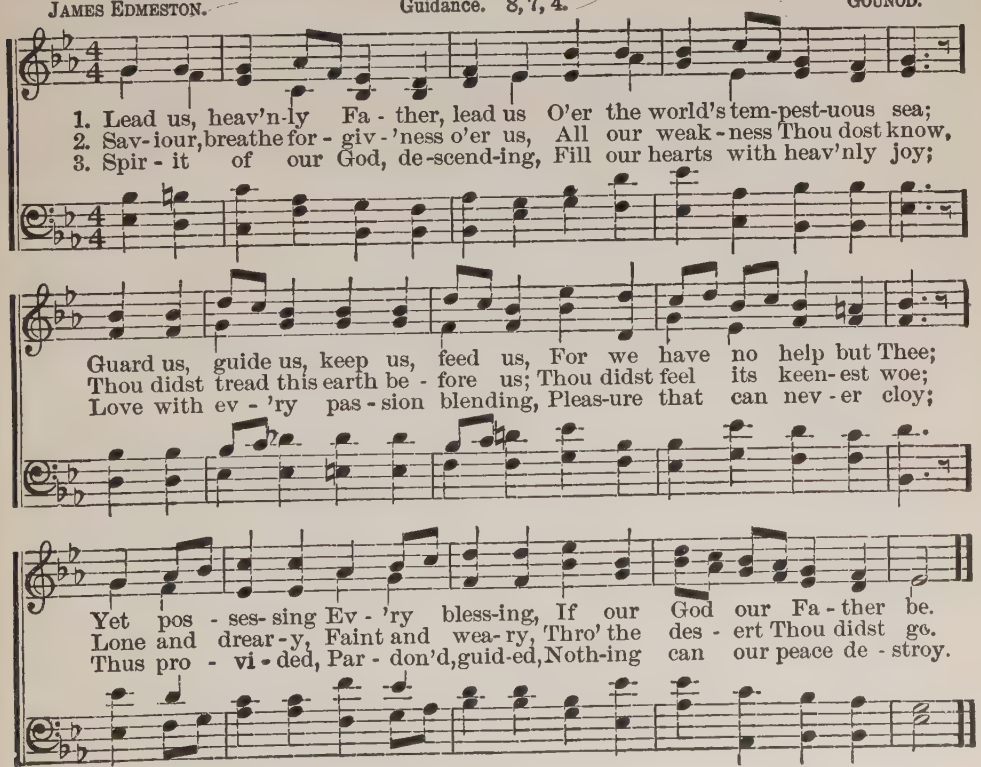

1. Let glo - ry be to God on high: Peace be on earth as in the sky;
2. O Lord, the sole - be - got - ten Son, Who bore the crimes which we had done;
3. Have mer - cy on us thro' Thy blood; Re-ceive our pray'r, O Lamb of God!

Let Glory Be to God On High.—Concluded.


Good will to men, we bow the knee, We praise, we bless, we wor-ship Thee.
Son of the Fa-ther, who wast slain To take a-way the sins of men;
For Thou art ho-ly; Thou a-lone, At God's right hand, up-on His throne,
We give Thee thanks, Thy name we sing, Al-might-y Fa-ther Heav'nly King.
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt, For all the world, and all its guilt;—
In all His glo-ry, art a-dored, With Thee, O Ho-ly Ghost, one Lord.

No. 45. Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us.

JAMES EDMESTON. Guidance. 8, 7, 4. GOUNOD.


1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. Sav-iour, breathe for-giv-'ness o'er us, All our weak-ness Thou dost know,
3. Spir-it of our God, de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Thou didst tread this earth be-fore us; Thou didst feel its keen-est woe;
Love with ev-'ry pas-sion blending, Pleas-ure that can nev-er cloy;
Yet pos-ses-sing Ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be.
Lone and drear-y, Faint and wea-ry, Thro' the des-ert Thou didst go.
Thus pro-vi-ded, Par-don'd, guid-ed, Noth-ing can our peace de-stroy.

No. 46. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

Anon. 16th Century. Materna. C. M. D. SAMUEL A. WARD.

mf
1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - u - ally are green,
3. Those trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring:
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are And ev - er - more do sing.
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
Right thro' thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were with thee!
In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

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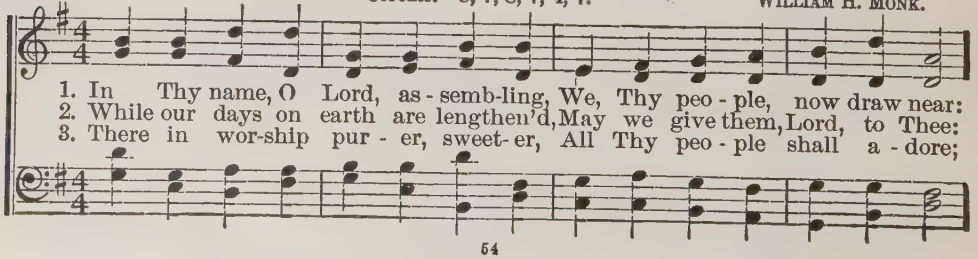
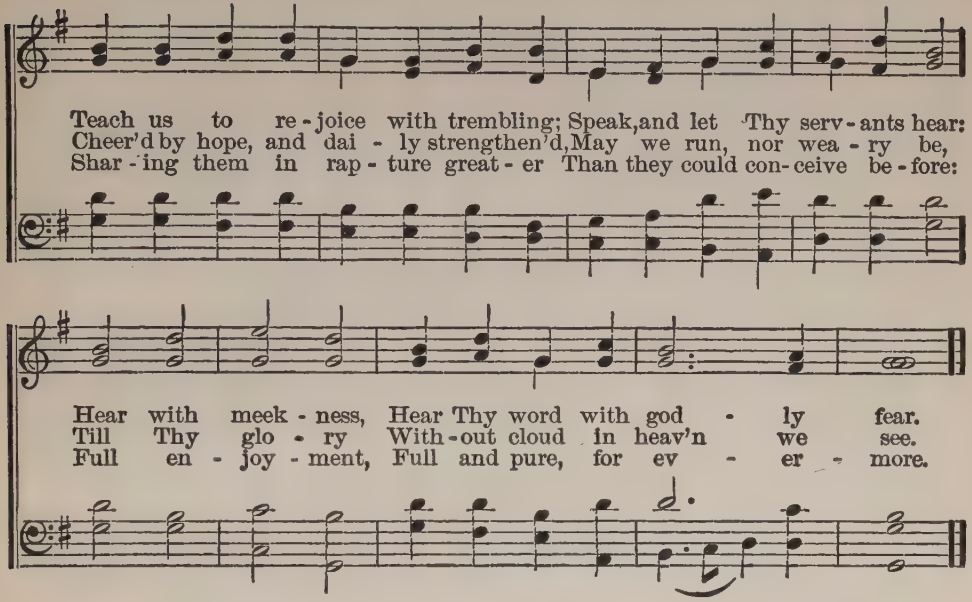
No. 47. In Thy Name, O Lord, Assembling.

THOMAS KELLY. Coronæ. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. WILLIAM H. MONK.

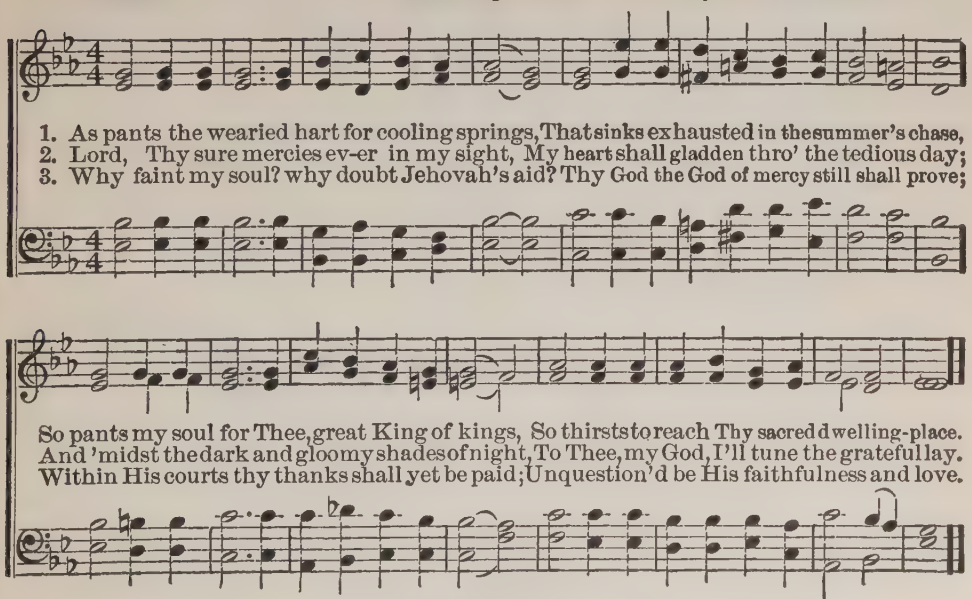

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - semb-ling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:
2. While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord, to Thee:
3. There in wor-ship pur - er, sweet-er, All Thy peo - ple shall a - dore;

In Thy Name, O Lord, Assembling.—Concluded.


Teach us to re-joice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy serv-ants hear:
Cheer'd by hope, and dai-ly strengthen'd, May we run, nor wea-ry be,
Shar-ing them in rap-ture great-er Than they could con-ceive be-fore:
Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god-ly fear.
Till Thy glo-ry With-out cloud in heav'n we see.
Full en-joy-ment, Full and pure, for ev-er-more.

No. 48. As Pants the Wearied Hart.

H. B. Stowe. Marlborough. 10s. Arr. by Sir. Arthur Sullivan.


1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
2. Lord, Thy sure mercies ev-er in my sight, My heart shall gladden thro' the tedious day;
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night, To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid; Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love.

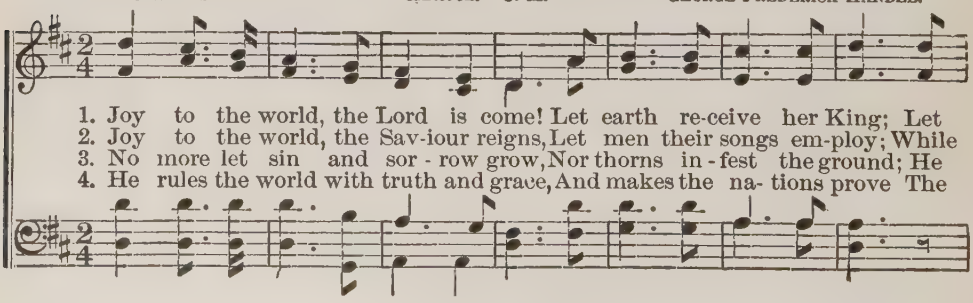
No. 49. Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE. Faben. 8, 7. D. JOHN HENRY WILCOX.

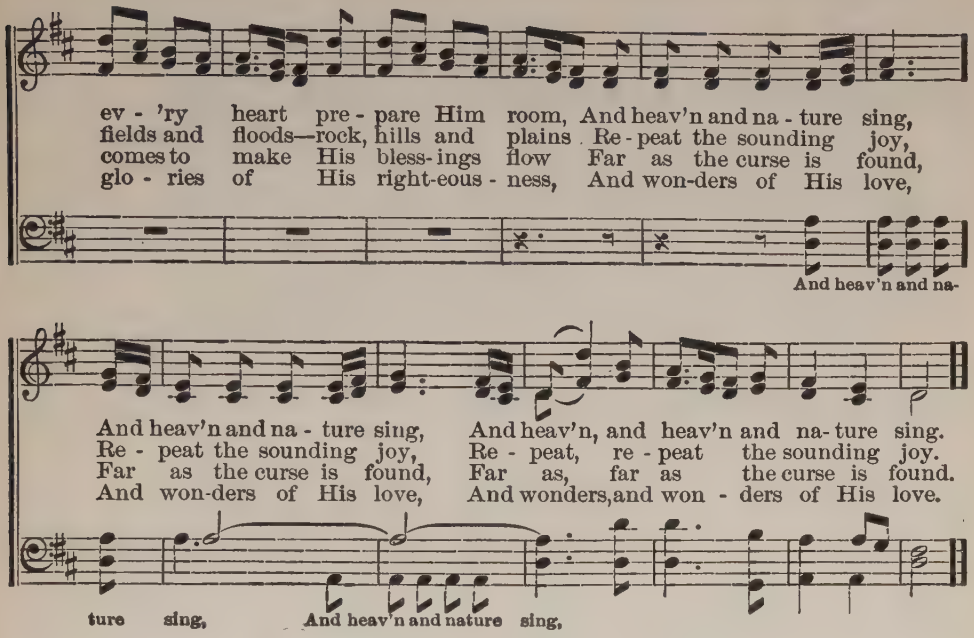
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious: Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - bey'd;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro - claim;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance He hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

No. 50. Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. Antioch. C. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

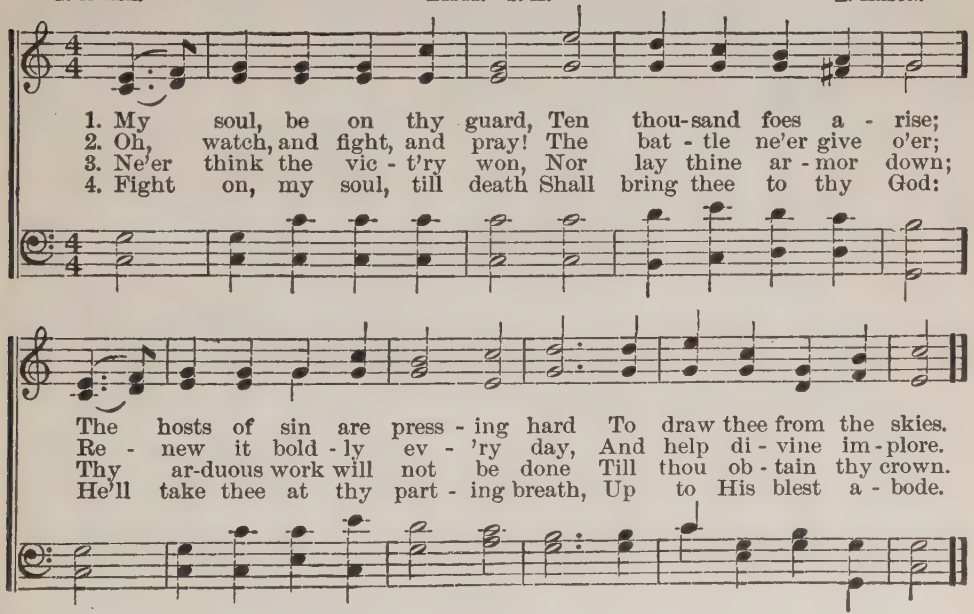

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world, the Sav-iour reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

Joy to the World, the Lord is Come.—Concluded.


ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
fields and floods—rock, hills and plains Re - peat the sounding joy,
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found,
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love,
And heav'n and na-
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

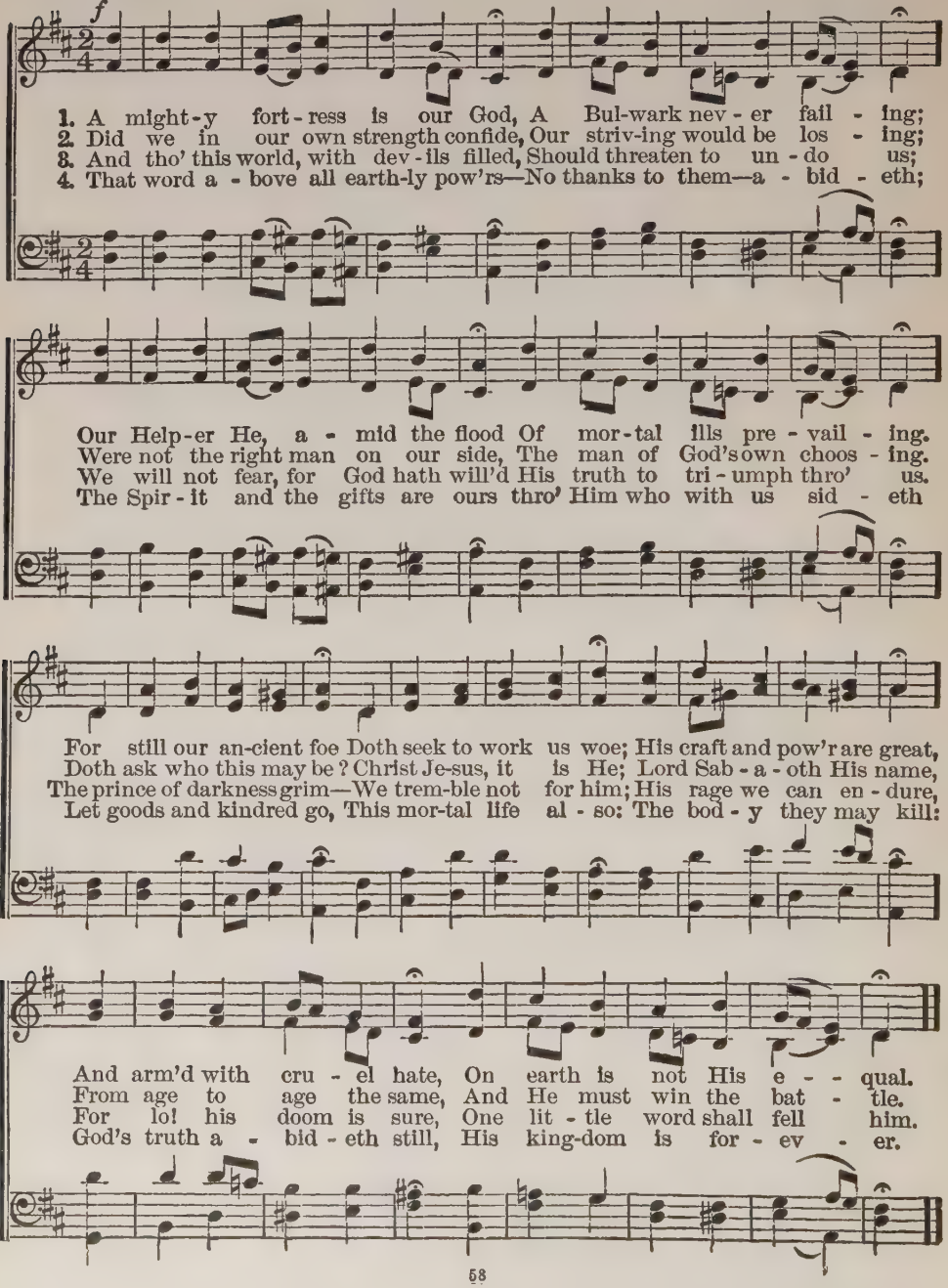
No. 51. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

G. HEATH. Laban. S. M. L. MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

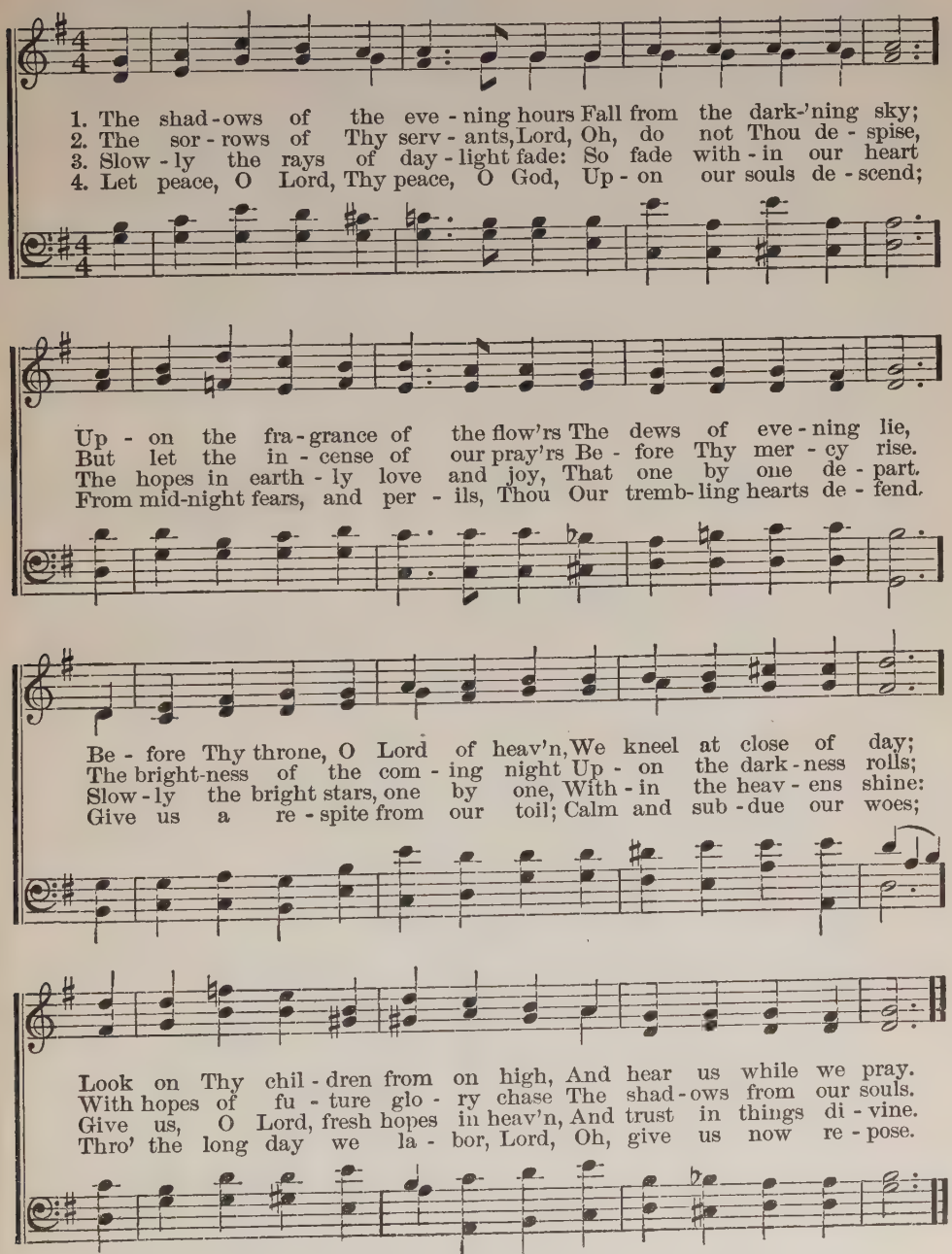
No. 52. A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

"EIN FESTE BURG." Fortress. 8, 7, 6. MARTIN LUTHER.


1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us;
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid-eth;
Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours thro' Him who with us sid-eth
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Doth ask who this may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sab-a-oth His name,
The prince of darkness grim—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
Let goods and kindred go, This mor-tal life al-so: The bod-y they may kill:
And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e--qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
For lo! his doom is sure, One lit-tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

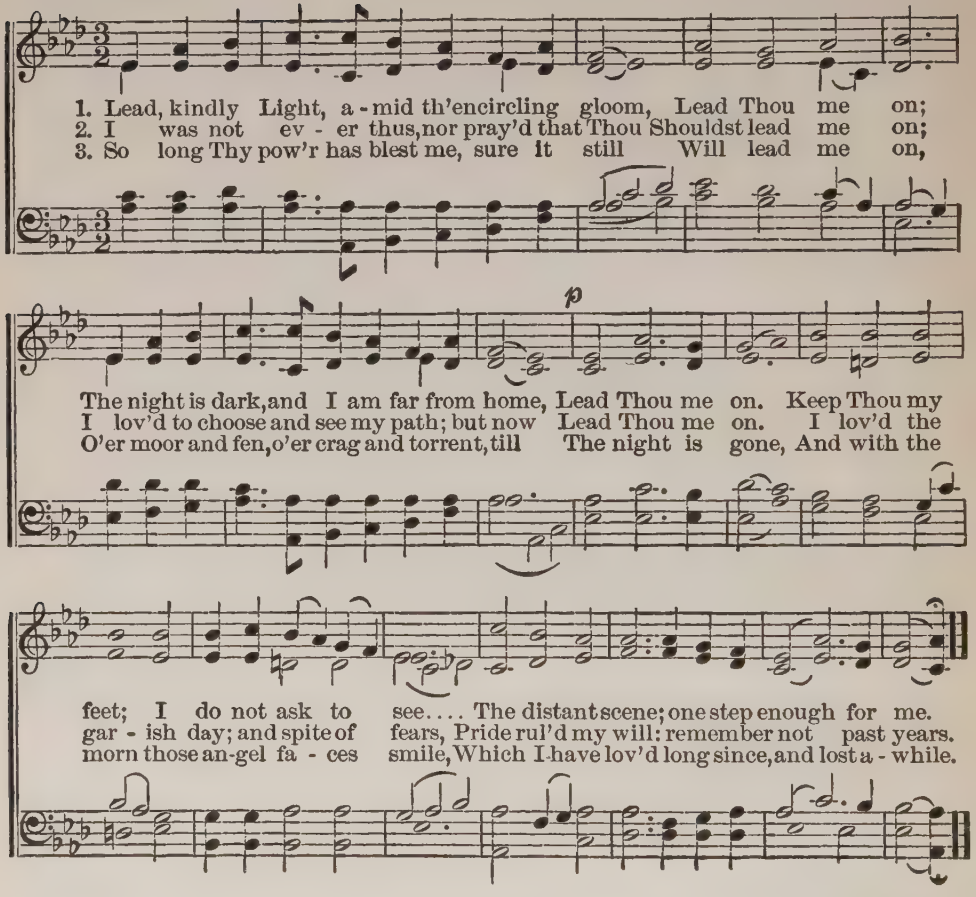
No. 53. The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

A. A. PROCTER. St. Leonard. C. M. 81. H. HILES.


1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
2. The sor-rows of Thy serv-ants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou de-spise,
3. Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade: So fade with-in our heart
4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up-on our souls de-scend;
Up-on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie,
But let the in-cense of our pray'rs Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise.
The hopes in earth-ly love and joy, That one by one de-part.
From mid-night fears, and per-ils, Thou Our tremb-ling hearts de-fend.
Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up-on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heav-ens shine:
Give us a re-spite from our toil; Calm and sub-due our woes;
Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The shad-ows from our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di-vine.
Thro' the long day we la-bor, Lord, Oh, give us now re-pose.

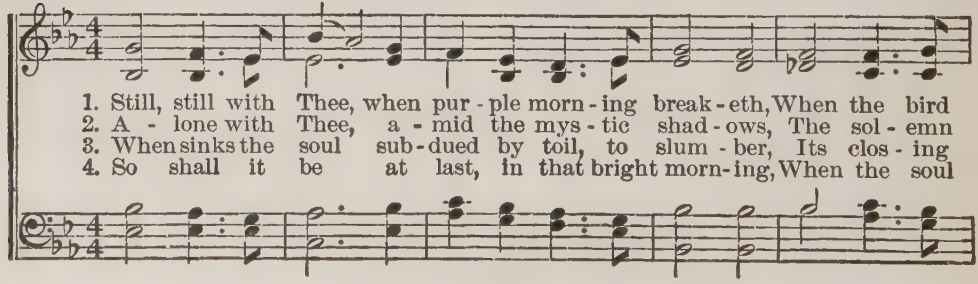
No. 54. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Lux Benigna. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

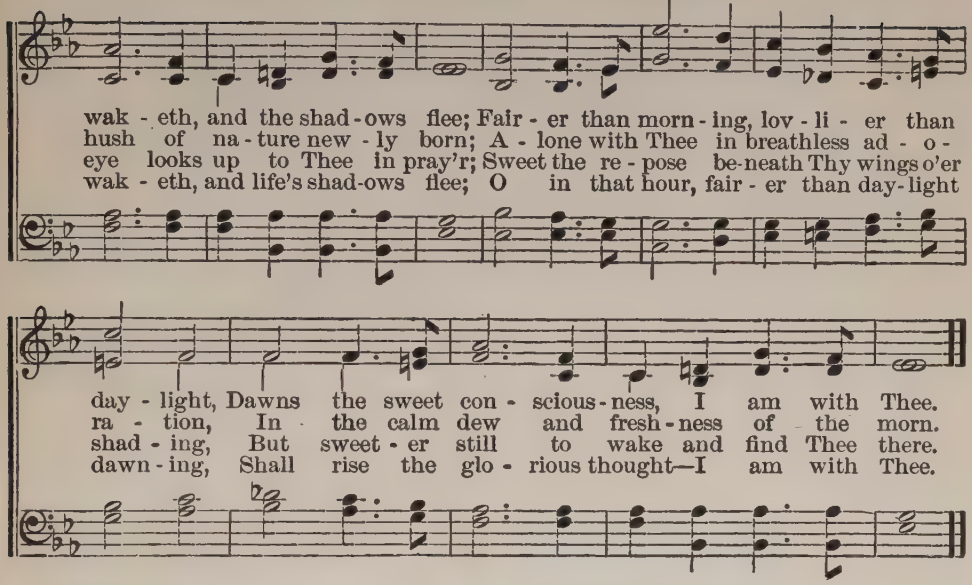

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I lov'd the
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the
feet; I do not ask to see.... The distant scene; one step enough for me.
gar-ish day; and spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will: remember not past years.
morn those an-gel fa-ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

No. 55. Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Consolation. Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

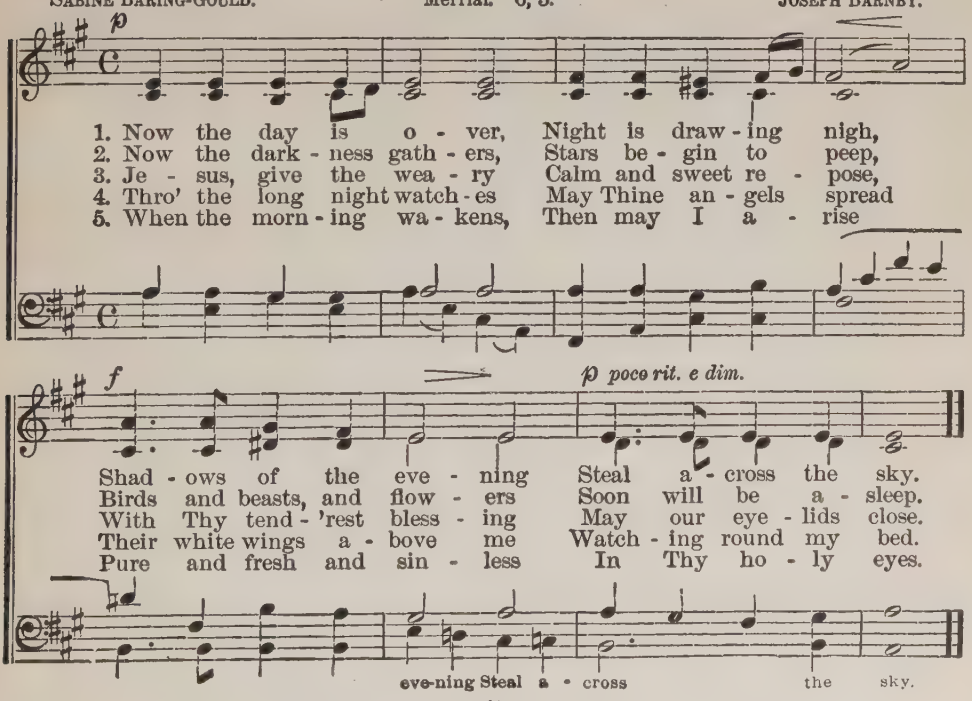

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. When sinks the soul sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

Still, Still With Thee.—Concluded.


wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li - er than
hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breathless ad - o -
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be-neath Thy wings o'er
wak - eth, and life's shad-ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day-light
day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.
ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.
dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee.

No. 56. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Merrial. 6, 5. JOSEPH BARNBY.


p
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
4. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise
f
p poco rit. e dim.
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy tend - 'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 57. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Portuguese Hymn. 11. Anon.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dis - mayed,
3. When through the dark wa - ters I call thee to go,
4. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee,
The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver-flow, For I will be
I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all
say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious om -
with thee, thy tri - als to bless And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no
Je - sus have fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
ni - po - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious om - ni - po - tent hand.
deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
nev - er for - sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake.

No. 58. Day Is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. Twilight. WM. P. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -
3. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -
4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars— the
earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night
verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,
fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
day— the night; Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh.
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
CHORUS.
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

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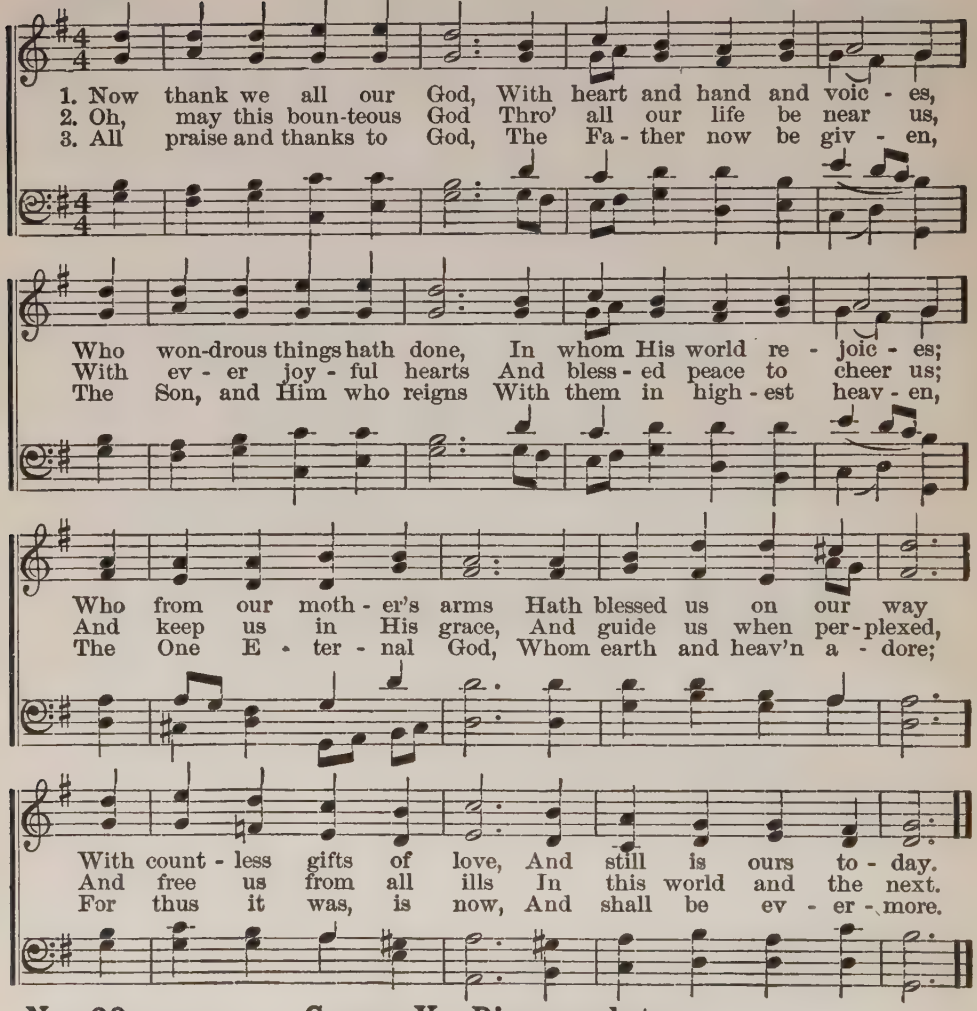
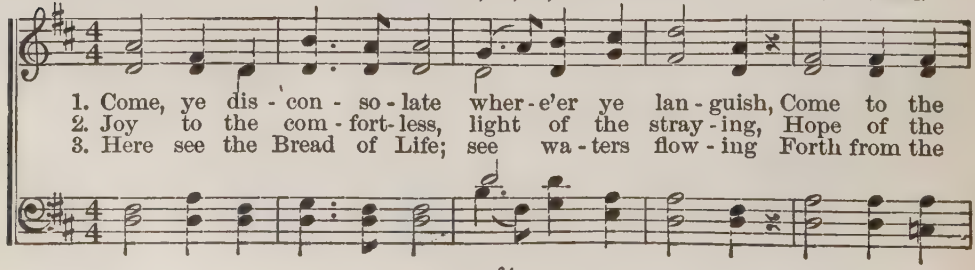
No. 59. Now Thank We All Our God.

M. RINKART. Nun Danket. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6. Arr. from J. CRÜGER.

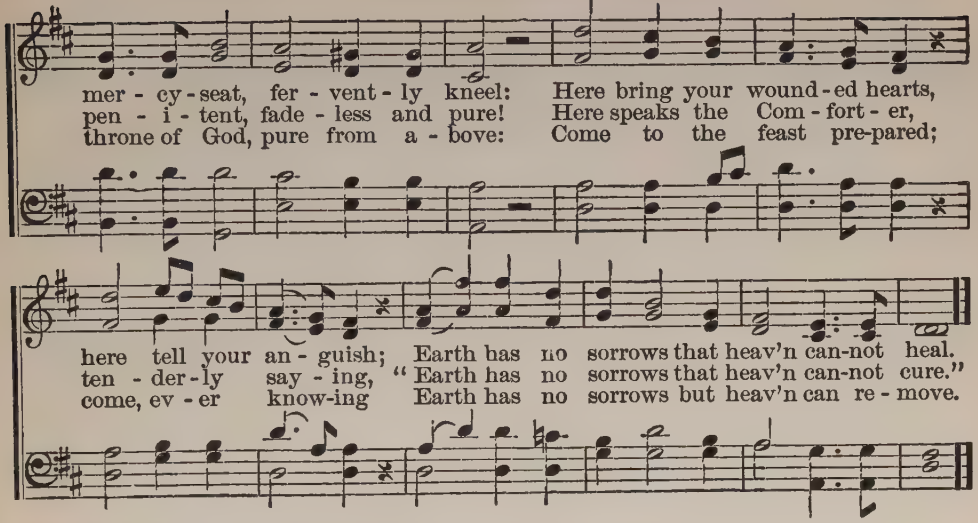

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voic - es,
2. Oh, may this boun-teous God Thro' all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther now be giv - en,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The One E - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

No. 60. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. Alma. 11, 10, 11, 10. Arr. from SAMUEL WEBBE.

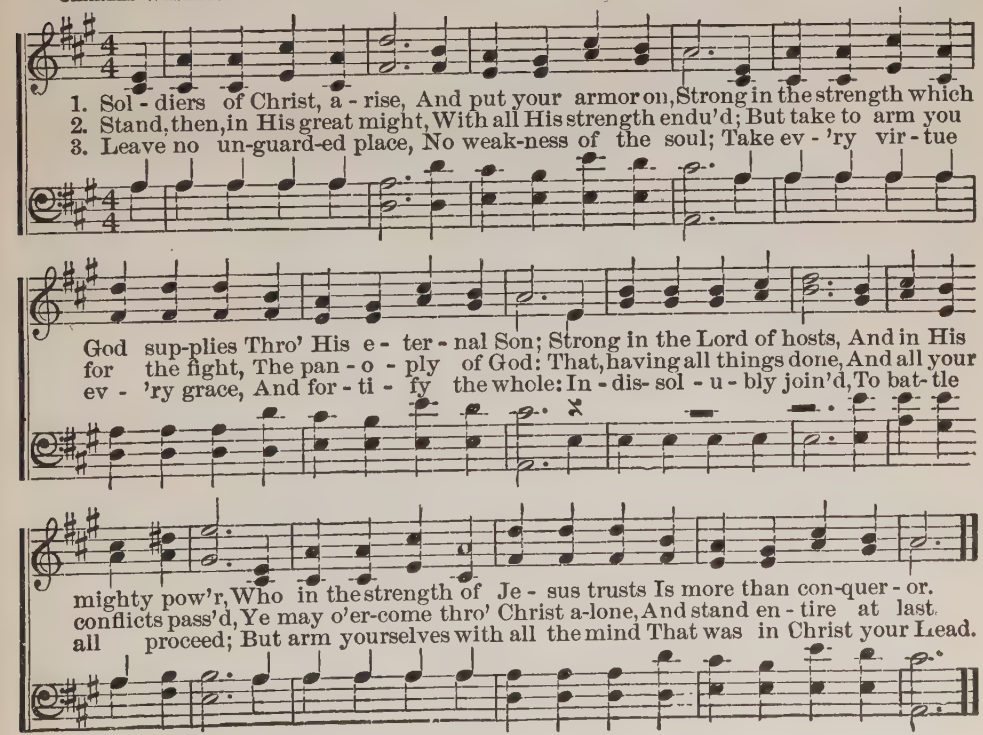

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy to the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

Come, Ye Disconsolate.—Concluded.


mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast pre-pared;
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can-not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can-not cure."
come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can re - move.

No. 61. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Elmswood. S. M. D. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endu'd; But take to arm you
3. Leave no un-guard-ed place, No weak-ness of the soul; Take ev - 'ry vir - tue
God sup-plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His
for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God: That, having all things done, And all your
ev - 'ry grace, And for - ti - fy the whole: In - dis - sol - u - bly join'd, To bat - tle
mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or.
conflicts pass'd, Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a-lone, And stand en - tire at last.
all proceed; But arm yourselves with all the mind That was in Christ your Lead.

No. 62. Kind Words Can Never Die.

Miss A. HUTCHINSON. ABBY HUTCHINSON.

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ished and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie.
Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
In win-tr'y hours; But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charm a - new
Wrapp'd in its gloom; What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,
Ay, in all years and climes Dis - tant and near; Kind words can nev- er die,
With many an add - ed hue They bloom a - gain; Sweet tho'ts can nev- er die,
Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a - bove; Our souls can nev- er die,
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev- er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev- er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev- er die.

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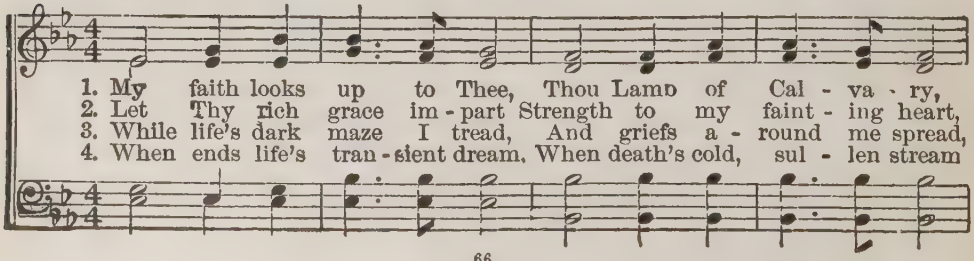
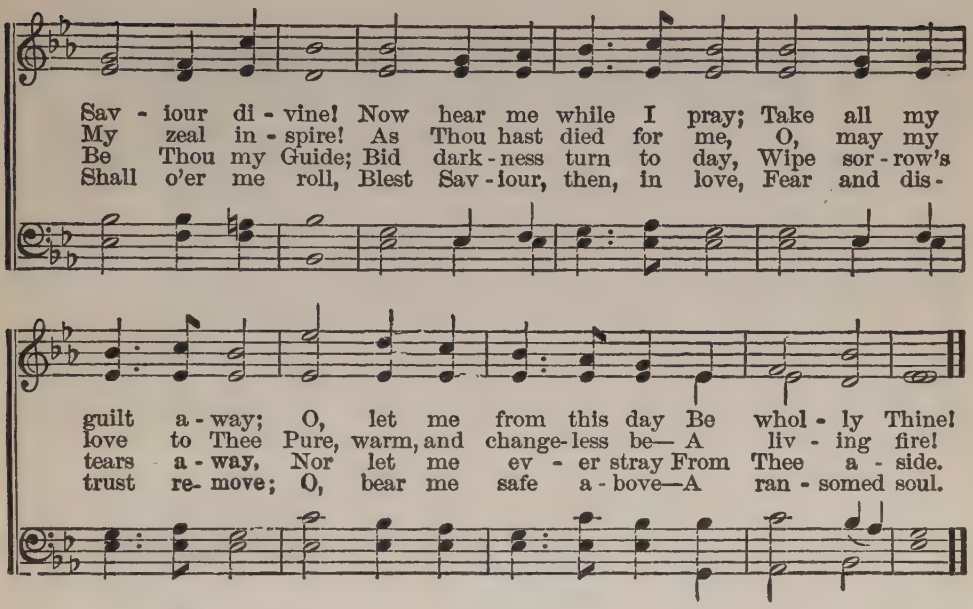
No. 63. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.

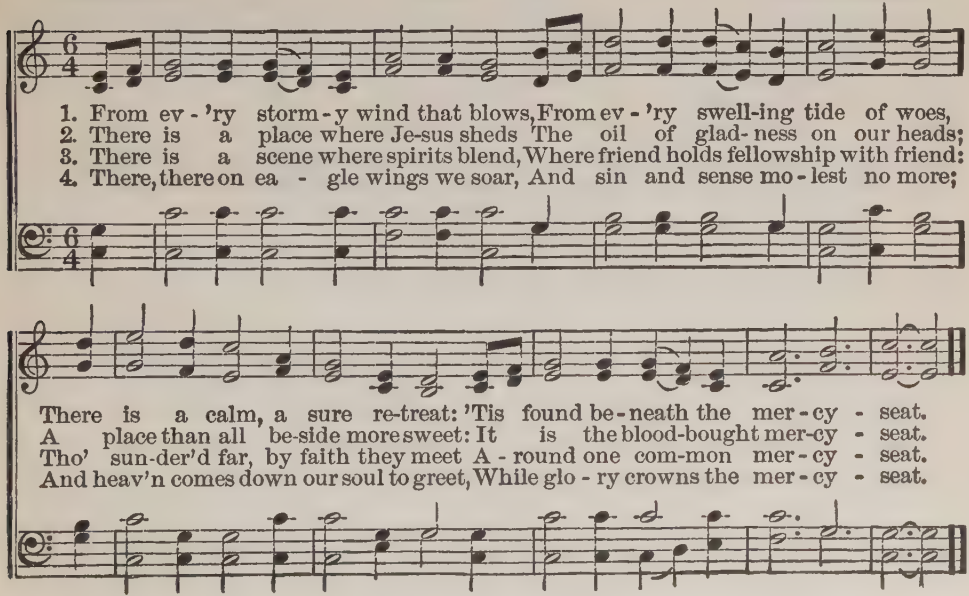

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. Let Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up to Thee—Concluded.


Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way; O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be— A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re- move; O, bear me safe a - bove—A ran - somed soul.

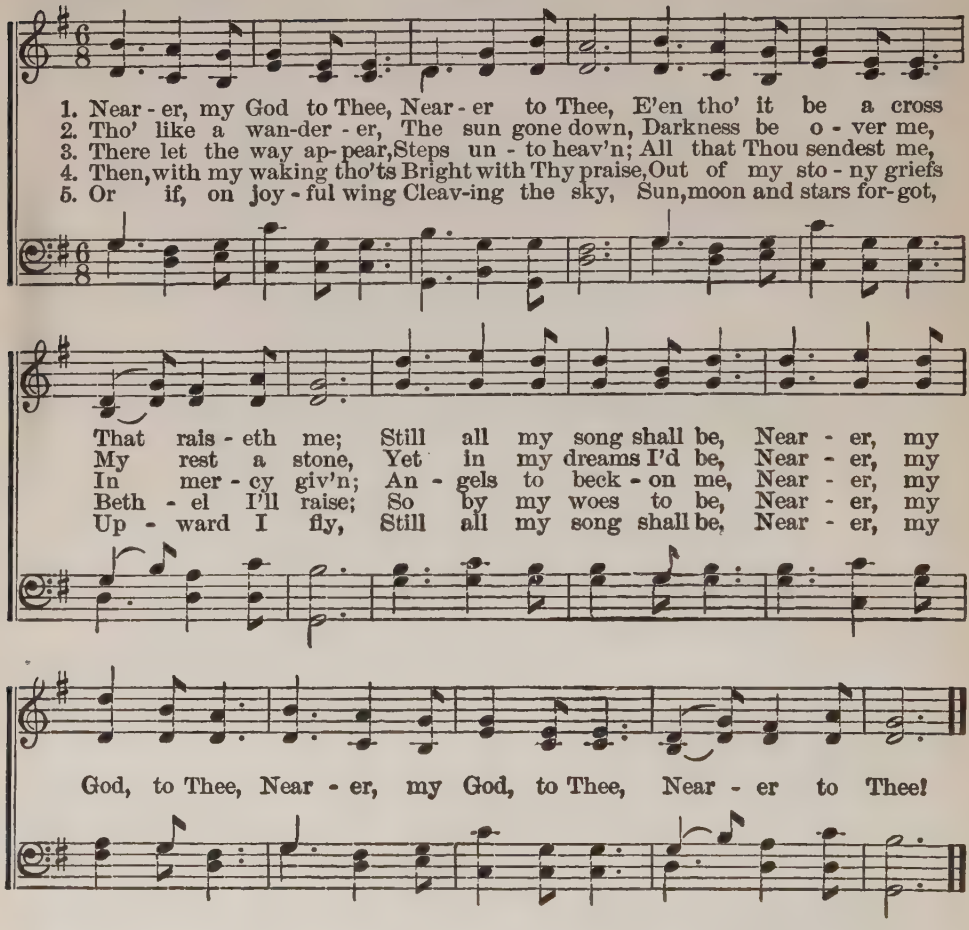
No. 64. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

HUGH STOWELL. Retreat. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;
There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-side more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Tho' sun-der'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our soul to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

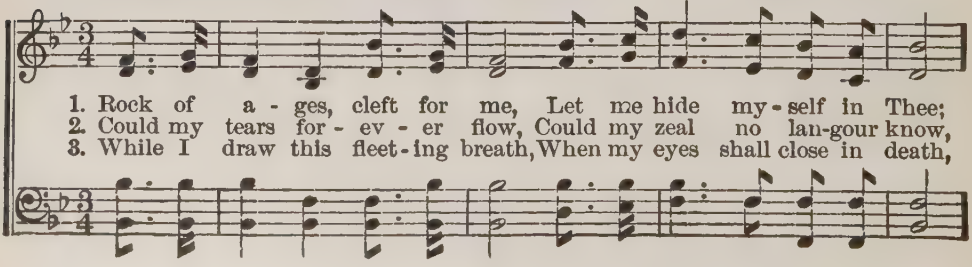
No. 65. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6, 4, 6. LOWELL MASON.

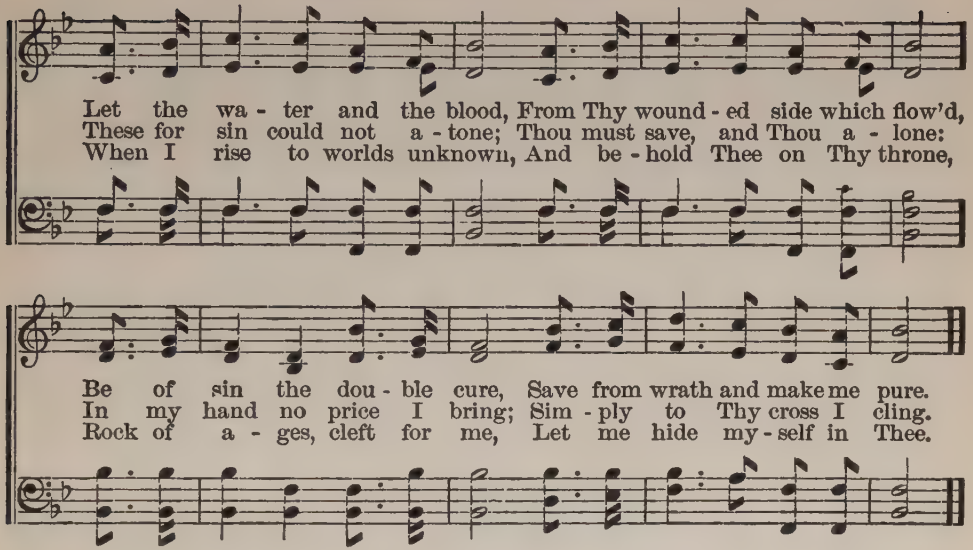

1. Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near - er, my
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

No. 66. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. Alt. Toplady. 7, 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS.

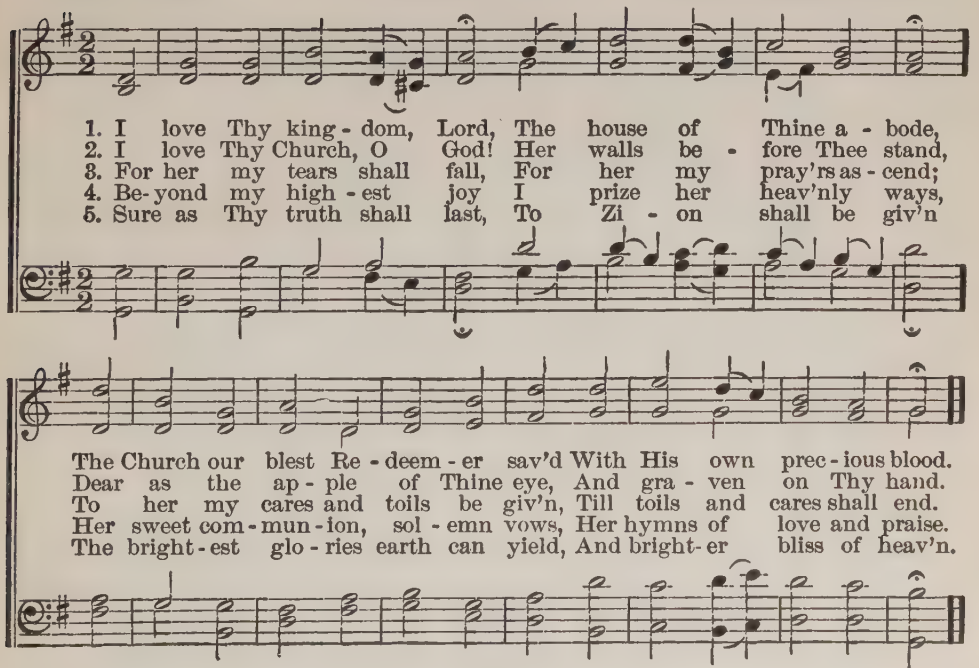

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-gour know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.—Concluded.


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 67. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. St. Thomas. S. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'nly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n
The Church our blest Re - deem - er sav'd With His own prec - ious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

No. 68. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.

JOHN BAKEWELL. Autumn. 8, 7. D. Arr. from Spanish Melody, "MARECHIO."

1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je-sus, hail! enthron'd in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r and bless-ing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By Al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tonement made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare;
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic Spir-its; Bring your sweetest, no-blest lays;
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pen'd is the gate of heav-en: Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Saviour's mer-its; Help to chant Im-man-uel's praise!

No. 69. Faintly Flow, Thou Falling River.

Tune,—Autumn. 8, 7. D.

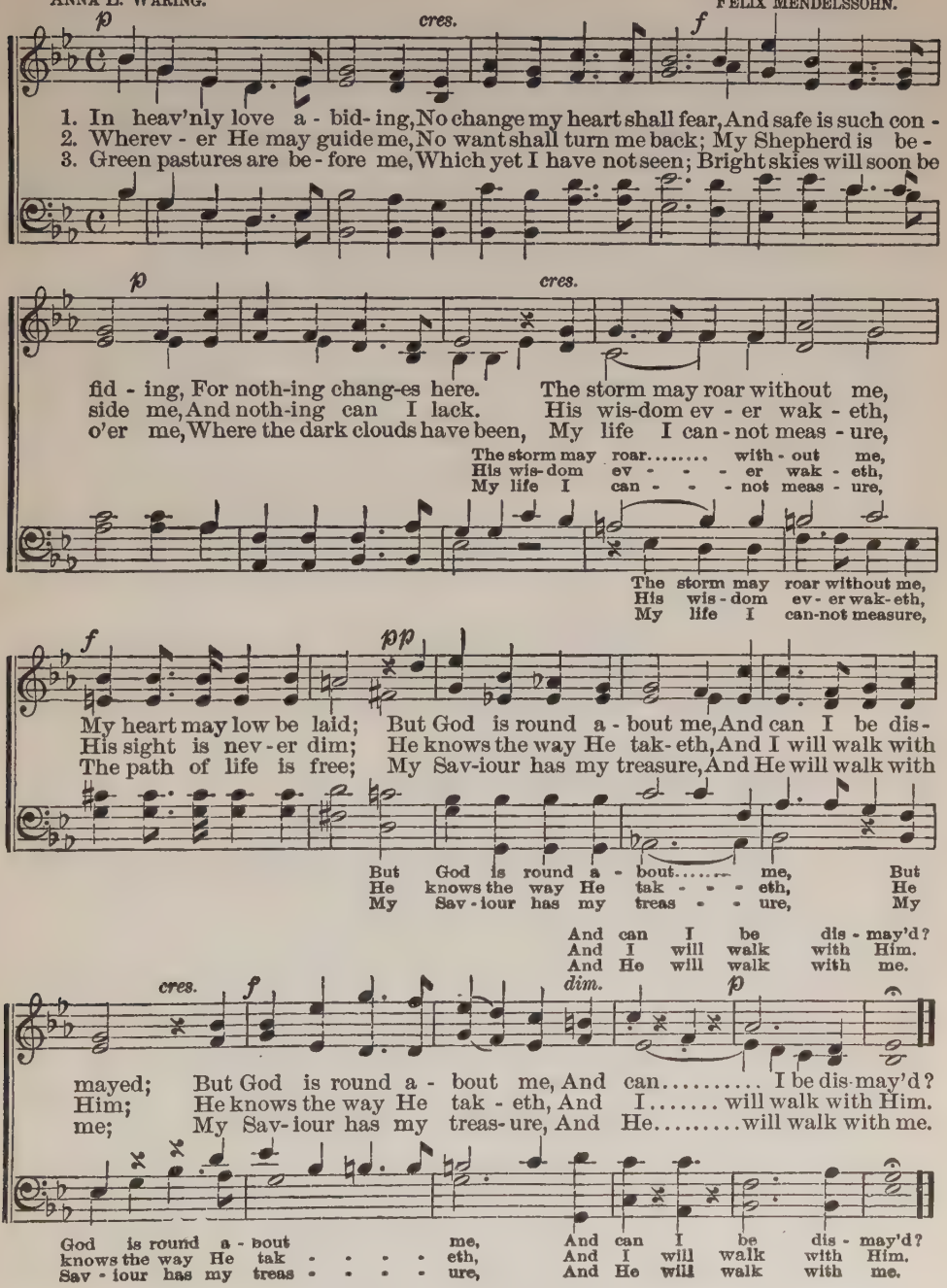
1 Faintly flow, thou falling river!
Like a dream that dies away,
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way;
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

2 Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many clouded west;
Years are bearing us to Heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

J. G. Percival.

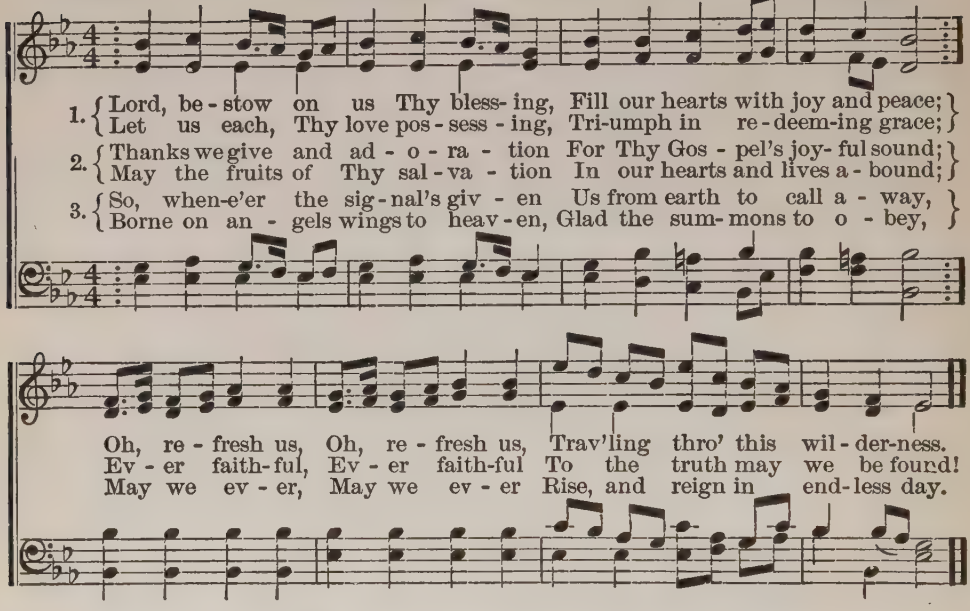
No. 70. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.


p
cres.
f
1. In heav'nly love a - bid- ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be -
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
p
cres.
fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The storm may roar without me,
side me, And noth-ing can I lack. His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been, My life I can - not meas - ure,
The storm may roar..... with - out me,
His wis-dom ev - - - er wak - eth,
My life I can - - - not meas - ure,
The storm may roar without me,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,
My life I can-not measure,
f
pp
My heart may low be laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with
The path of life is free; My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with
But God is round a - bout..... me, But
He knows the way He tak - - - eth, He
My Sav - iour has my treas - - ure, My
And can I be dis - may'd?
And I will walk with Him.
And He will walk with me.
cres.
f
dim.
p
mayed; But God is round a - bout me, And can..... I be dis-may'd?
Him; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I..... will walk with Him.
me; My Sav-iour has my treas-ure, And He..... will walk with me.
God is round a - bout me,
knows the way He tak - - - - eth,
Sav - iour has my treas - - - - ure,
And can I be dis - may'd?
And I will walk with Him.
And He will walk with me.

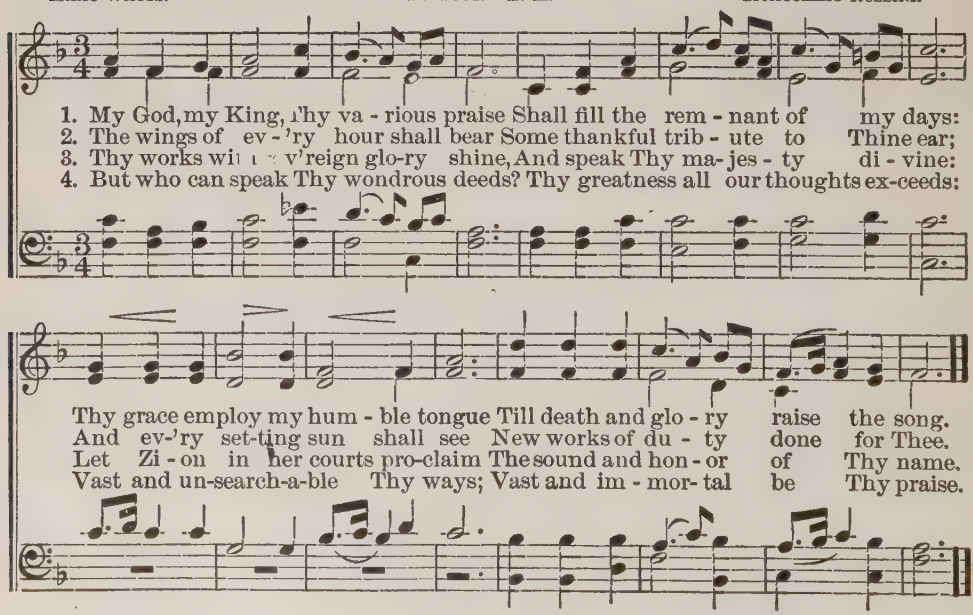
No. 71. Lord, Bestow On Us Thy Blessing.

J. FAWCETT. Sicilian Mariners' Hymn. 8s, 7s. 6 lines. Siciliar. Melody.


1. Lord, be - stow on us Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy- ful sound;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Borne on an - gels wings to heav - en, Glad the sum- mons to o - bey,
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
Ev - er faith-ful, Ev - er faith-ful To the truth may we be found!
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Rise, and reign in end-less day.

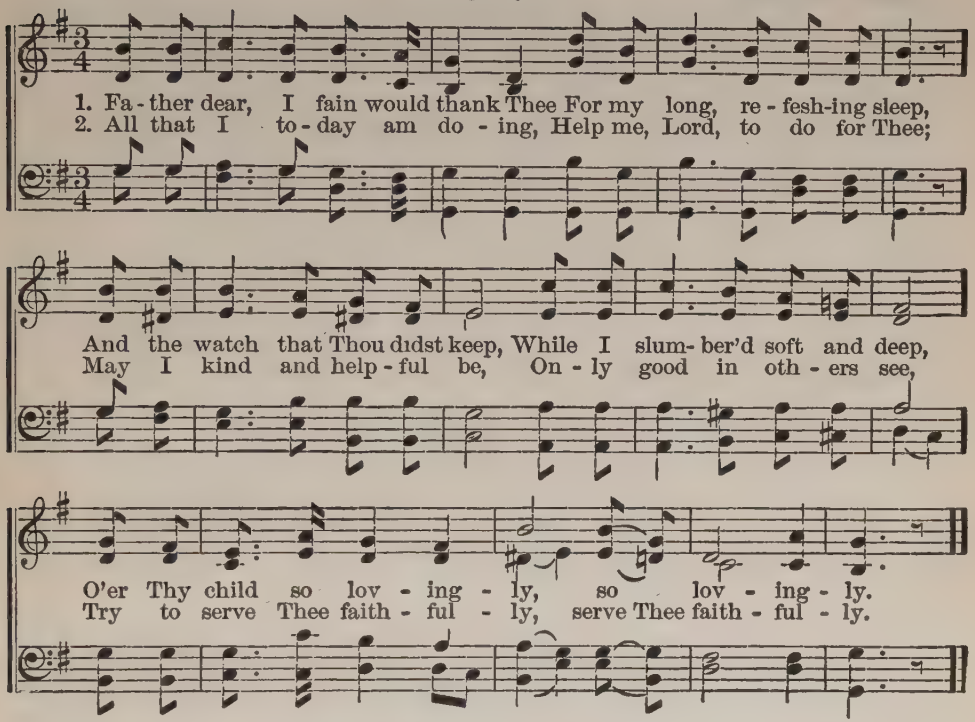
No. 72. My God, My King, Thy Various Praise.

ISAAC WATTS. Linwood. L. M. GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.


1. My God, my King, Thy va - rious praise Shall fill the rem - nant of my days:
2. The wings of ev - 'ry hour shall bear Some thankful trib - ute to Thine ear;
3. Thy works with ev'reign glo-ry shine, And speak Thy ma-jes - ty di - vine:
4. But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts ex-ceeds:
Thy grace employ my hum - ble tongue Till death and glo - ry raise the song.
And ev-'ry set-ting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for Thee.
Let Zi - on in her courts pro-claim The sound and hon - or of Thy name.
Vast and un-search-a-ble Thy ways; Vast and im - mor- tal be Thy praise.

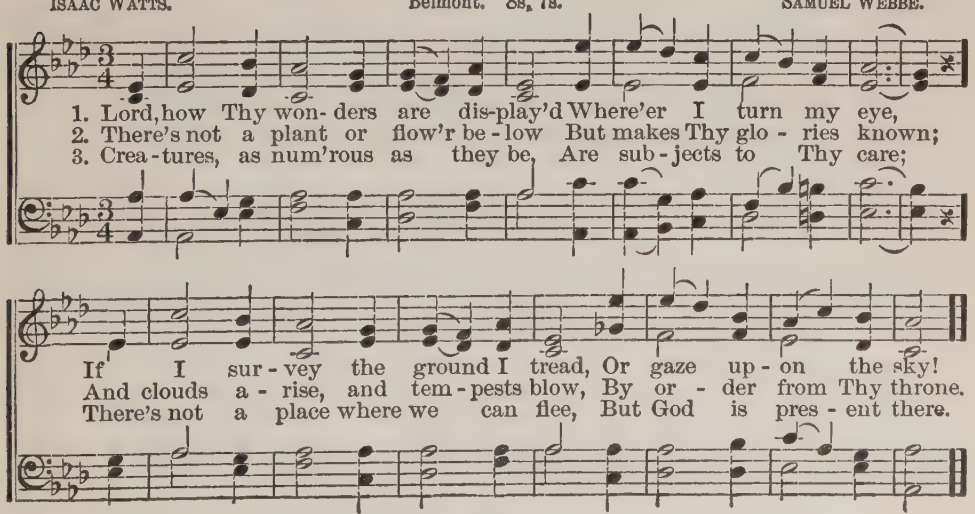
No. 73. Father Dear, I Fain Would Thank Thee.

From the German. Morning Prayer. Arr. from RHEINBERGER.


1. Fa - ther dear, I fain would thank Thee For my long, re - fesh-ing sleep,
2. All that I to - day am do - ing, Help me, Lord, to do for Thee;
And the watch that Thou didst keep, While I slum- ber'd soft and deep,
May I kind and help - ful be, On - ly good in oth - ers see,
O'er Thy child so lov - ing - ly, so lov - ing - ly.
Try to serve Thee faith - ful - ly, serve Thee faith - ful - ly.

No. 74. Lord, How Thy Wonders are Displayed.

ISAAC WATTS. Belmont. 8s, 7s. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Lord, how Thy won- ders are dis-play'd Where'er I turn my eye,
2. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known;
3. Crea - tures, as num'rous as they be, Are sub - jects to Thy care;
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky!
And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.
There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pres - ent there.

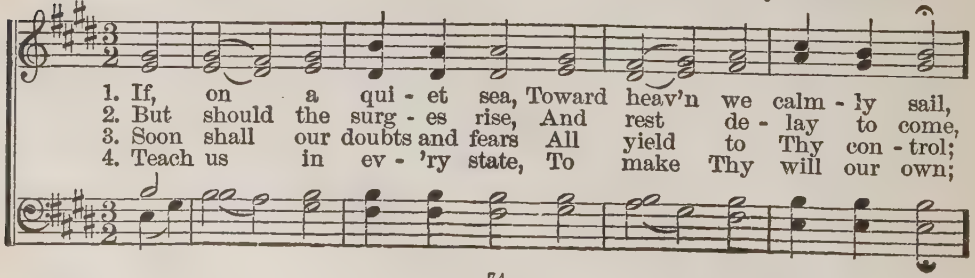
No. 75. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. Alt. Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed by the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 76. If, On a Quiet Sea.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. Selvin. S. M. German. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.


1. If, on a qui - et sea, Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail,
2. But should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol;
4. Teach us in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own;

If, On a Quiet Sea.—Concluded.

With grate-ful hearts, O God to Thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale,
Blest be the temp - est, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home,
Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid-night of the soul,
And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone,
With grate-ful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
Blest be the temp - est, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid-night of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

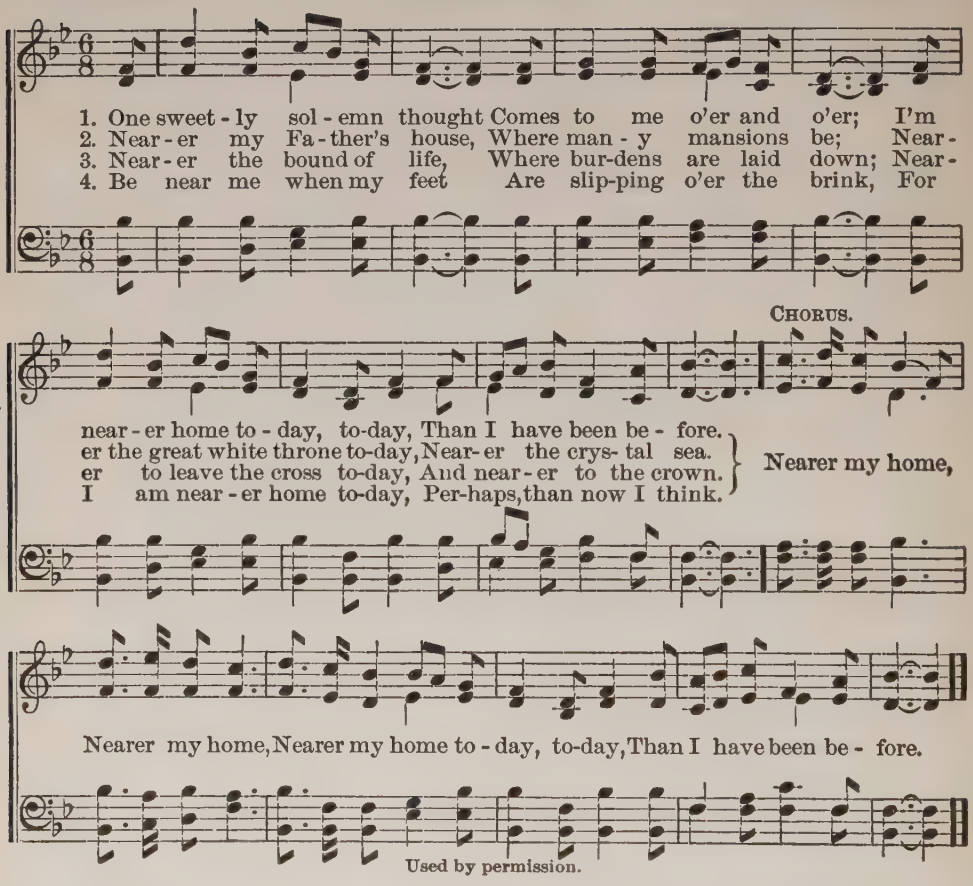
No. 77. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. Boylston. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 78. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

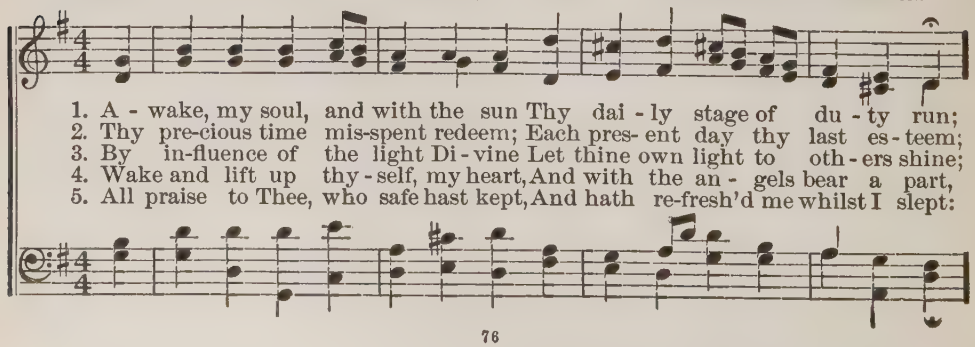
PHŒBE CARY. Nearer Home To-day. PHILIP PHILLIPS.


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y mansions be; Near -
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near -
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For
CHORUS.
near - er home to - day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.
er the great white throne to-day, Near - er the crys- tal sea.
er to leave the cross to-day, And near - er to the crown.
I am near - er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home, Nearer my home to - day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.

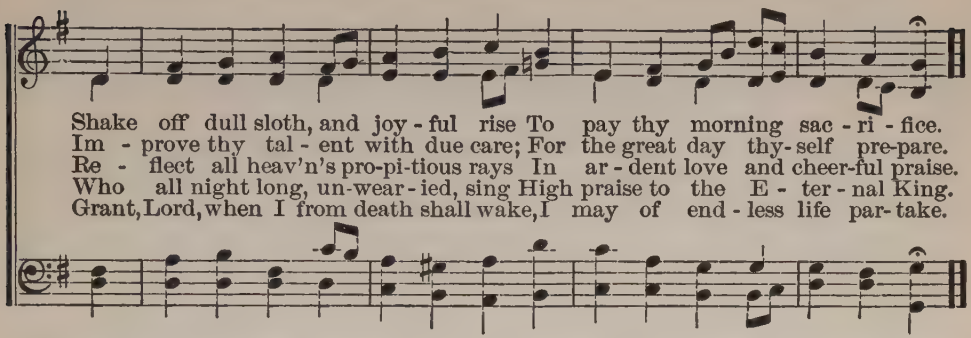
Used by permission.

No. 79. Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun.

THOMAS KEN. Morning Hymn. L. M. FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Thy pre-cious time mis-spent redeem; Each pres- ent day thy last es - teem;
3. By in-fluence of the light Di - vine Let thine own light to oth - ers shine;
4. Wake and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear a part,
5. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hath re-fresh'd me whilst I slept:

Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun.—Concluded.

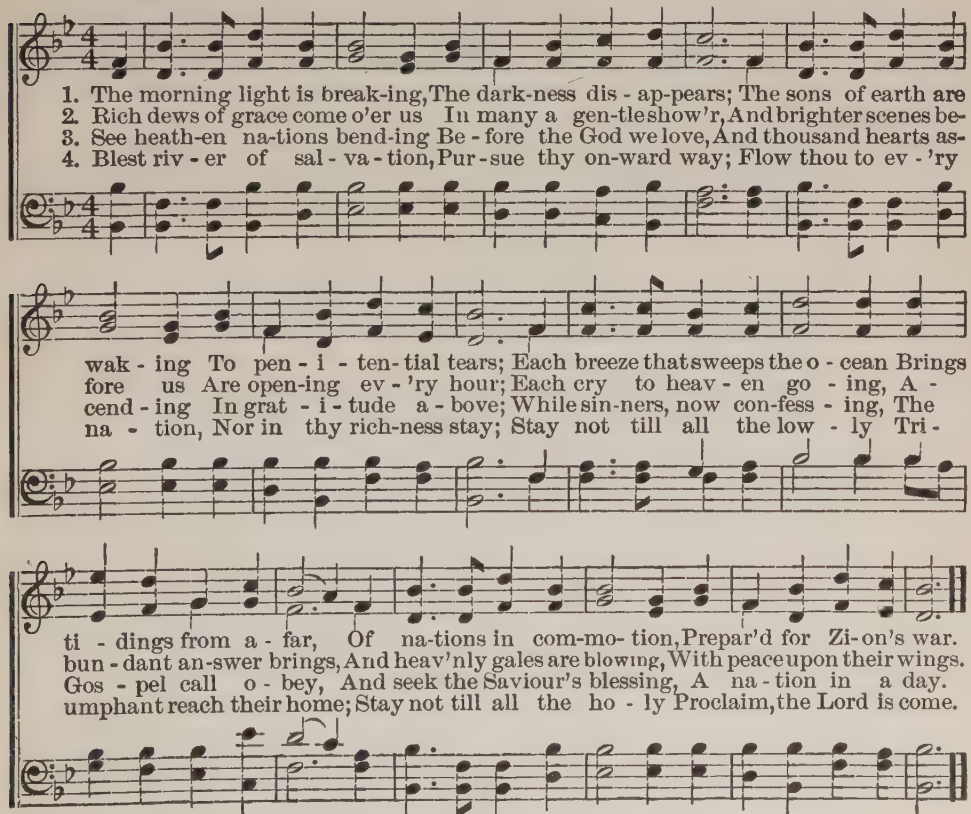

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
Im - prove thy tal - ent with due care; For the great day thy - self pre-pare.
Re - flect all heav'n's pro-pi-tious rays In ar - dent love and cheer-ful praise.
Who all night long, un-wear - ied, sing High praise to the E - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 80. The Morning Light Is Breaking.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. Webb. 7s, 6s. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.


1. The morning light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis - ap-pears; The sons of earth are
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen-tle show'r, And brighter scenes be-
3. See heath-en na-tions bend-ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
4. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on-ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry
wak - ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
fore us Are open-ing ev - 'ry hour; Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A -
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin-ners, now con-fess - ing, The
na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -
ti - dings from a - far, Of na-tions in com-mo- tion, Prepar'd for Zi-on's war.
bun - dant an-swer brings, And heav'nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.
Gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na - tion in a day.
umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, the Lord is come.

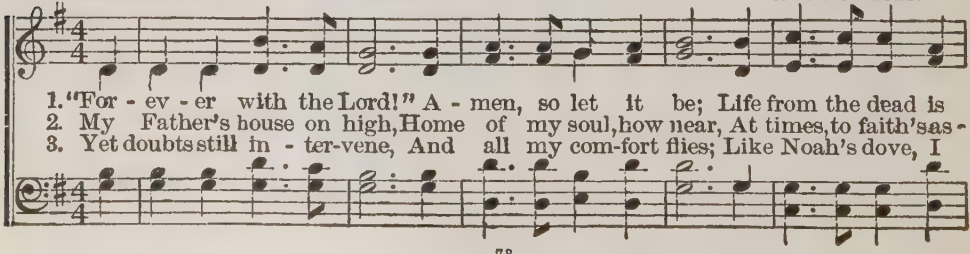
No. 81. We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

Träumerei. R. SCHUMANN.

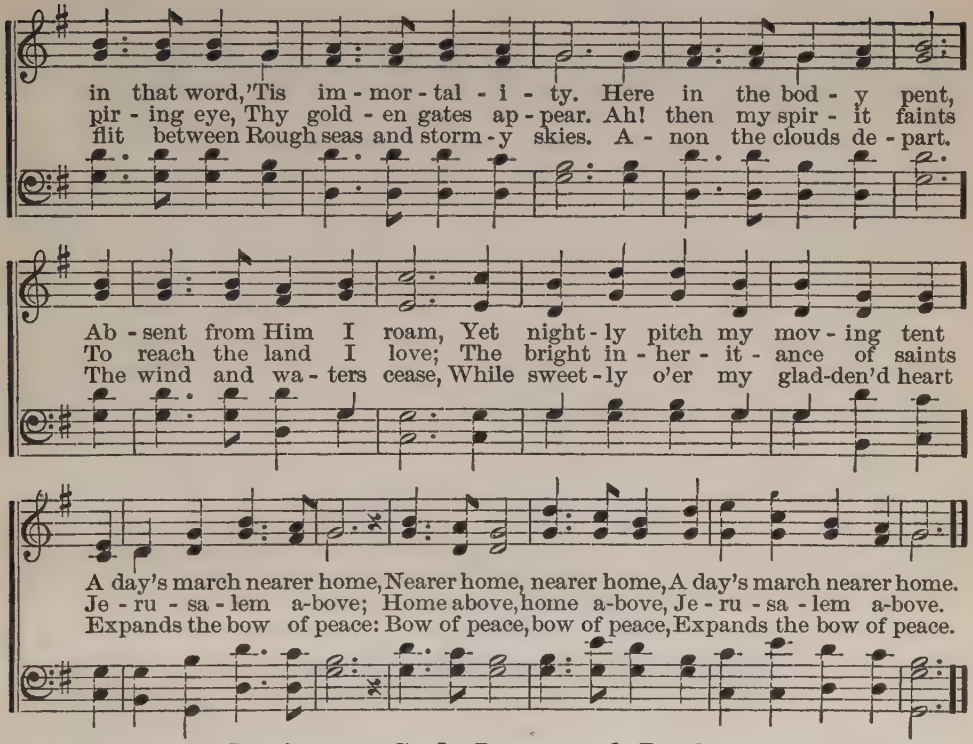
cres.
1. We lay us calm - ly down to sleep, When friend-ly night is
2. As sinks the sun in west - ern skies, When day is done, and
3. Why vex our souls with wear - ing care? Why shun the grave, for
4. Some oth - er hand the task can take, If so it seem - eth
dim.
cres.
come, and leave To God the rest; Wheth-er we wake to smile or weep,
twi - light dim Comes si - lent on, So fades the world's most lur-ing prize,
ach - ing head So cool and low? Have we found life so pass-ing fair,
best, the task By us be-gun; No work for which we need to wake,
Or wake no more on time's fair shore, He know-eth best, He know-eth best.
On eyes that close in deep re-pose, Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
So grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go? Should dread to go?
In joy or grief, for life so brief, Be-neath the sun, Be-neath the sun.
CHORUS. cres.
dim.
rit. e dim.
pp
O Fa - ther, bless in love Thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

No. 82. Forever With the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Nearer Home. S. M. D. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is
2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to faith's sas -
3. Yet doubts still in - ter-vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like Noah's dove, I

Forever With the Lord.—Concluded.


in that word,'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent,
pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear. Ah! then my spir - it faints
flit between Rough seas and storm - y skies. A - non the clouds de - part.
Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent
To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - it - ance of saints
The wind and wa - ters cease, While sweet - ly o'er my glad-den'd heart
A day's march nearer home, Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.
Je - ru - sa - lem a-bove; Home above, home a-bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a-bove.
Expands the bow of peace: Bow of peace, bow of peace, Expands the bow of peace.

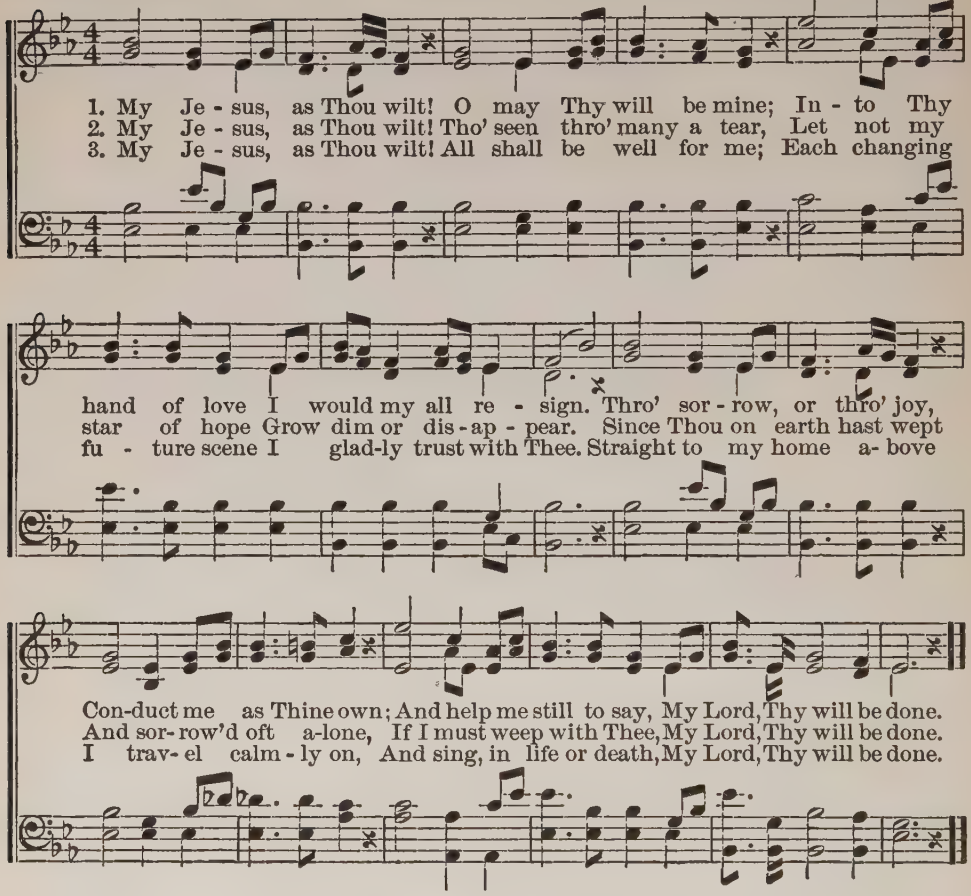
No. 83. Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. Horton. 7s. SCHNEIDER VON WÖRTENSEE.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. All that spring with bounteous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
3. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows, and sol - emn praise;
Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy! Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy.
All that lib - 'ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er-flow - ing stores.
And, when ev - 'ry bless - ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

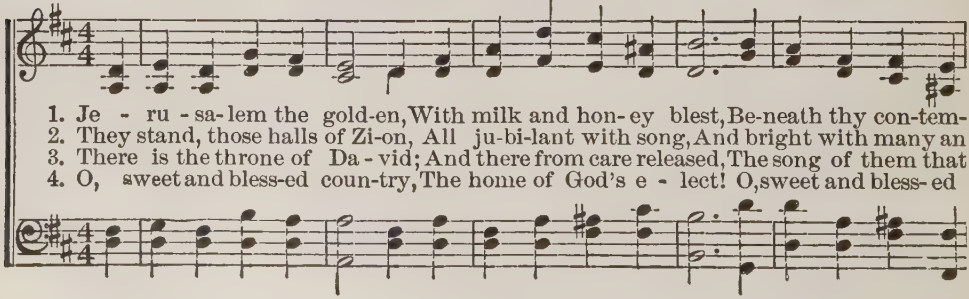
No. 84. My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK. Jewett. 6, 6, 6, 6. D. Arr. from WEBER, by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

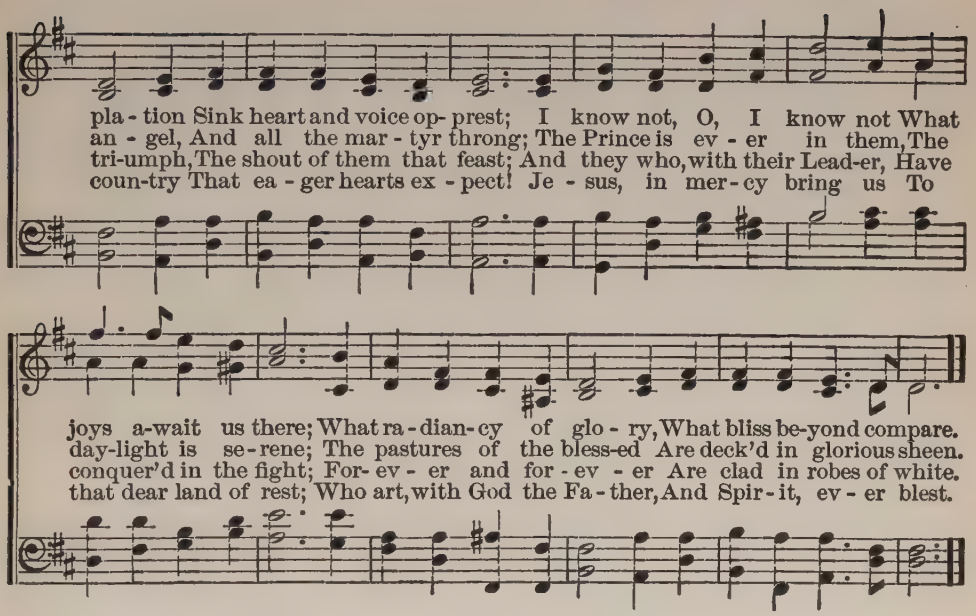

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a- bove
Con-duct me as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sor- row'd oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav- el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

No. 85. Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. J. M. NEALE. Ewing. 7s, 6. ALEXANDER EWING.

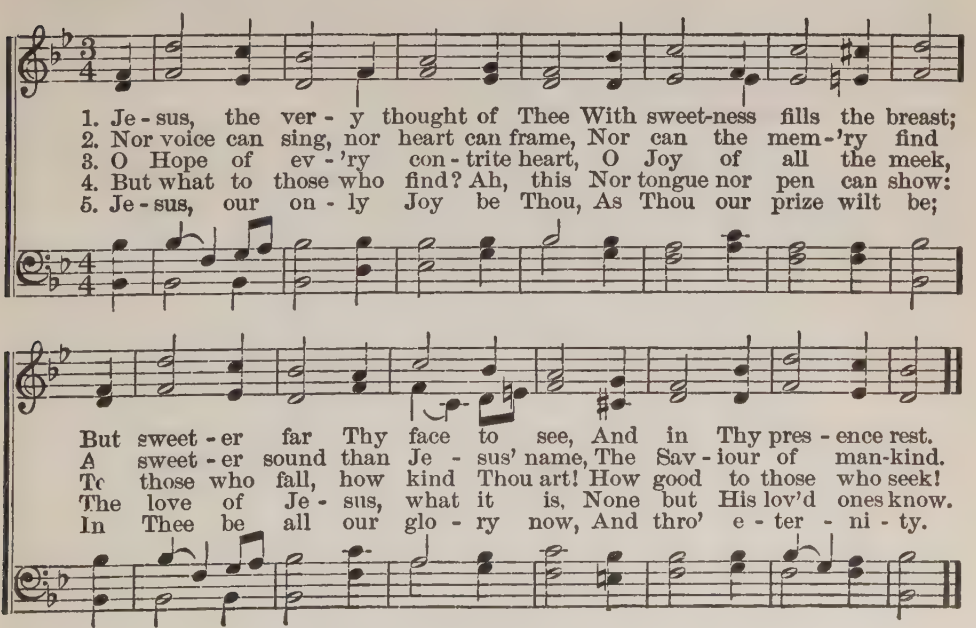

1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold-en, With milk and hon- ey blest, Be-neath thy con-tem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju-bi-lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care released, The song of them that
4. O, sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect! O, sweet and bless- ed

Jerusalem the Golden.—Concluded.


pla - tion Sink heart and voice op- prest; I know not, O, I know not What
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
tri-umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Lead-er, Have
coun-try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer-cy bring us To
joys a-wait us there; What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond compare.
day-light is se-rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
conquer'd in the fight; For-ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

No. 86. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. by T. CASWALL. Holy Cross. C. M. Unknown.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. Je - sus, our on - ly Joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;
But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - iour of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His lov'd ones know.
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 87. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Passion Choral. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. HANS LEO HASSLER. Har. by J. S. BACH.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down;
2. O no - blest brow and dear - est, In oth - er days the world
3. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sin - ners' gain:
4. What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
5. Be near when I am dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;
Now scorn- ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
All fear'd when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is hurled!
Mine, mine was the trans-gres - sion, But Thine the dead-ly pain.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with-out end?
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, to set me free:
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;
Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly, through Thy love.

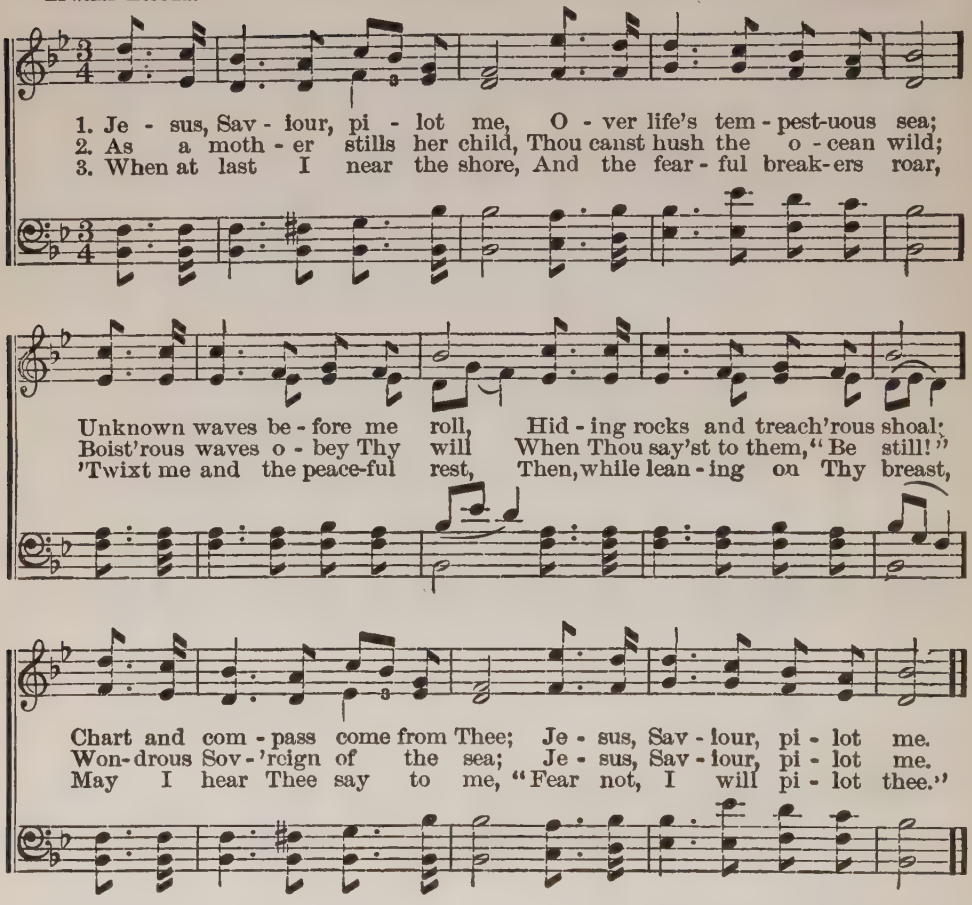
No. 88. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Refuge. 7s. D. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace in Thee is found; Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness:
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

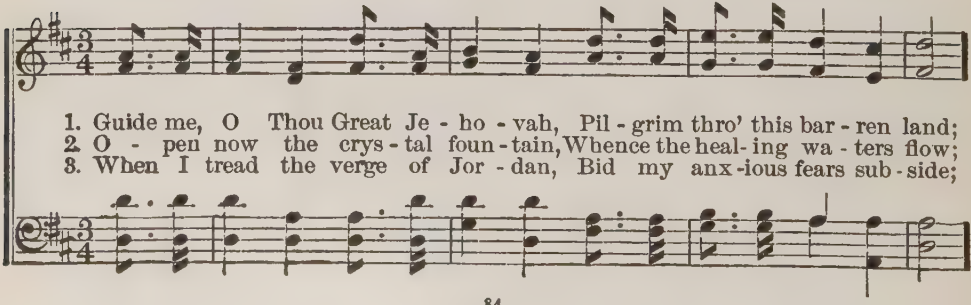
No. 89. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. Pilot. J. E. GOULD.

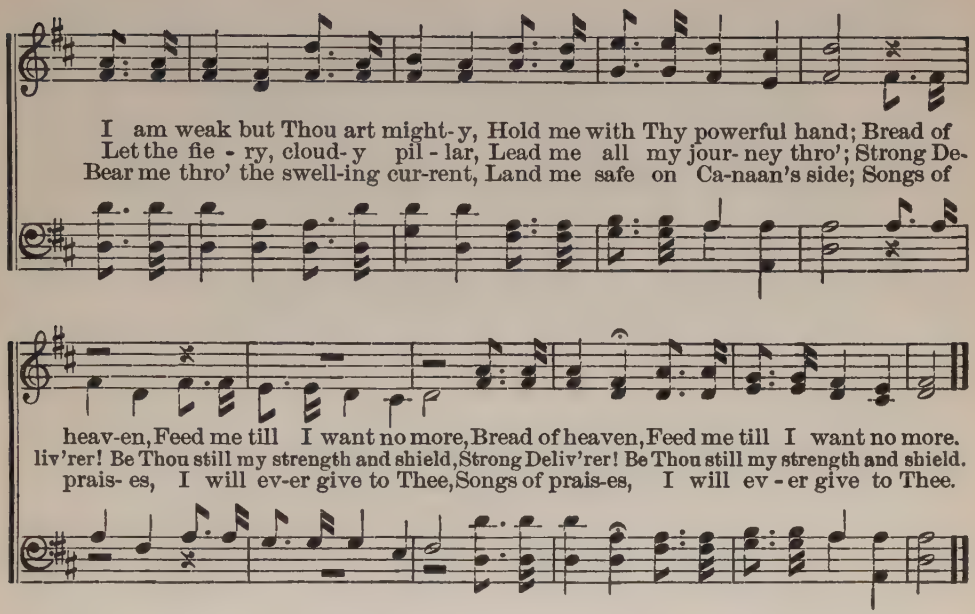

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 90. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. Zion. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.

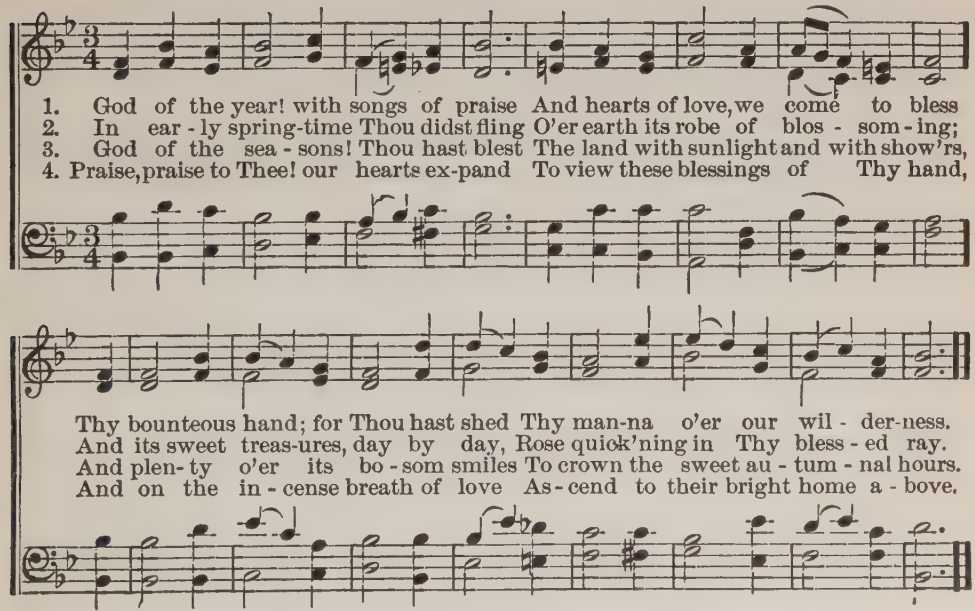

1. Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.—Concluded.


I am weak but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of
Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour- ney thro'; Strong De-
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; Songs of
heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
liv'rer! Be Thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer! Be Thou still my strength and shield.
prais- es, I will ev-er give to Thee, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

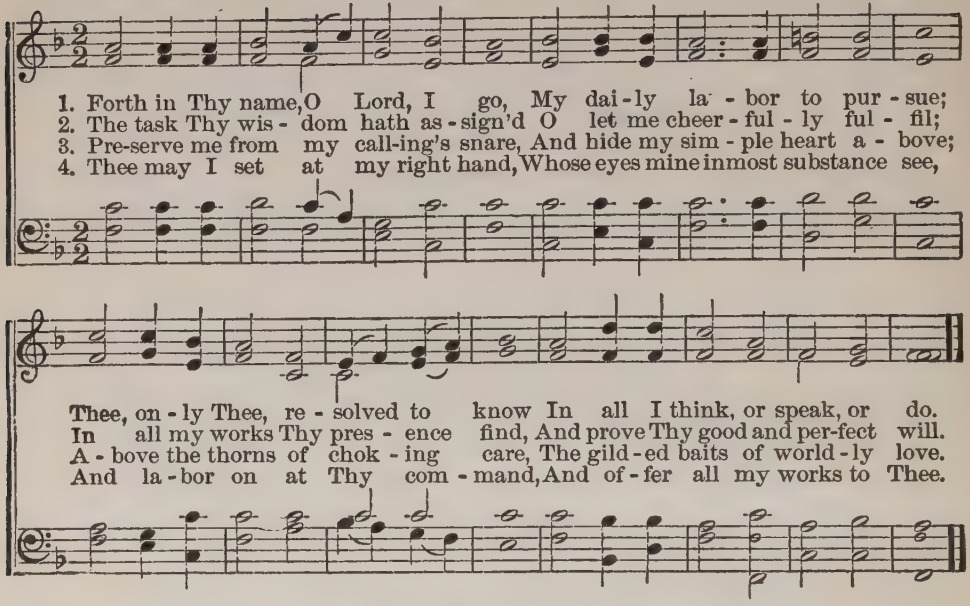
No. 91. God of the Year! With Songs of Praise.

Anonymous. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.


1. God of the year! with songs of praise And hearts of love, we come to bless
2. In ear - ly spring-time Thou didst fling O'er earth its robe of blos - som - ing;
3. God of the sea - sons! Thou hast blest The land with sunlight and with show'rs,
4. Praise, praise to Thee! our hearts ex-pand To view these blessings of Thy hand,
Thy bounteous hand; for Thou hast shed Thy man-na o'er our wil - der-ness.
And its sweet treas-ures, day by day, Rose quick'ning in Thy bless - ed ray.
And plen- ty o'er its bo - som smiles To crown the sweet au - tum - nal hours.
And on the in - cense breath of love As - cend to their bright home a - bove.

No. 92. Forth In Thy Name, O Lord, I Go.

CHARLES WESLEY. Federal Street. L. M. HENRY K. OLIVER.


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue;
2. The task Thy wis-dom hath as-sign'd O let me cheer-ful-ly ful-fil;
3. Pre-serve me from my call-ing's snare, And hide my sim-ple heart a-bove;
4. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
Thee, on-ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do.
In all my works Thy pres-ence find, And prove Thy good and per-fect will.
A-bove the thorns of chok-ing care, The gild-ed baits of world-ly love.
And la-bor on at Thy com-mand, And of-fer all my works to Thee.

No. 93. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

Tune,—Federal Street. L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

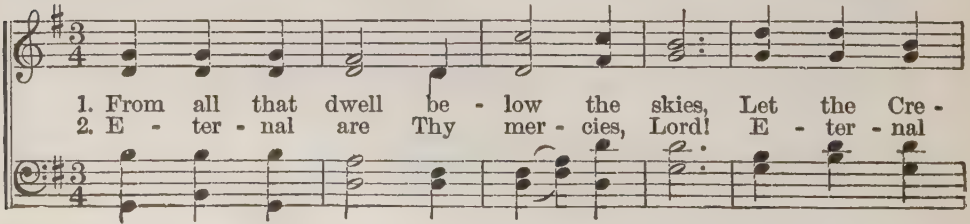
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

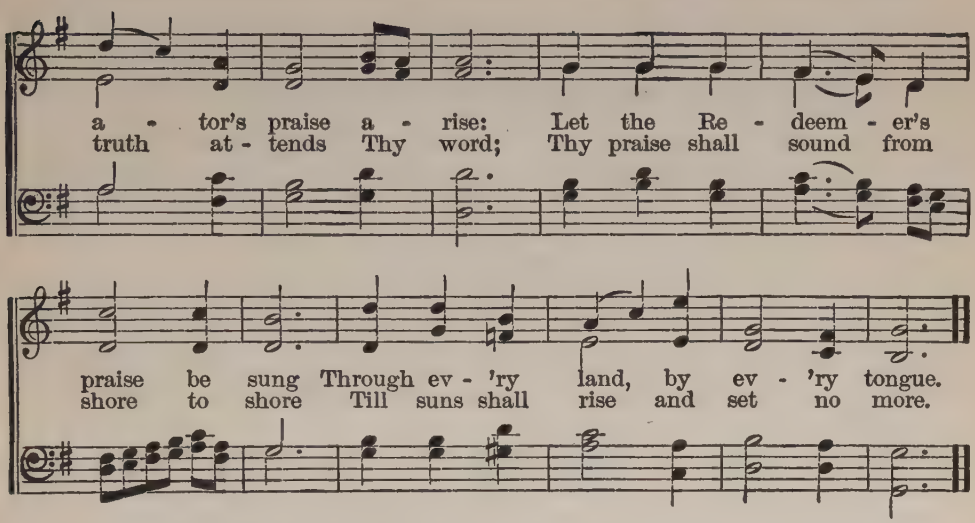
Joseph Grigg. Alt. Rev. Benjamin Francis.

No. 94. From All That Dwell Below the Skies.

ISAAC WATTS. Mozart. L. M. Arr. from MOZART.

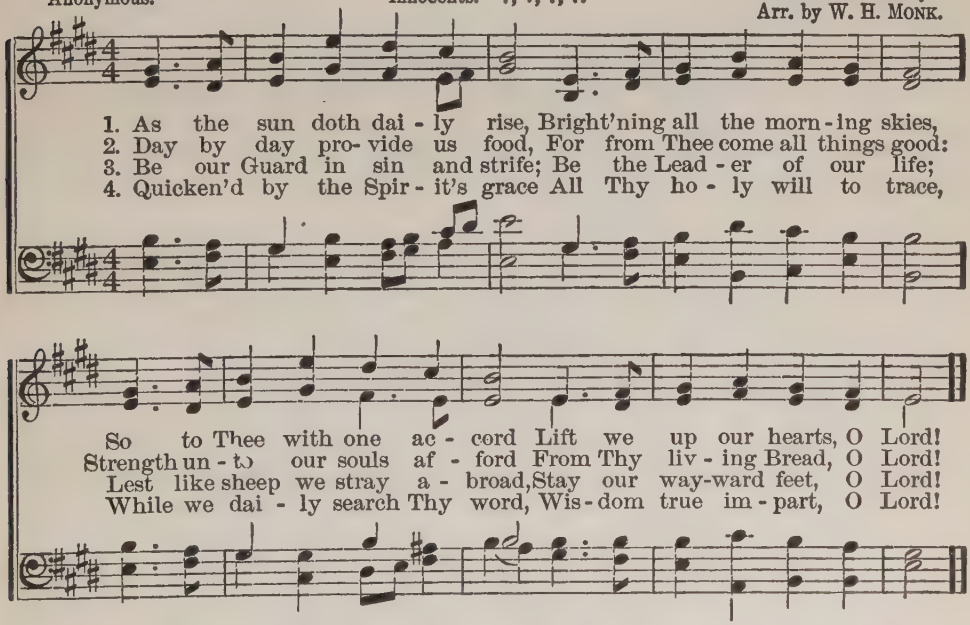


From All That Dwell Below the Skies.—Concluded.


a - tor's praise a - rise: Let the Re - deem - er's
truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
praise be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

No. 95. As the Sun Doth Daily Rise.

Anonymous. Innocents. 7, 7, 7, 7. Old French Melody. Arr. by W. H. Monk.


1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,
2. Day by day pro- vide us food, For from Thee come all things good:
3. Be our Guard in sin and strife; Be the Lead - er of our life;
4. Quicken'd by the Spir - it's grace All Thy ho - ly will to trace,
So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!
Strength un - to our souls af - ford From Thy liv - ing Bread, O Lord!
Lest like sheep we stray a - broad, Stay our way-ward feet, O Lord!
While we dai - ly search Thy word, Wis - dom true im - part, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

6 Praise we, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

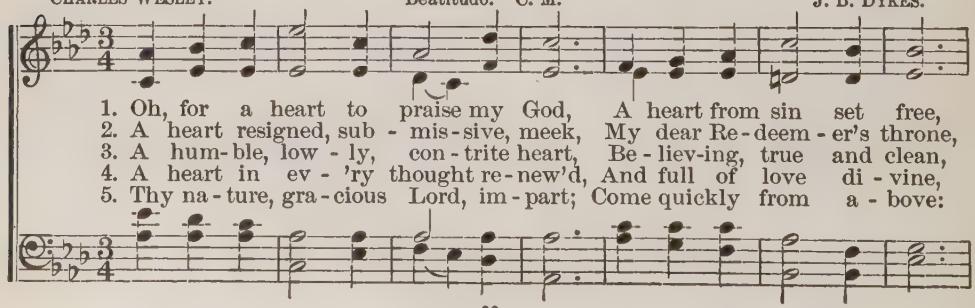
No. 96. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS. 7s. D. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

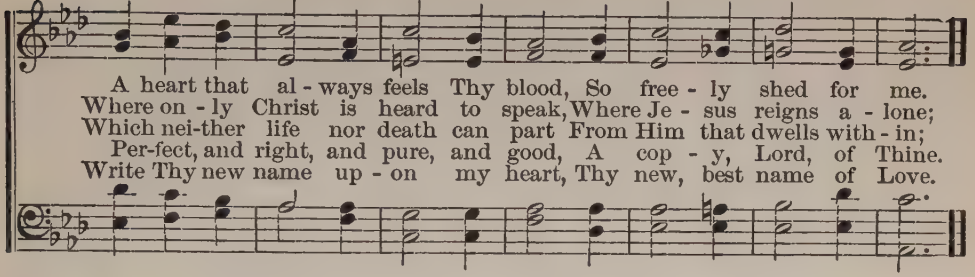
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith- ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait- ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear,
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,
Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home!"

No. 97. Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God.

CHARLES WESLEY. Beatitudo. C. M. J. B. DYKES.

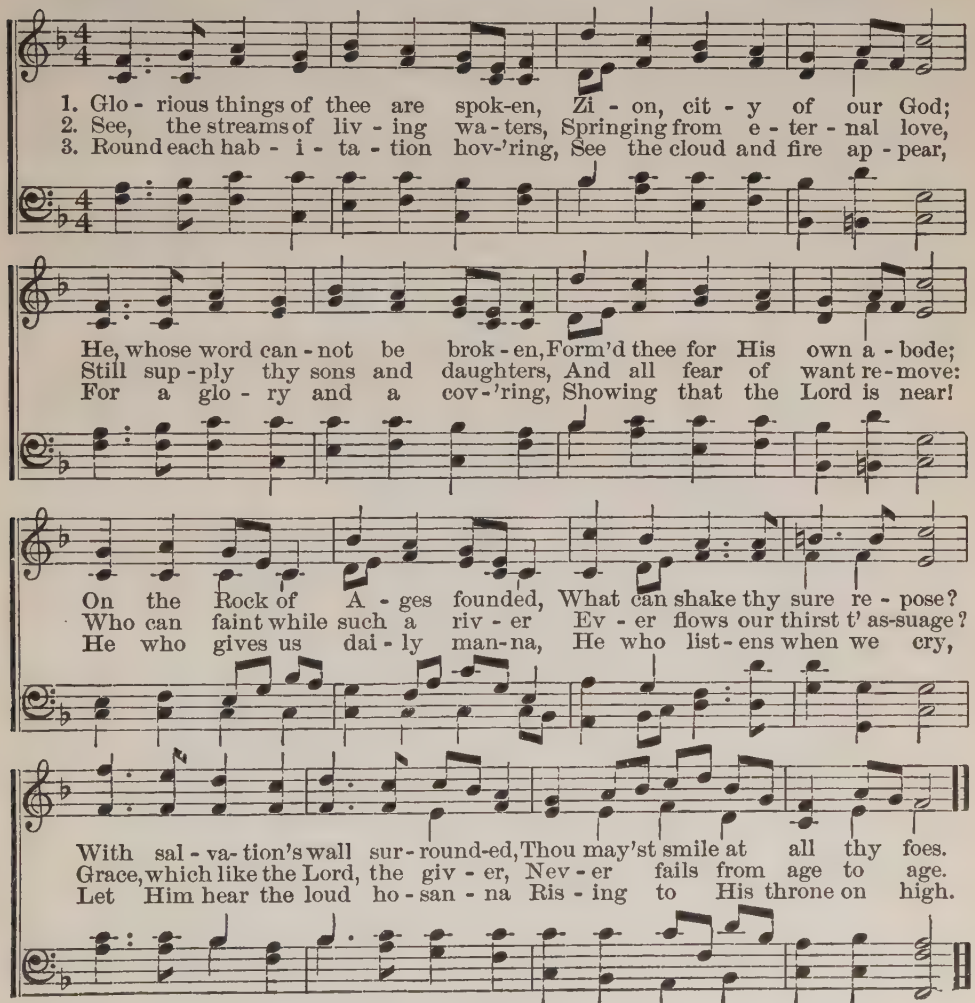

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart resigned, sub - mis - sive, meek, My dear Re - deem - er's throne,
3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev-ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re - new'd, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Come quickly from a - bove:

Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God.—Concluded.


A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone;
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in;
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

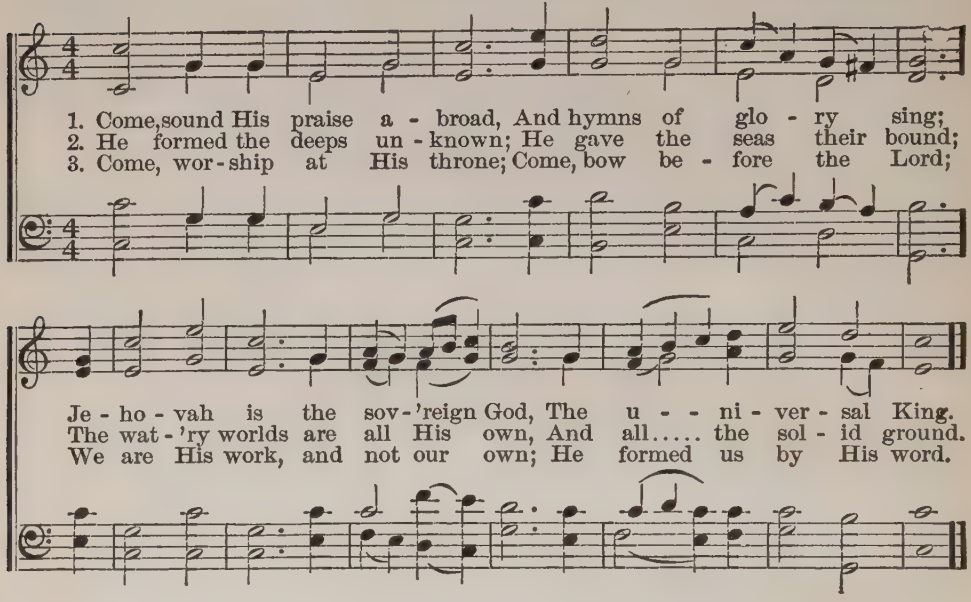
No. 98. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON. JOSEPH HAYDN.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,
He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Showing that the Lord is near!
On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t' as-suage?
He who gives us dai - ly man-na, He who list - ens when we cry,
With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Let Him hear the loud ho - san - na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

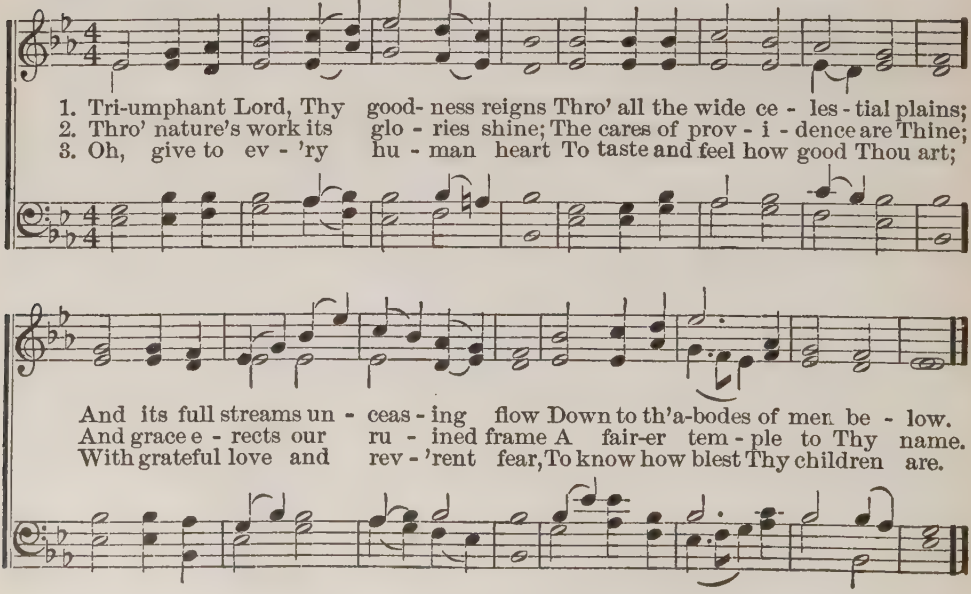
No. 99. Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC WATTS. Silver Street. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.


1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord;
Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.
The wat - 'ry worlds are all His own, And all..... the sol - id ground.
We are His work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.

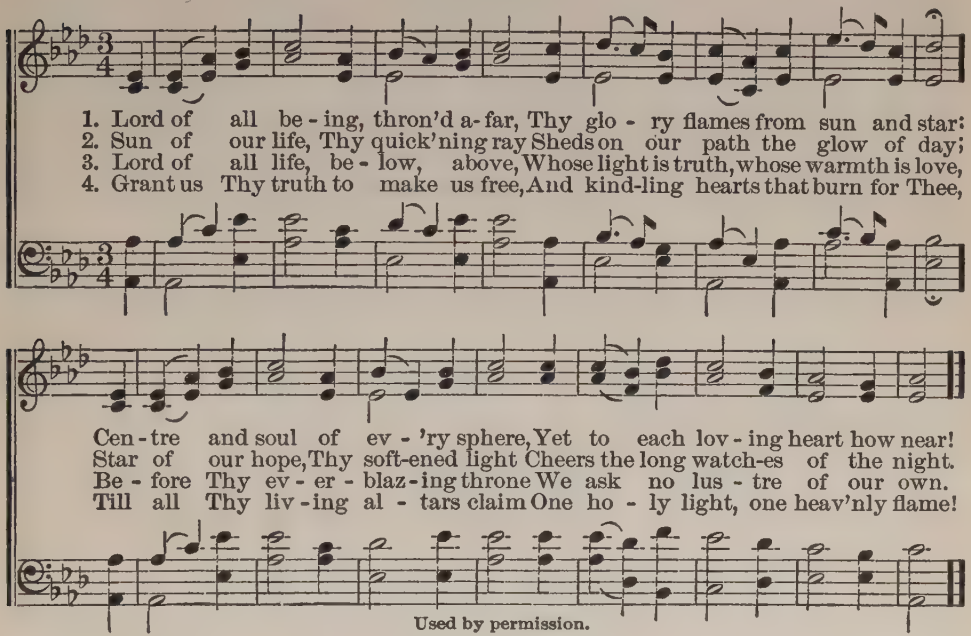
No. 100. Triumphant Lord, Thy Goodness Reigns.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Duke Street. L. M. JOHN HATTON.


1. Tri-umphant Lord, Thy good- ness reigns Thro' all the wide ce - les - tial plains;
2. Thro' nature's work its glo - ries shine; The cares of prov - i - dence are Thine;
3. Oh, give to ev - 'ry hu - man heart To taste and feel how good Thou art;
And its full streams un - ceas - ing flow Down to th'a-bodes of men be - low.
And grace e - rects our ru - ined frame A fair-er tem - ple to Thy name.
With grateful love and rev - 'rent fear, To know how blest Thy children are.

No. 101. Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.

O. W. HOLMES. Louvan. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.


1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star:
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, be - low, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind-ling hearts that burn for Thee,
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, Thy soft-ened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

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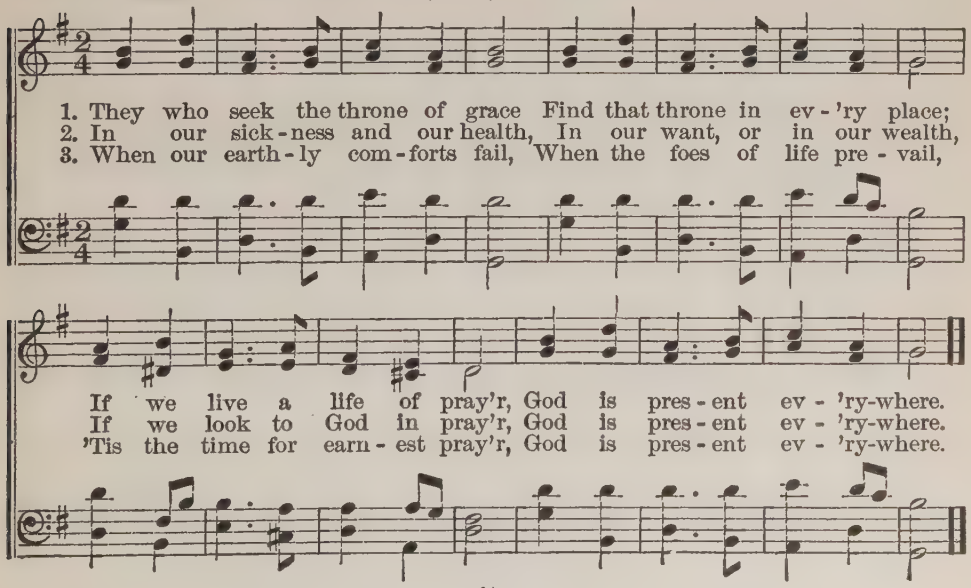
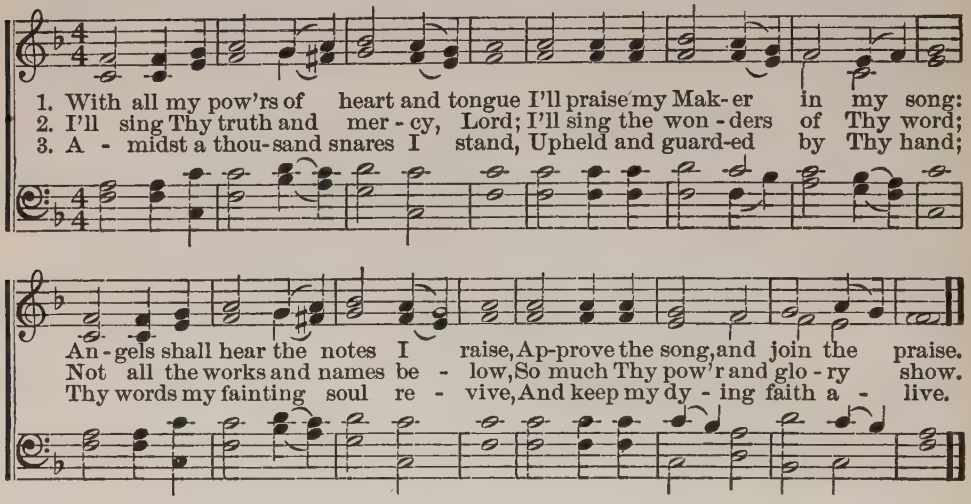
No. 102. They Who Seek the Throne of Grace.

OLIVER HOLDEN. Pleyel's Hymn 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.


1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
3. When our earth - ly com - forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
'Tis the time for earn - est pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

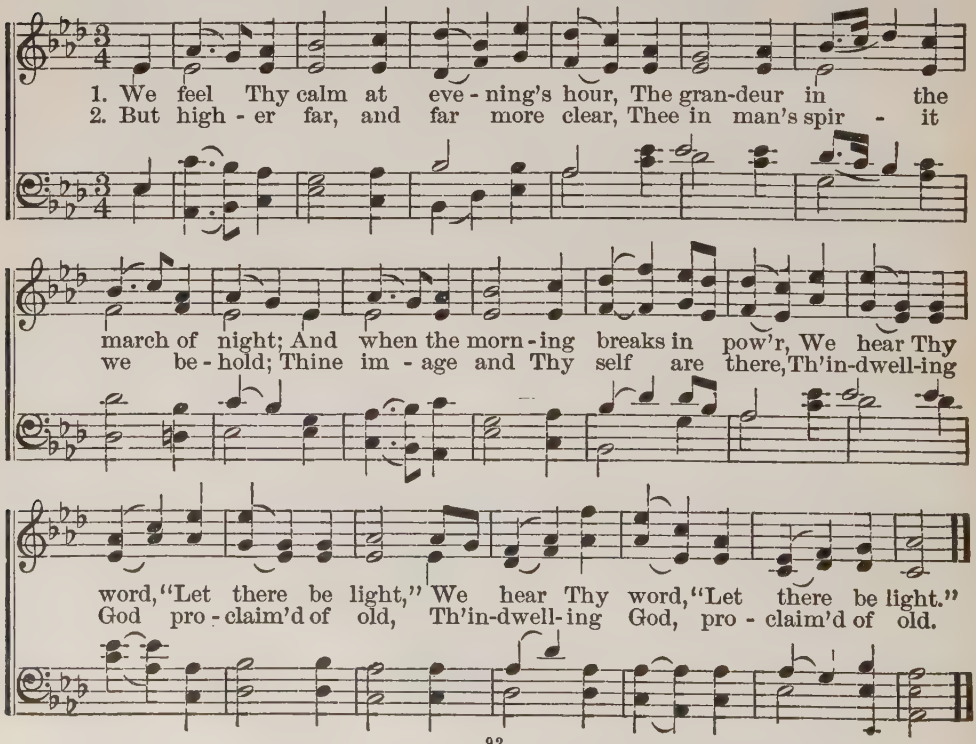
No. 103. With All My Powers of Heart and Tongue.

ISAAC WATTS. Hamburg. L. M. Arr. from GREGORIAN CHANT.


1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue I'll praise my Mak-er in my song:
2. I'll sing Thy truth and mer-cy, Lord; I'll sing the won-ders of Thy word;
3. A-midst a thou-sand snares I stand, Upheld and guard-ed by Thy hand;
An-gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.
Not all the works and names be-low, So much Thy pow'r and glo-ry show.
Thy words my fainting soul re-vive, And keep my dy-ing faith a-live.

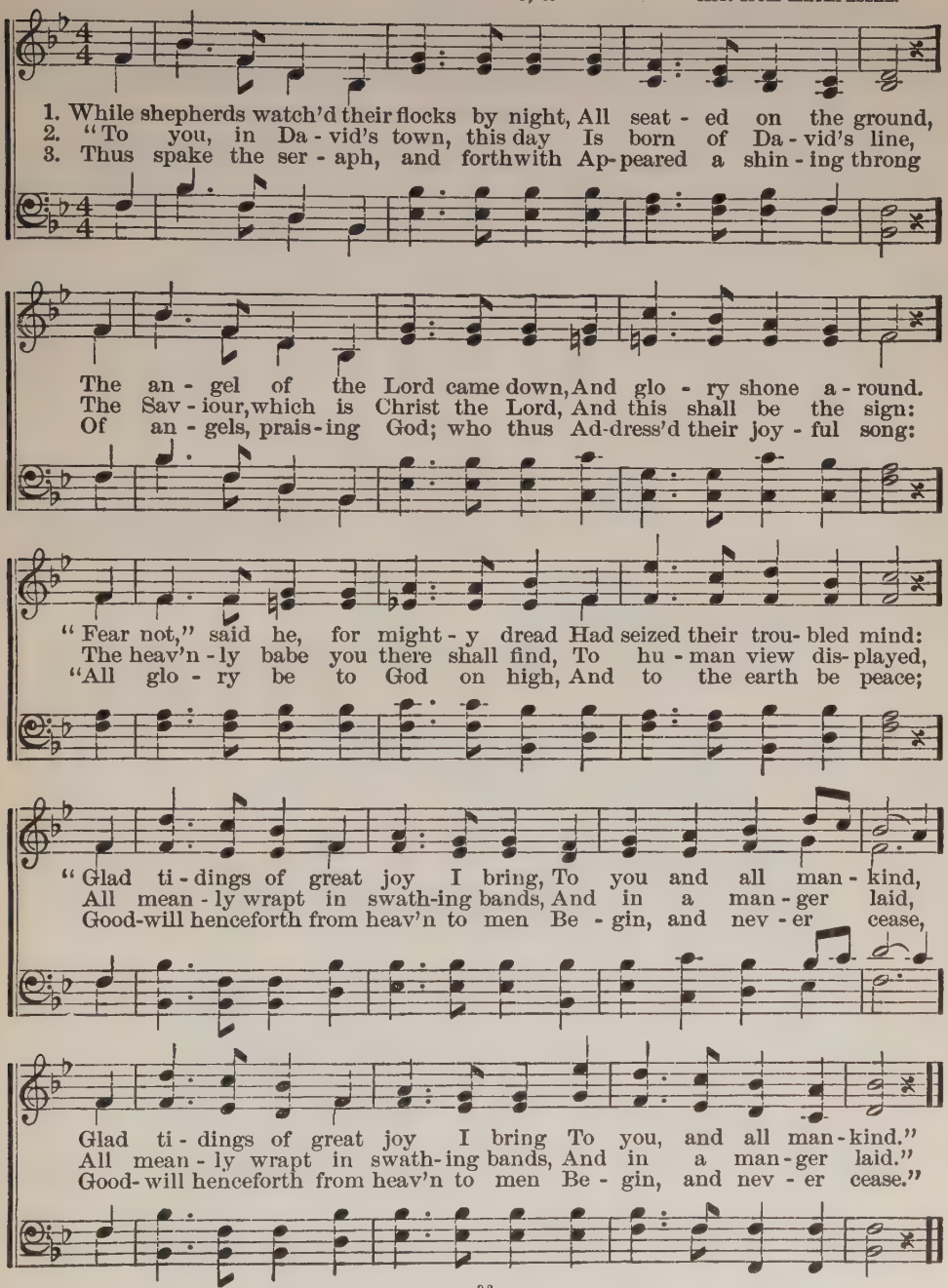
No. 104. We Feel Thy Calm at Evening's Hour.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. Verdure. Arr. from HAYDN'S "CREATION."


1. We feel Thy calm at eve-ning's hour, The gran-deur in the
2. But high-er far, and far more clear, Thee in man's spir-it
march of night; And when the morn-ing breaks in pow'r, We hear Thy
we be-hold; Thine im-age and Thy self are there, Th'in-dwell-ing
word, "Let there be light," We hear Thy word, "Let there be light."
God pro-claim'd of old, Th'in-dwell-ing God, pro-claim'd of old.

No. 105. While Shepherds Watched.

TATE AND BRADY. Methfessel. 8, 6. Arr. from METHFESSEL.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born of Da - vid's line,
3. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forthwith Ap-peared a shin - ing throng
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
The Sav - iour, which is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:
Of an - gels, prais - ing God; who thus Ad-dress'd their joy - ful song:
"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind:
The heav'n - ly babe you there shall find, To hu - man view dis - played,
"All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind,
All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid,
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease,
Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind."
All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
Good - will henceforth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease."

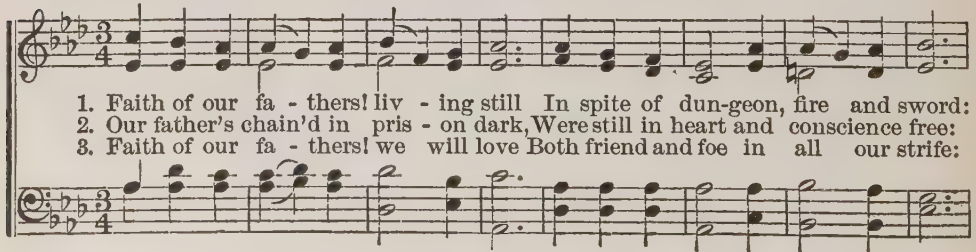
No. 106. Cast Thy Burden Upon the Lord.

Arr. from F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY'S Oratorio, "ELIJAH."

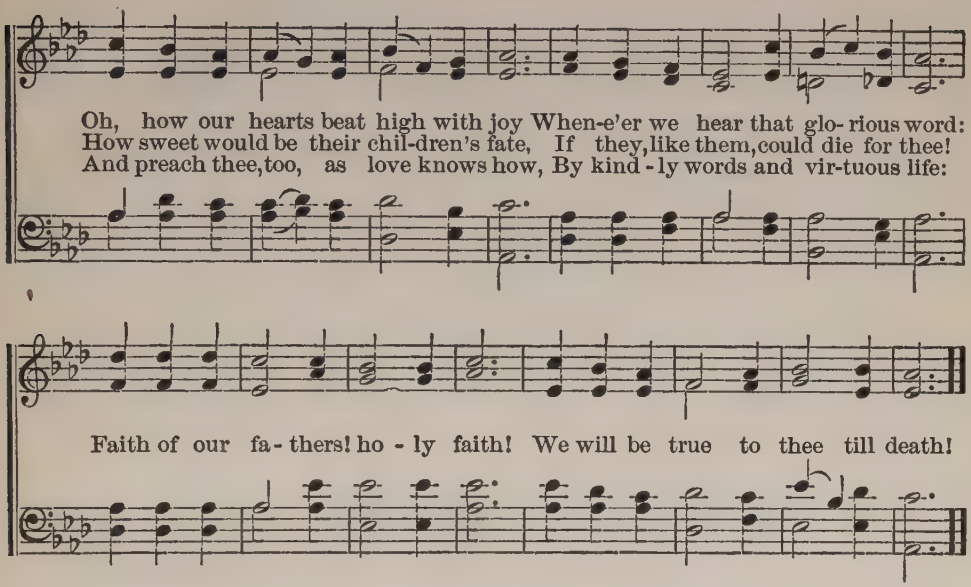
p Slow and sustained.
Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus - tain thee;
cres.
He is at thy
p
He nev - er will suf - fer the right-eous to fall, He is at thy
He is at thy
right hand.
cres.
cres.
right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the
dim.
p
heav'ns, Let none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on Thee!

No. 107. Faith of Our Fathers! Living Still.

FREDERICK W. FABER. St. Catherine. Arr. by J. G. WALTON.

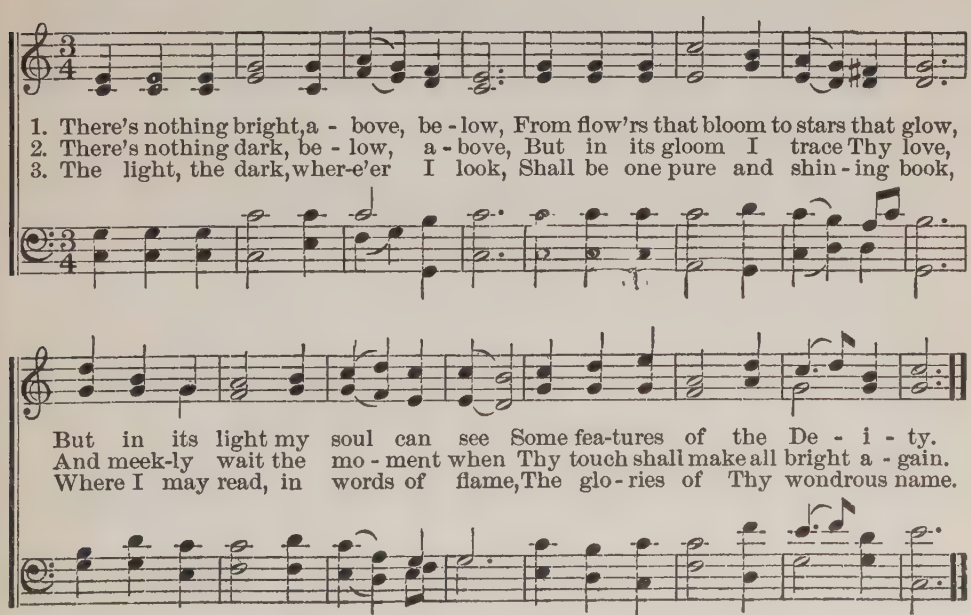

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our father's chain'd in pris - on dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Faith of Our Fathers! Living Still.—Concluded.


Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo- rious word:
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa- thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

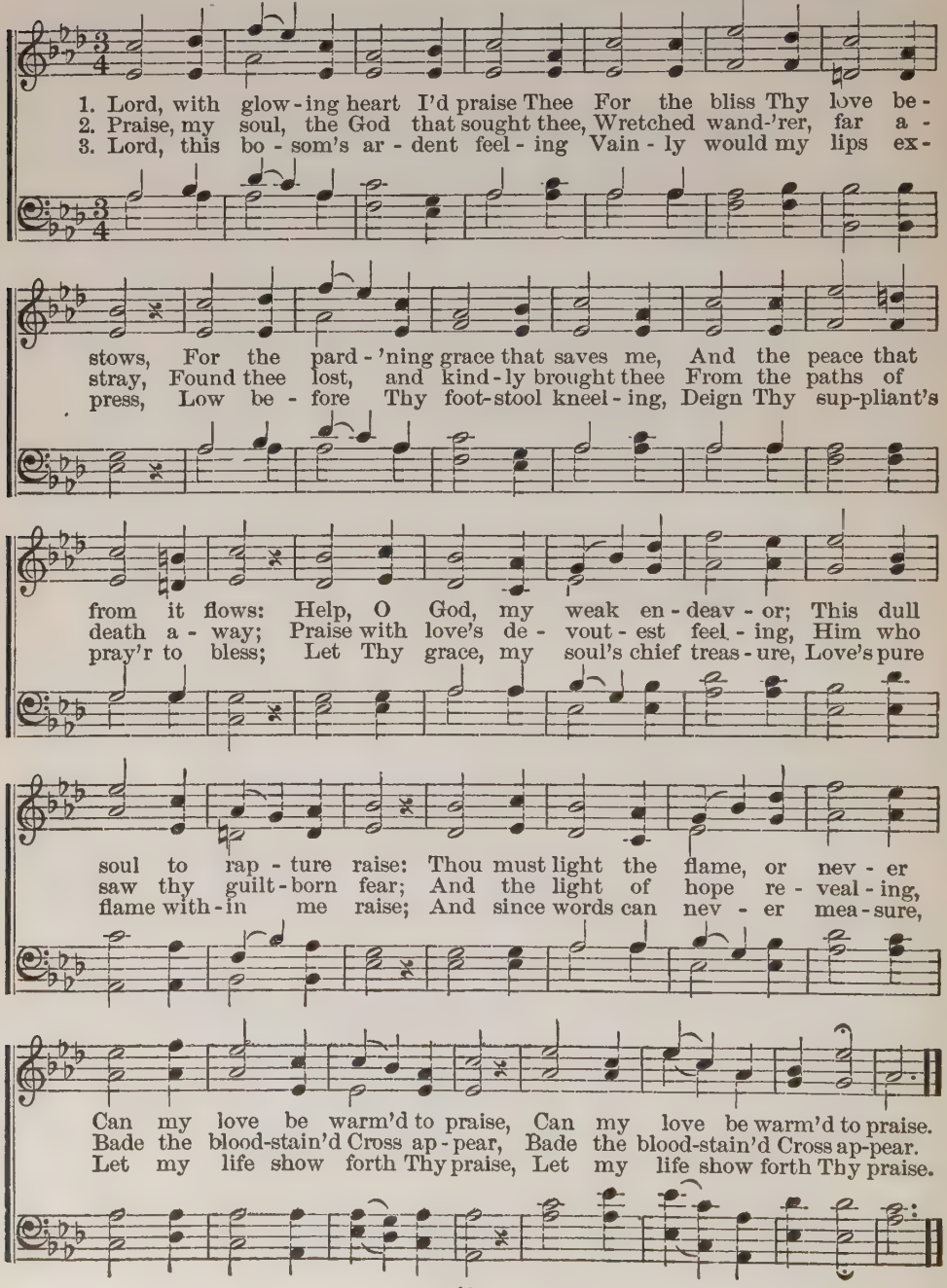
No. 108. There's Nothing Bright, Above, Below.

THOMAS MOORE. Temple. L. M. JOHN BOWRING.


1. There's nothing bright, a - bove, be - low, From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
2. There's nothing dark, be - low, a - bove, But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
3. The light, the dark, wher-e'er I look, Shall be one pure and shin - ing book,
But in its light my soul can see Some fea-tures of the De - i - ty.
And meek-ly wait the mo - ment when Thy touch shall make all bright a - gain.
Where I may read, in words of flame, The glo - ries of Thy wondrous name.

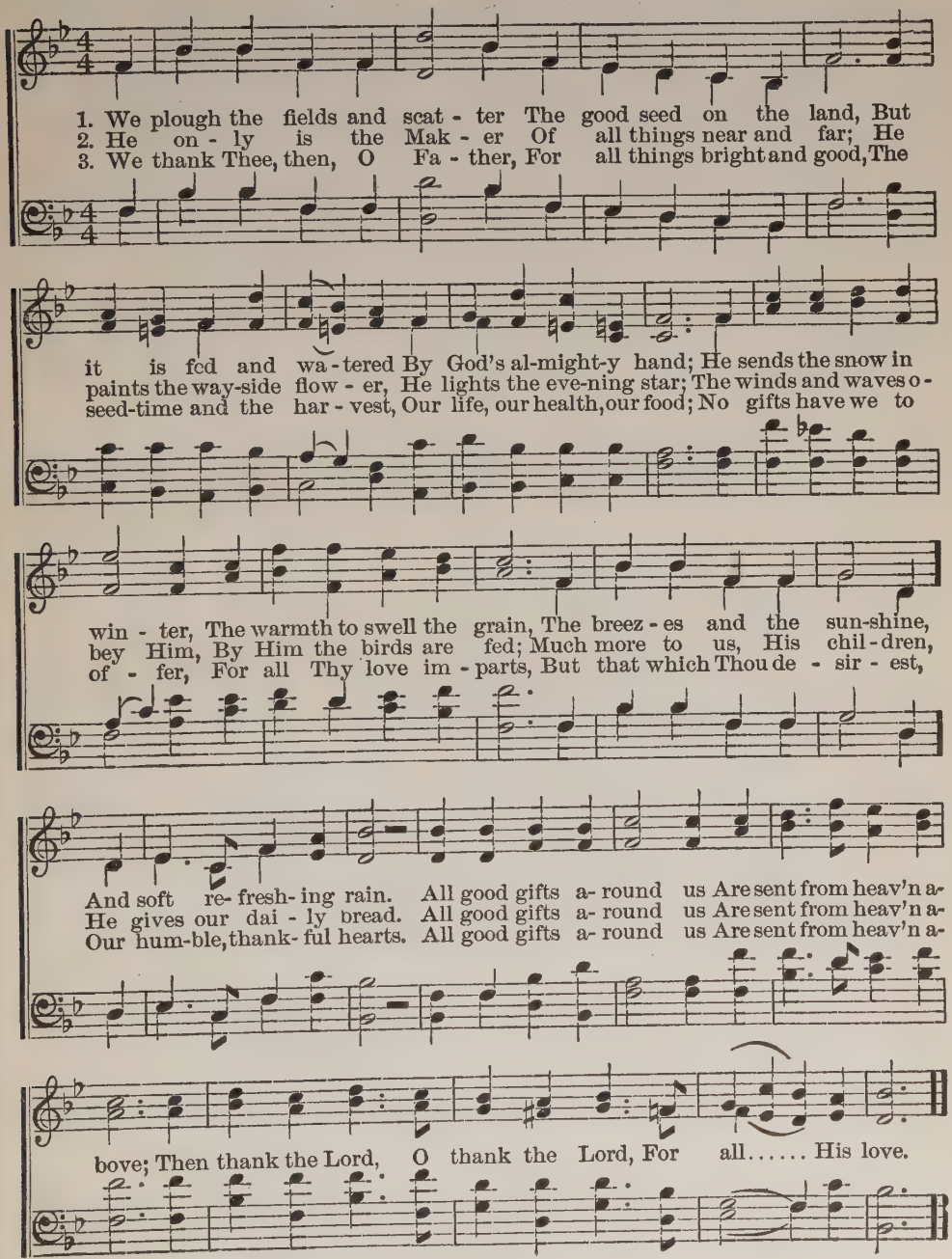
No. 109. Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

FRANCIS S. KEY. Arr. from FLOTOW'S Opera, "MARTHA."


1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand-'rer, far a-
3. Lord, this bo-som's ar-dent feel-ing Vain-ly would my lips ex-
stows, For the pard-'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that
stray, Found thee lost, and kind-ly brought thee From the paths of
press, Low be-fore Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, Deign Thy sup-pliant's
from it flows: Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull
death a-way; Praise with love's de-vout-est feel-ing, Him who
pray'r to bless; Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas-ure, Love's pure
soul to rap-ture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev-er
saw thy guilt-born fear; And the light of hope re-veal-ing,
flame with-in me raise; And since words can nev-er mea-sure,
Can my love be warm'd to praise, Can my love be warm'd to praise.
Bade the blood-stain'd Cross ap-pear, Bade the blood-stain'd Cross ap-pear.
Let my life show forth Thy praise, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

No. 110. We Plough the Fields and Scatter.

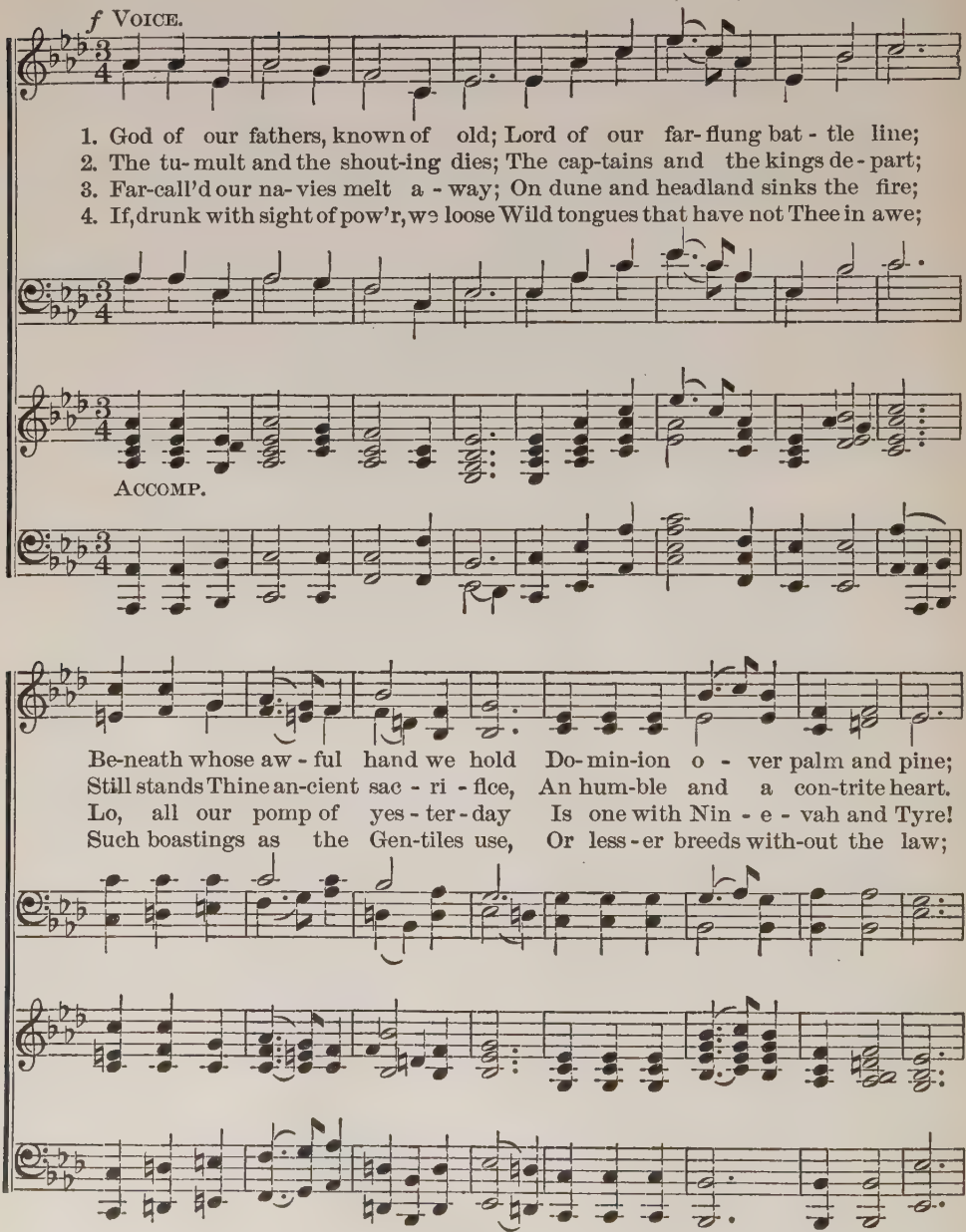
MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.


1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The
it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in
paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the eve-ning star; The winds and waves o -
seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; No gifts have we to
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun-shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren,
of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, But that which Thou de - sir - est,
And soft re- fresh- ing rain. All good gifts a- round us Are sent from heav'n a-
He gives our dai - ly bread. All good gifts a- round us Are sent from heav'n a-
Our hum-ble, thank- ful hearts. All good gifts a- round us Are sent from heav'n a-
bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all..... His love.

No. 111. God of Our Fathers, Known of Old.

"Lest We Forget."

RUDYARD KIPLING. RECESSIONAL. JOHN H. GOWER.


f VOICE.
1. God of our fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line;
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies; The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
3. Far-call'd our na-vies melt a-way; On dune and headland sinks the fire;
4. If, drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe;
ACCOMP.
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine;
Still stands Thine an-cient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
Lo, all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-vah and Tyre!
Such boastings as the Gen-tiles use, Or less-er breeds with-out the law;

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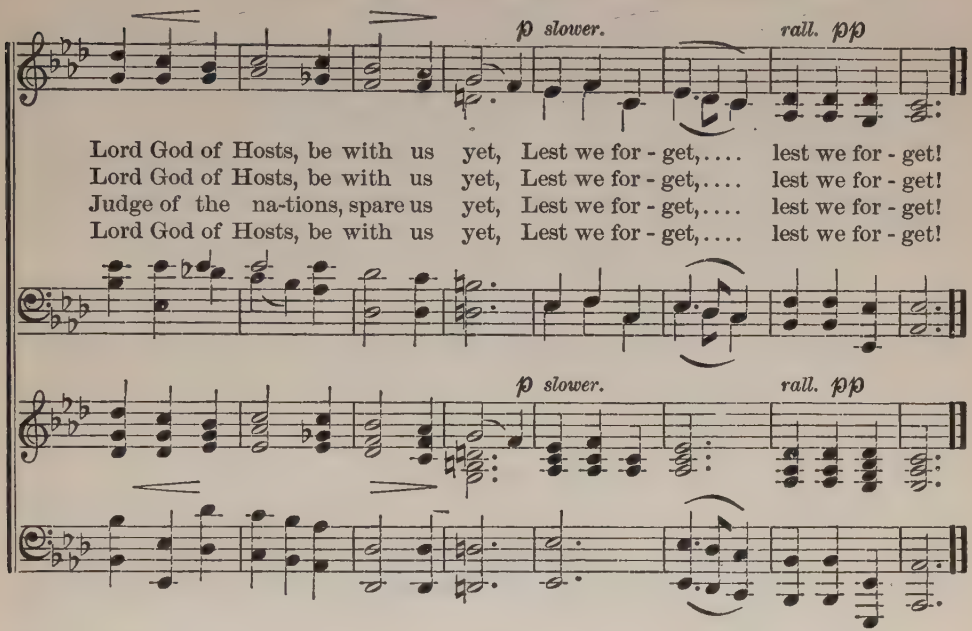
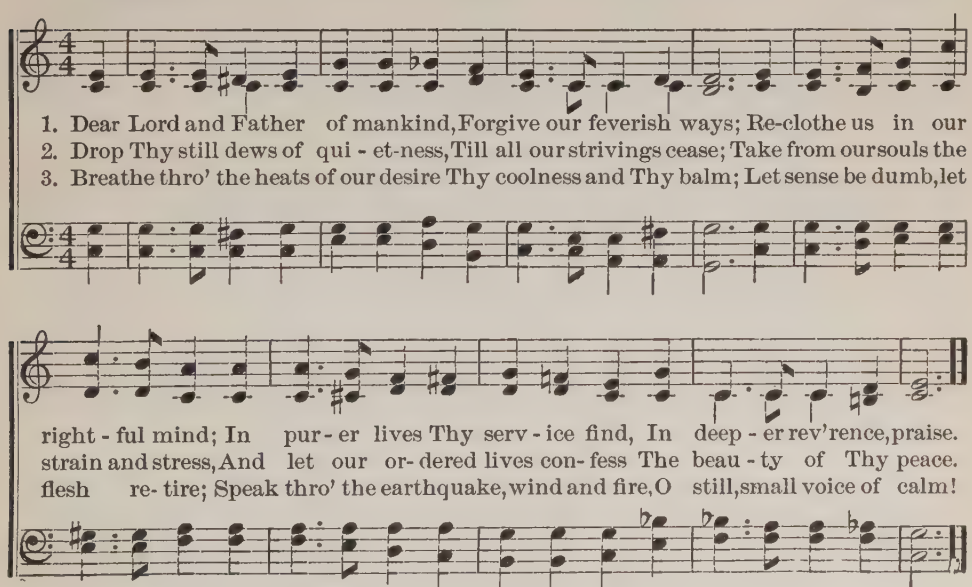
God of Our Fathers, Known of Old.—Concluded.


p slower.
rall. pp
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get,.... lest we for - get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get,.... lest we for - get!
Judge of the na-tions, spare us yet, Lest we for - get,.... lest we for - get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get,.... lest we for - get!
p slower.
rall. pp

No. 112. Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

J. G. WHITTIER. Elton. F. C. MAKER.


1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our
2. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
3. Breathe thro' the heats of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let
right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy serv - ice find, In deep - er rev'rence, praise.
strain and stress, And let our or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
flesh re - tire; Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm!

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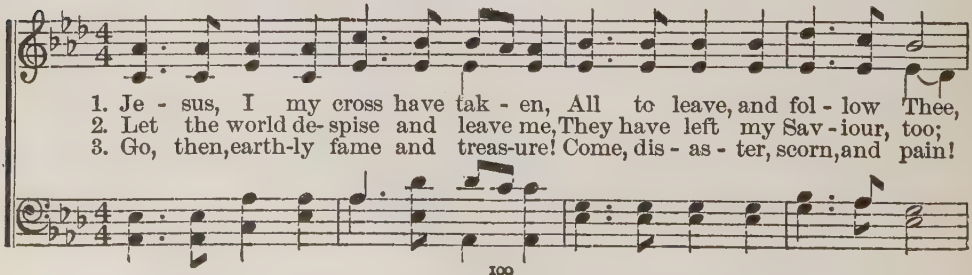
No. 113. God is Love, His Mercy Brightens.

JOHN BOWRING. Hymn to Joy. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

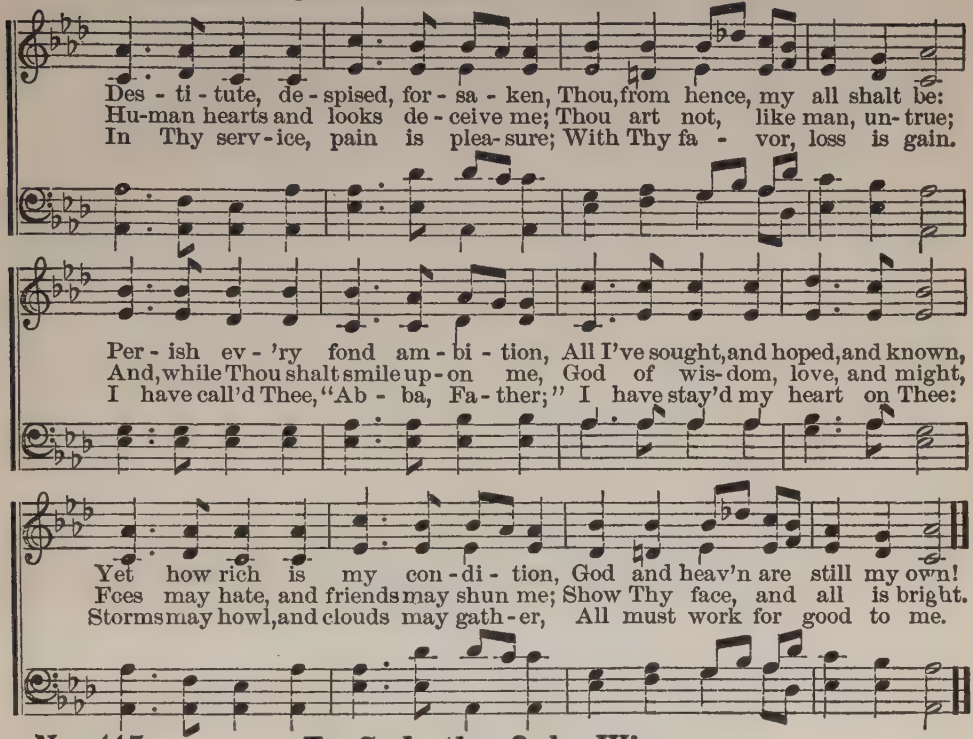
1. God is love, His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we move;
2. E'en the hour that dark - est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
Bliss He wakes and woes He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

No. 114. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. Ellesdie. 8s, 7s. D. Arr. from W. A. MOZART.

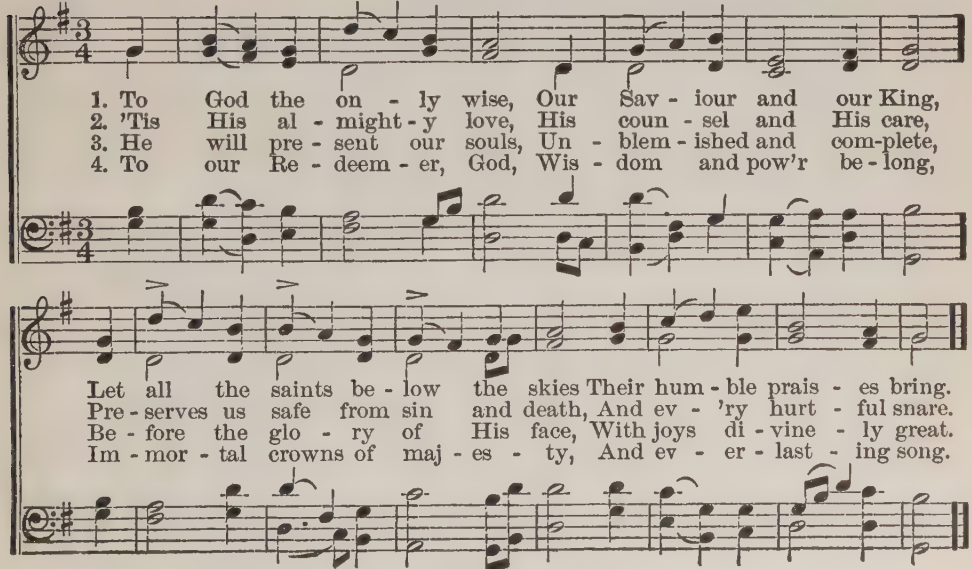

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee,
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.—Concluded.


Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
In Thy serv - ice, pain is plea - sure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have call'd Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther;" I have stay'd my heart on Thee:
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.

No. 115. To God, the Only Wise.

ISAAC WATTS. Thatcher. S. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.


1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King,
2. 'Tis His al - might - y love, His coun - sel and His care,
3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blem - ished and com-plete,
4. To our Re - deem - er, God, Wis - dom and pow'r be - long,
Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.
Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare.
Be - fore the glo - ry of His face, With joys di - vine - ly great.
Im - mor - tal crowns of maj - es - ty, And ev - er - last - ing song.

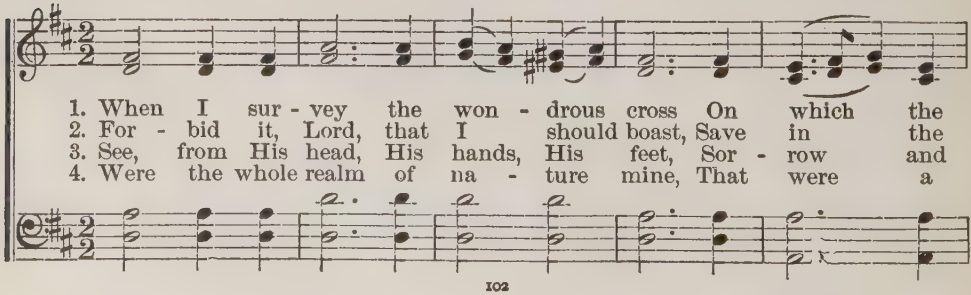
No. 116. Hark! the Vesper Hymn is Stealing.

THOMAS MOORE. Vesper Hymn. 8s, 7s. Arr. from SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

Moderato.
1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;
2. Now like moonlight waves re - treat - ing To the shore it dies a - long;
Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
Now like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.
f
Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - - men.
Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - - men.
p dim. rit. e morendo. pp
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat-ing, To the shore, it dies a - long.

No. 117. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Eucharist. L. M. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

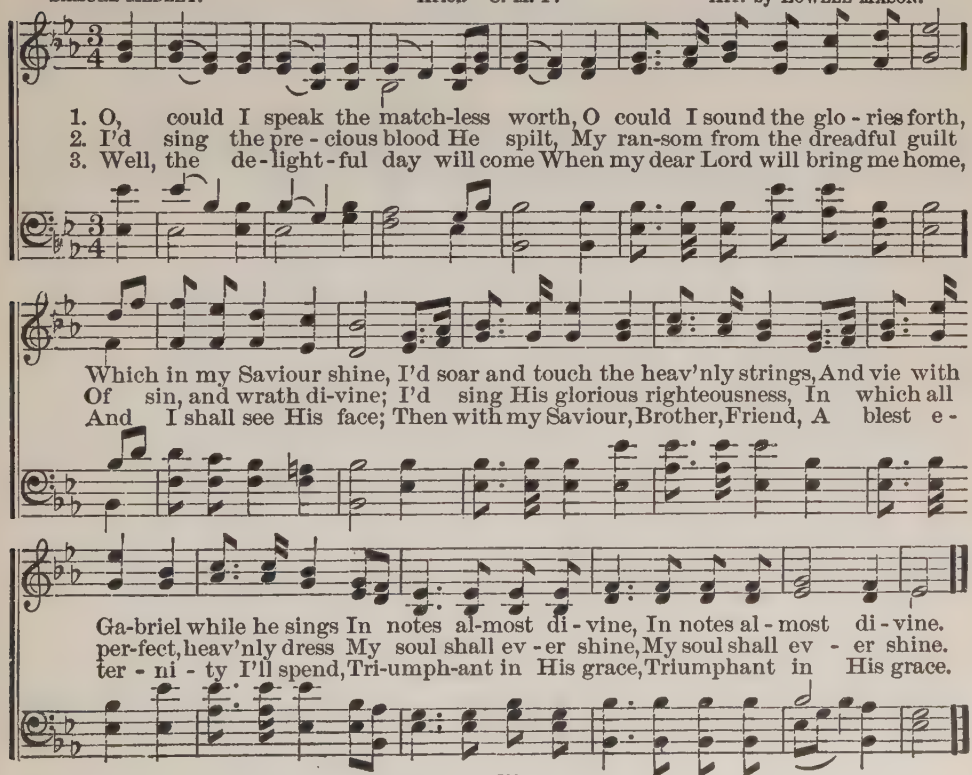

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 118. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ariel. C. M. P. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

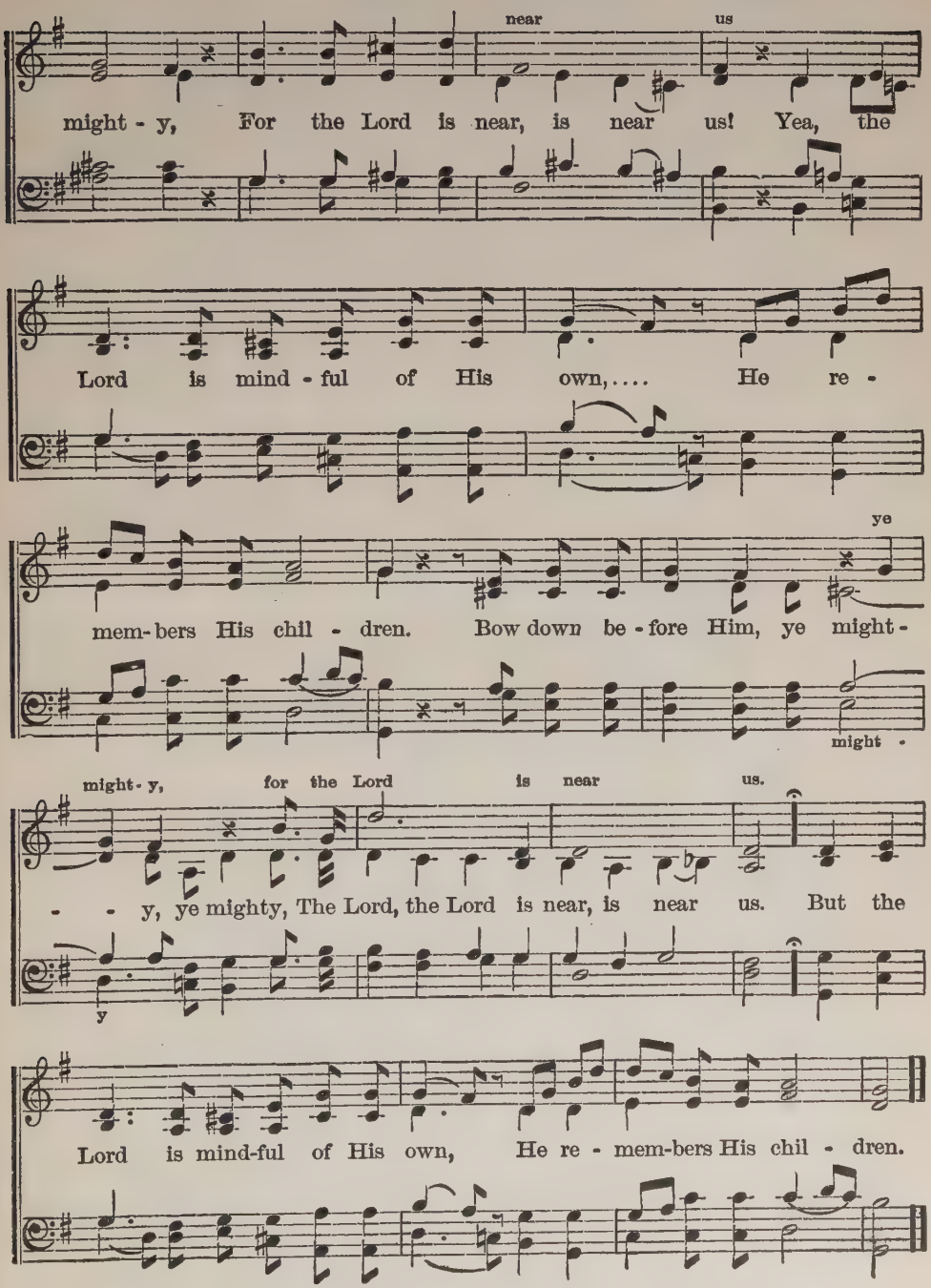

1. O, could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
3. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,
Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -
Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
per-fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 119. But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.

Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL."

Andante.
But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re-
mem-bers His chil - dren; But the Lord is mind-ful of His
own; The Lord re - mem-bers His chil - dren, re-
mem - - - bers
mem-bers his children, His chil - dren. Bow down be-fore Him, ye
mem bers
might-y, For the Lord is near us! Bow down be-fore Him, ye

But the Lord is Mindful of His Own.—Concluded.


near
us
might - y, For the Lord is near, is near us! Yea, the
Lord is mind - ful of His own,.... He re -
ye
mem-bers His chil - dren. Bow down be - fore Him, ye might -
might -
might - y, for the Lord is near us.
- - y, ye mighty, The Lord, the Lord is near, is near us. But the
y
Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil - dren.

No. 120. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. Mendelssohn. 7s. D. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous - ness!
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:
With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

No. 121. From Glory Unto Glory.

A New Year's Song.

F. R. HAVERGAL. St. Colomb. 7, 6, 8, 6. D. W. STEVENSON HOYTE.

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song:
2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things He hath done,
3. The full - ness of His bless - ing En - com - pas - seth the way;
4. And clos - er, yet and clos - er The gold - en bonds shall be,
As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.
What won - ders He hath shown us, What tri - umphs He hath won!
The full - ness of His prom-is - es Crowns ev - 'ry bright-'ning day;
U - nit - ing all who love our Lord In pure sin - cer - i - ty;
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What might - y bless - ings crown
The full - ness of His glo - ry Is beam-ing from a - bove,
And wi - der, yet and wi - der The cir - cling glo - ry glow,
As dawns the sol - emn bright-ness of An - oth - er glad New Year.
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so free - ly down!
While more and more we learn to know The full - ness of His love.
As more and more are taught of God That might - y love to know.

5 O let our adoration
For all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, deep, and true;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

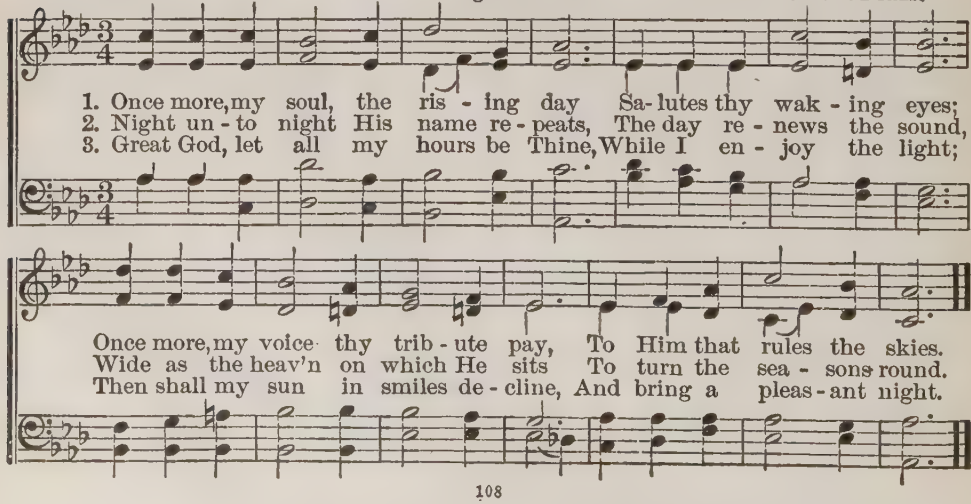
No. 122. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. Mendebras. 7s, 6s.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
3. New gra-ces ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest;
On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges join'd in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;
To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther, and to Son;
Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A trip-le light is giv'n.
The Church her voice up-rais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 123. Once More My Soul, the Rising Day.

ISAAC WATTS. St. Agnes. C. M. JNO. B. DYKES.


1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes;
2. Night un-to night His name re-peats, The day re-news the sound,
3. Great God, let all my hours be Thine, While I en-joy the light;
Once more, my voice thy trib-ute pay, To Him that rules the skies.
Wide as the heav'n on which He sits To turn the sea-sons round.
Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a pleas-ant night.

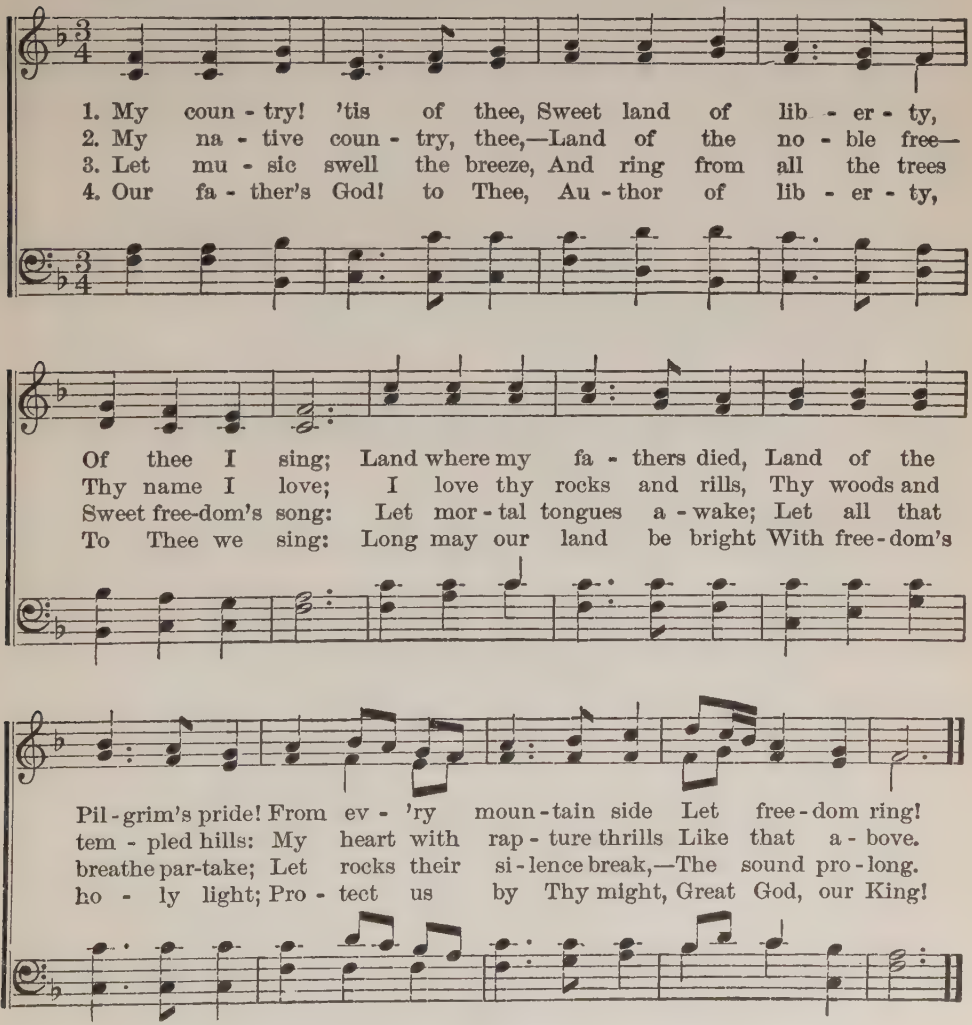
The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

Part III.

National and Patriotic Songs.

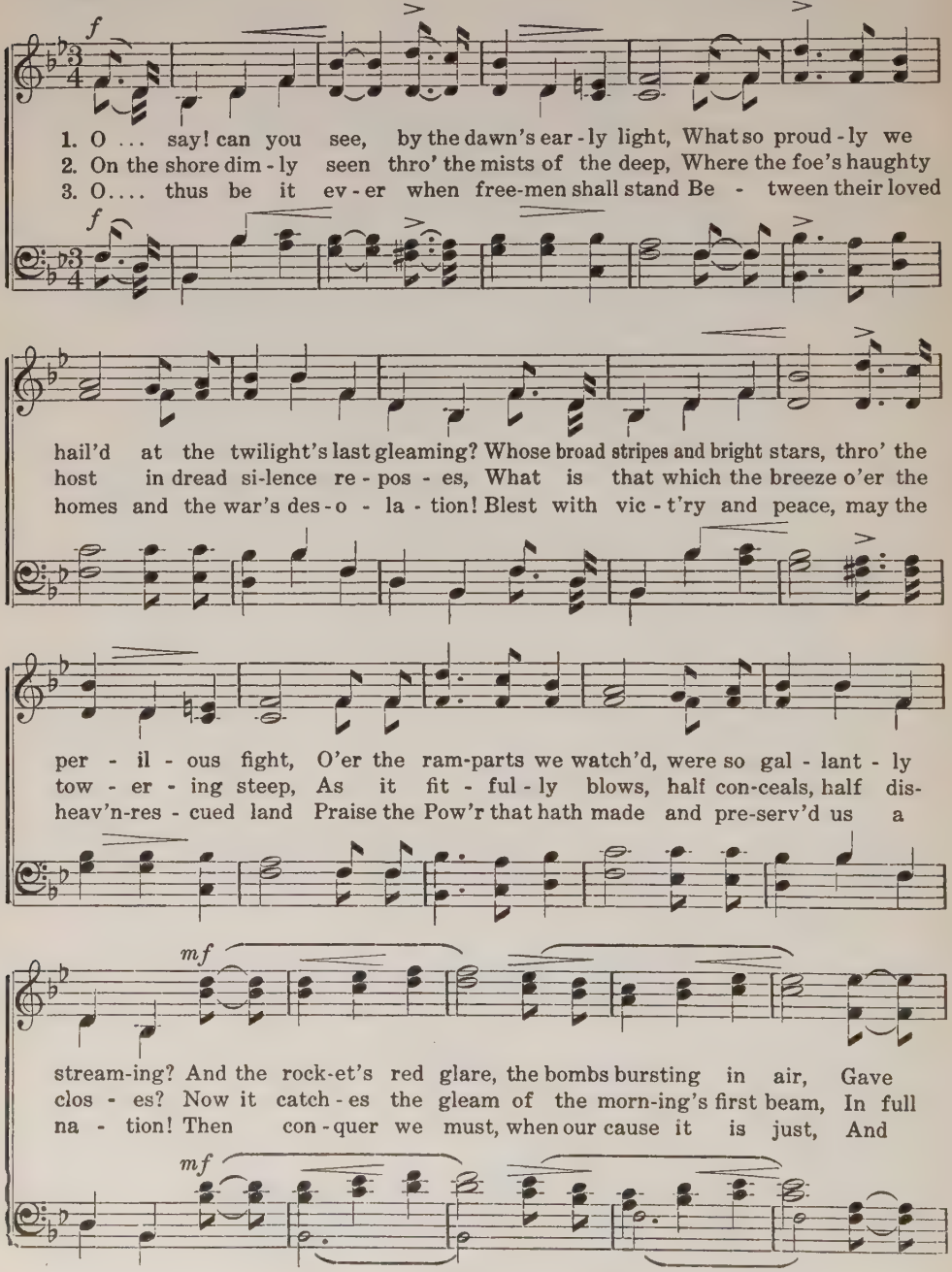
No. 124. America.

S. F. Smith. Adapted by Henry Carey.

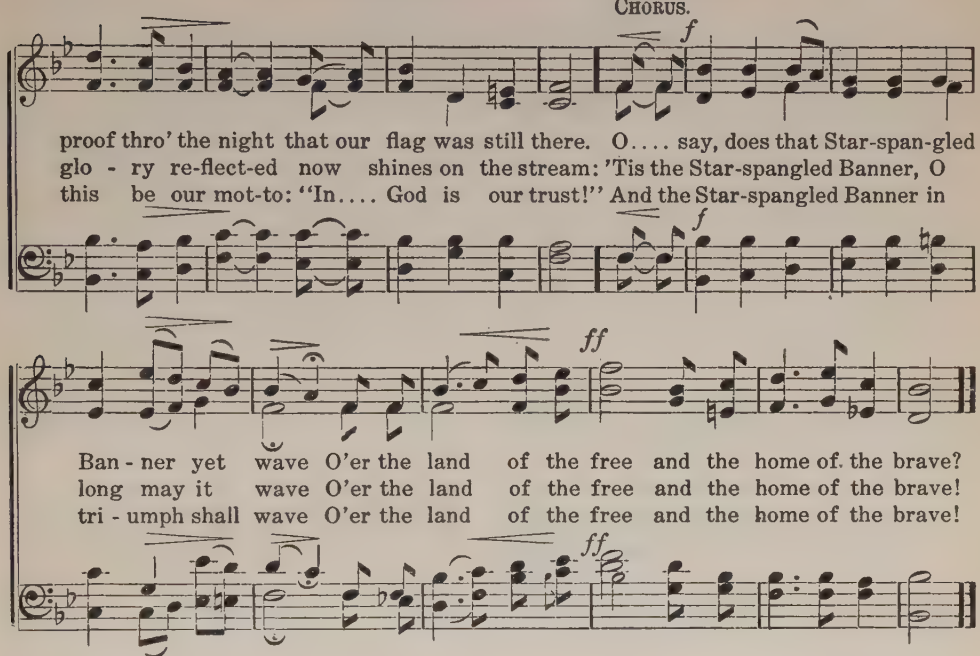

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,—Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 125. The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. SAMUEL ARNOLD.

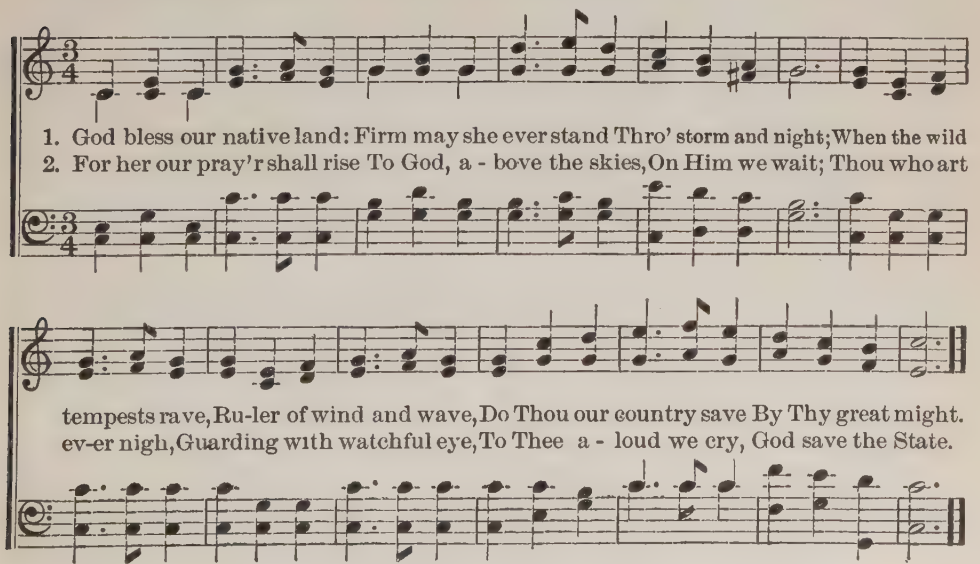

f
1. O ... say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. O.... thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved
hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a
mf
stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
mf

The Star-Spangled Banner.—Concluded.


Chorus.
f
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O.... say, does that Star-span-gled
glo - ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O
this be our mot-to: "In.... God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled Banner in
ff
Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

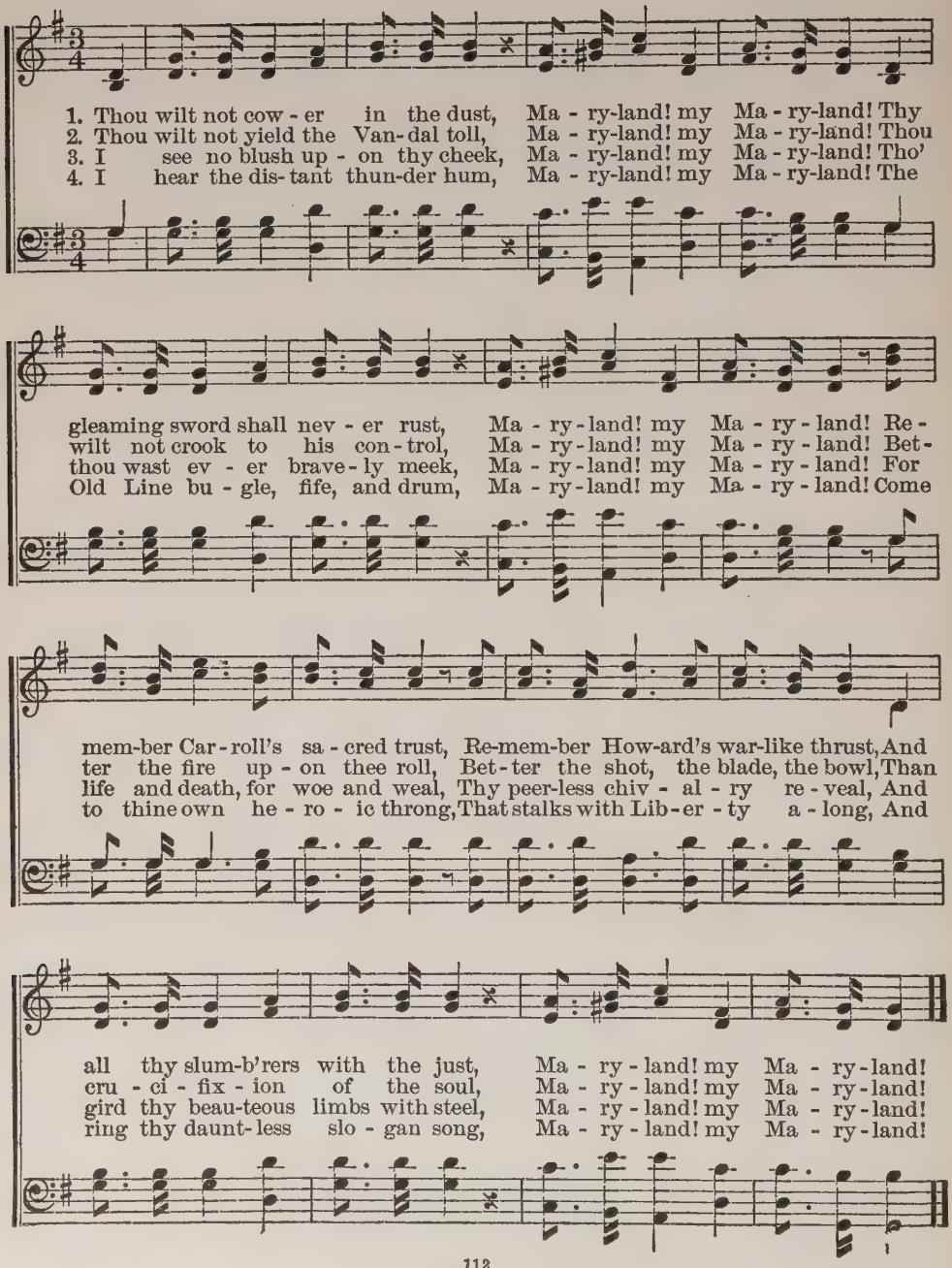
No. 126. God Bless Our Native Land.

Charles Timothy Brooks. Dort. 6, 6, 4. Lowell Mason.


1. God bless our native land: Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, a - bove the skies, On Him we wait; Thou who art
tempests rave, Ru-ler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.
ev-er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

No. 127. Maryland! My Maryland!

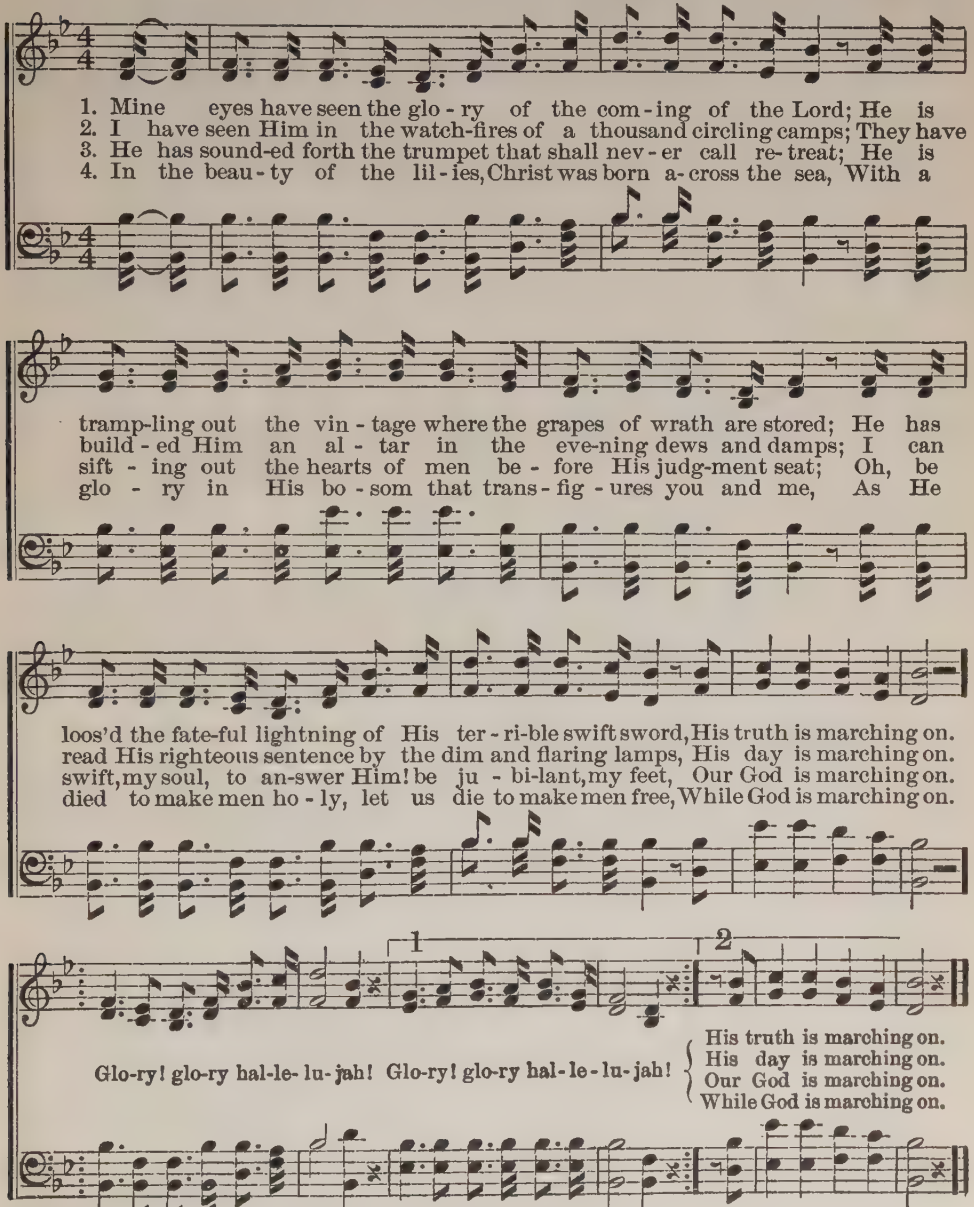
J. R. RANDALL.


1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Thy
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Thou
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Tho'
4. I hear the dis-tant thun-der hum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! The
gleaming sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land! Re -
wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet -
thou wast ev - er brave-ly meek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land! For
Old Line bu - gle, fife, and drum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry - land! Come
mem-ber Car-roll's sa - cred trust, Re-mem-ber How-ard's war-like thrust, And
ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet-ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib-er - ty a - long, And
all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry-land!
cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry-land!
gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry-land!
ring thy daunt-less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry-land!

No. 128. Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody, "JOHN BROWN'S BODY," Etc.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a thousand circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me, As He
loos'd the fate-ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is marching on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet, Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
1
2
Glo-ry! glo-ry hal-le- lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

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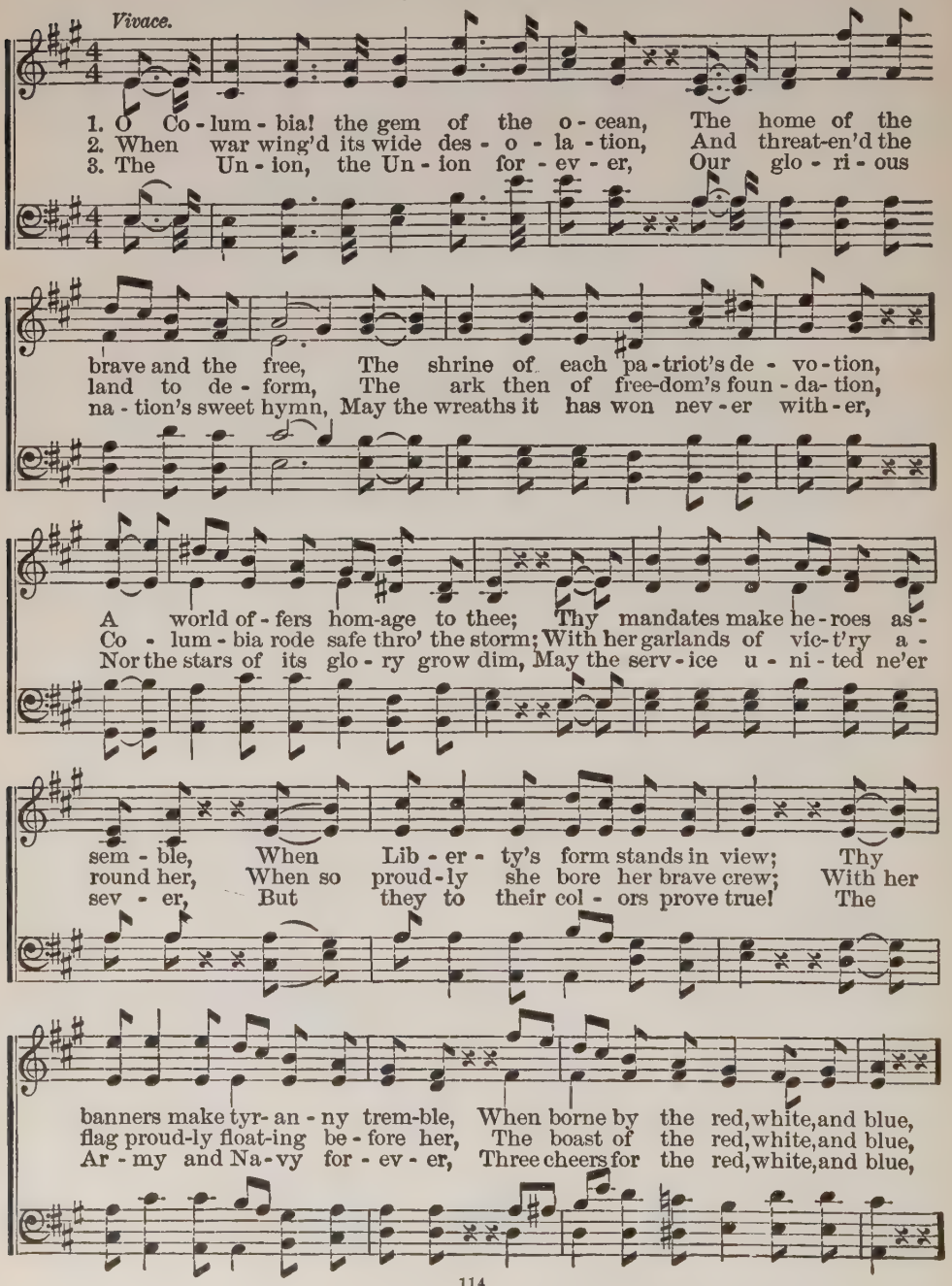
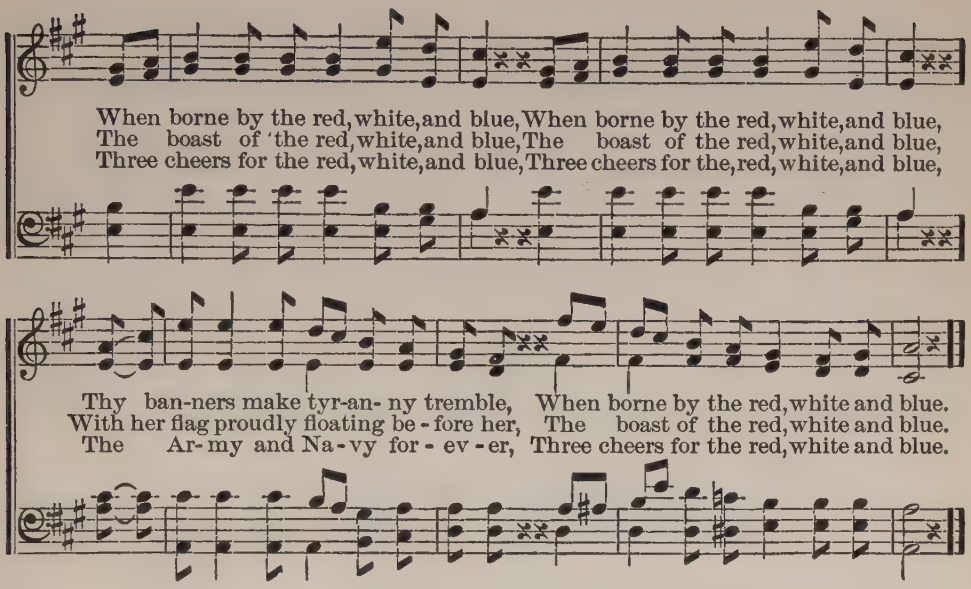
No. 129. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

The Red, White, and Blue. D. T. SHAW.

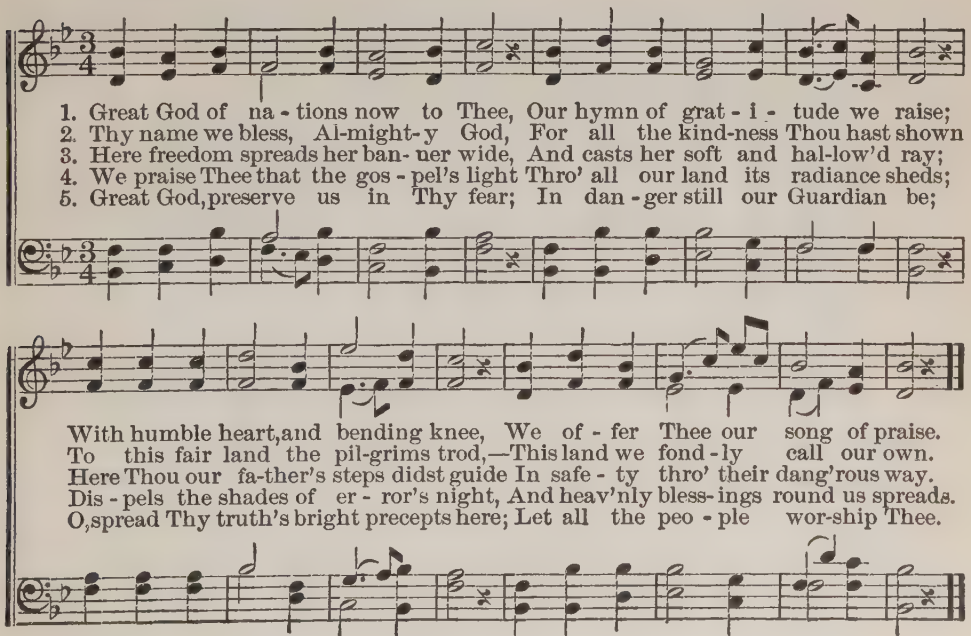

Vivace.
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-en'd the
3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous
brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,
land to de - form, The ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion,
na - tion's sweet hymn, May the wreaths it has won nev - er with - er,
A world of - fers hom-age to thee; Thy mandates make he - roes as -
Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vic-t'ry a -
Nor the stars of its glo - ry grow dim, May the serv - ice u - ni - ted ne'er
sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy
round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew; With her
sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true! The
banners make tyr- an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.—Concluded.


When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an- ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly floating be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar- my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

130. Great God of Nations, Now to Thee.

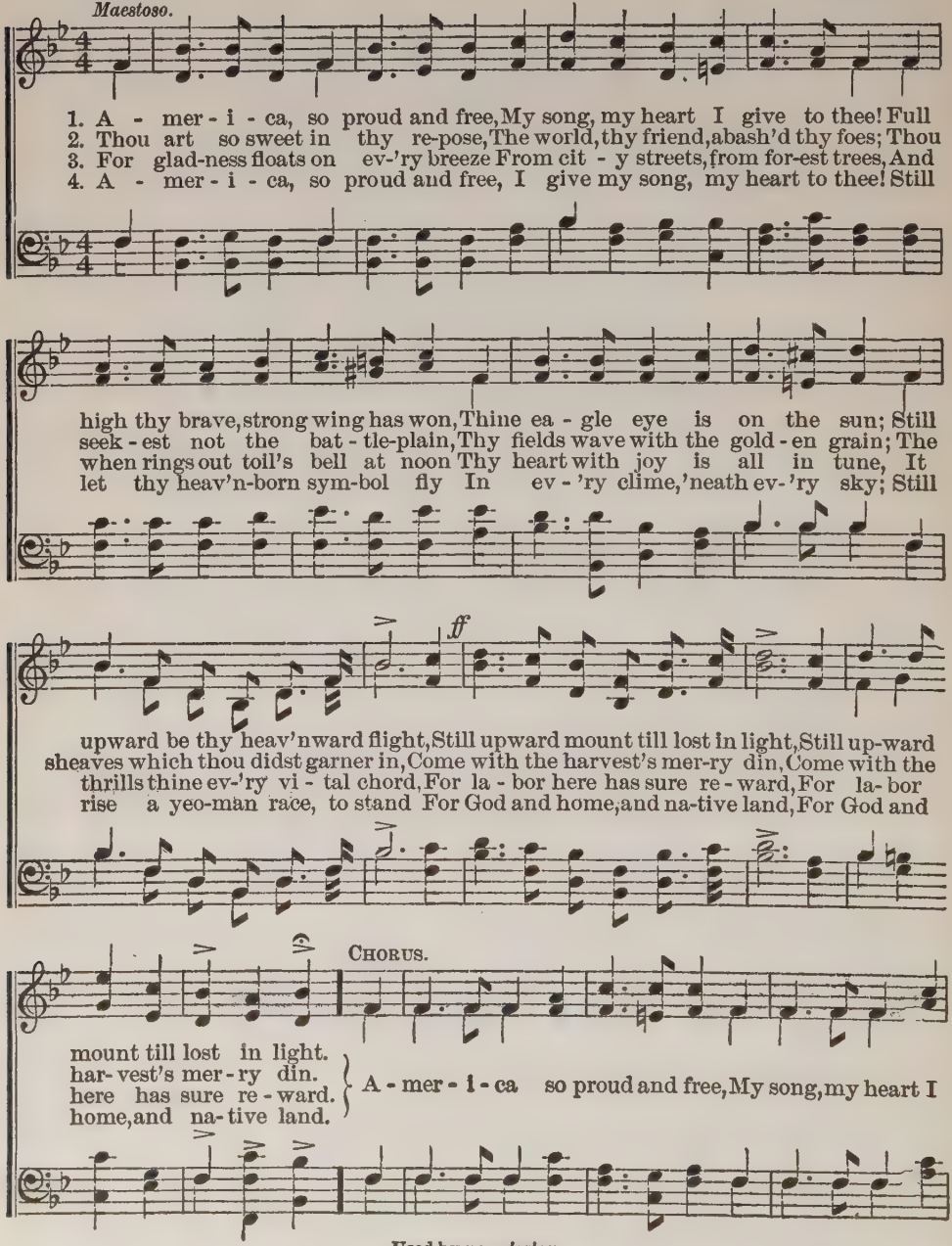
A. A. WOODHULL. Mendon. L. M.


1. Great God of na - tions now to Thee, Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise;
2. Thy name we bless, Al-might-y God, For all the kind-ness Thou hast shown
3. Here freedom spreads her ban- ner wide, And casts her soft and hal-low'd ray;
4. We praise Thee that the gos - pel's light Thro' all our land its radiance sheds;
5. Great God, preserve us in Thy fear; In dan - ger still our Guardian be;
With humble heart, and bending knee, We of - fer Thee our song of praise.
To this fair land the pil-grims trod,—This land we fond - ly call our own.
Here Thou our fa-ther's steps didst guide In safe - ty thro' their dang'rous way.
Dis - pels the shades of er - ror's night, And heav'nly bless- ings round us spreads.
O, spread Thy truth's bright precepts here; Let all the peo - ple wor-ship Thee.

No. 131. Long Live, Long Live America.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

Maestoso.


1. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full
2. Thou art so sweet in thy re-pose, The world, thy friend, abash'd thy foes; Thou
3. For glad-ness floats on ev-'ry breeze From cit - y streets, from for-est trees, And
4. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, I give my song, my heart to thee! Still
high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still
seek - est not the bat - tle-plain, Thy fields wave with the gold - en grain; The
when rings out toil's bell at noon Thy heart with joy is all in tune, It
let thy heav'n-born sym-bol fly In ev - 'ry clime, 'neath ev-'ry sky; Still
ff
upward be thy heav'nward flight, Still upward mount till lost in light, Still up-ward
sheaves which thou didst garner in, Come with the harvest's mer-ry din, Come with the
thrills thine ev-'ry vi - tal chord, For la - bor here has sure re - ward, For la- bor
rise a yeo-man race, to stand For God and home, and na-tive land, For God and
CHORUS.
mount till lost in light.
har- vest's mer - ry din.
here has sure re - ward.
home, and na- tive land.
A - mer - i - ca so proud and free, My song, my heart I

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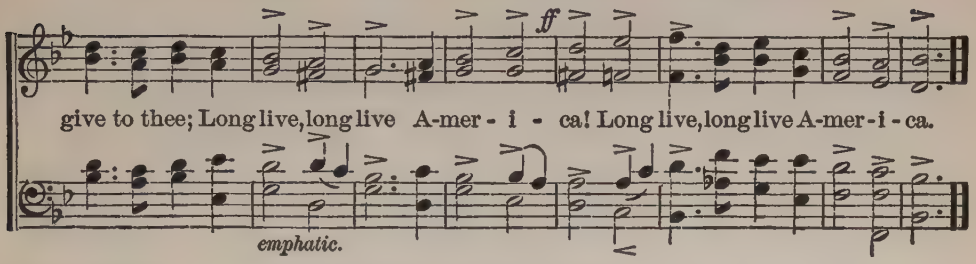
Long Live, Long Live America.—Concluded.



No. 132. Flag of the Free.

Arr. from WAGNER'S "LOHENGRIN."

Marcato.
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His
thun-der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light,
might we a - dore, In Lib - er - ty's van for man-hood of man,
D.S.—While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
FINE.
Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore. Em - blem of free-dom,
Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try,
Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er-more!
D.S.
hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

No. 133. The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

Landing of the Pilgrims.

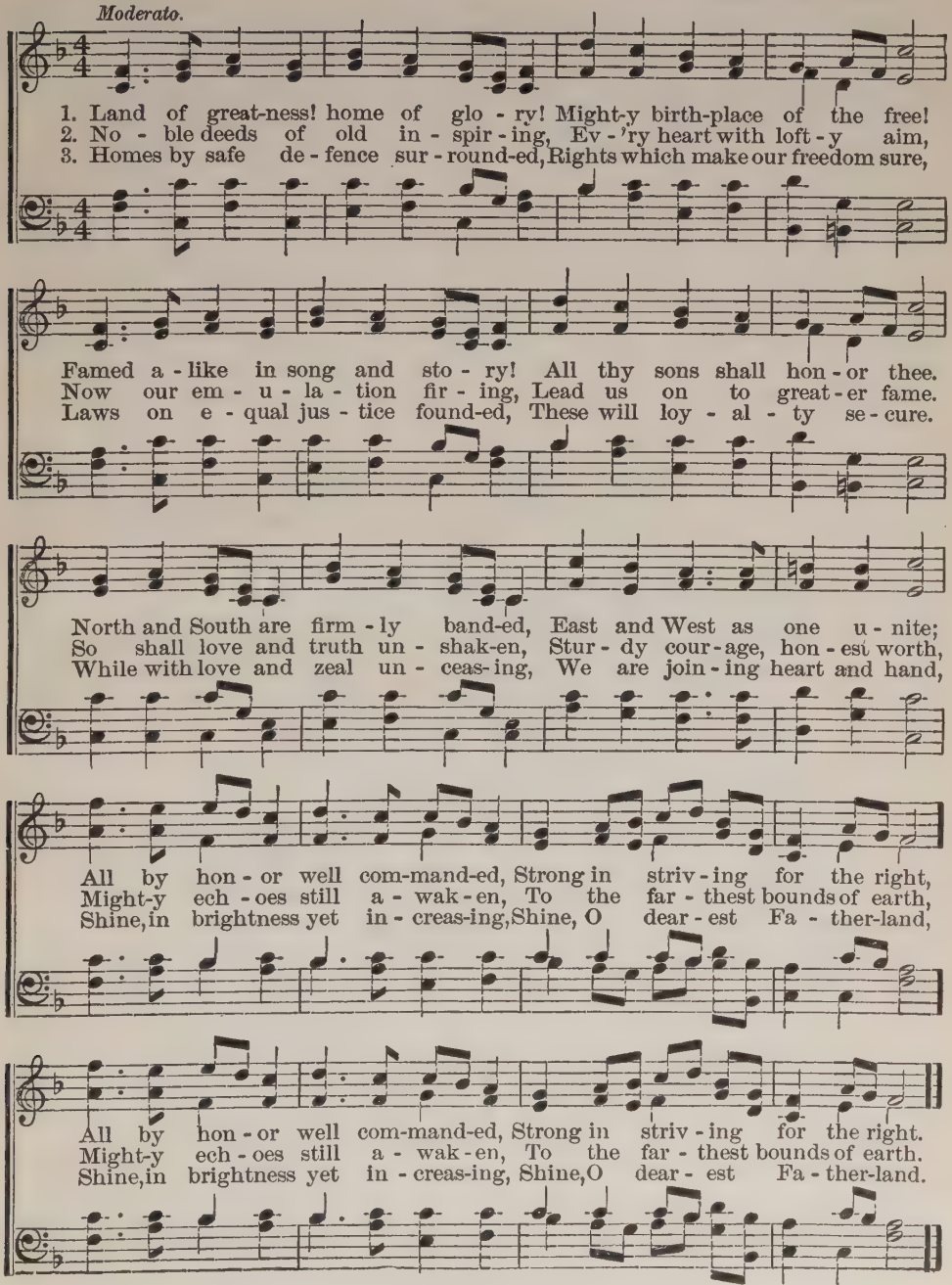
FELICIA HEMANS, arr.

1. The break - ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast,
2. Not as the con-queror comes, They, the true-heart-ed, came;
3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?
And the woods a-gainst a storm-y sky Their gi - ant branches toss'd;
Not with the roll of stir-ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the an-them of the free.
The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine;
And the heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er,
Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear;
The o - cean ea - gle soar'd From his nest by the white waves foam,
Ay, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod!
When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New England shore.
They shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft-y cheer.
And the rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd, This was their welcome home!
They have left unstain'd what there they found, Free - dom to wor-ship God.

No. 134. Land of Greatness! Home of Glory!

A. J. FOXWELL. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

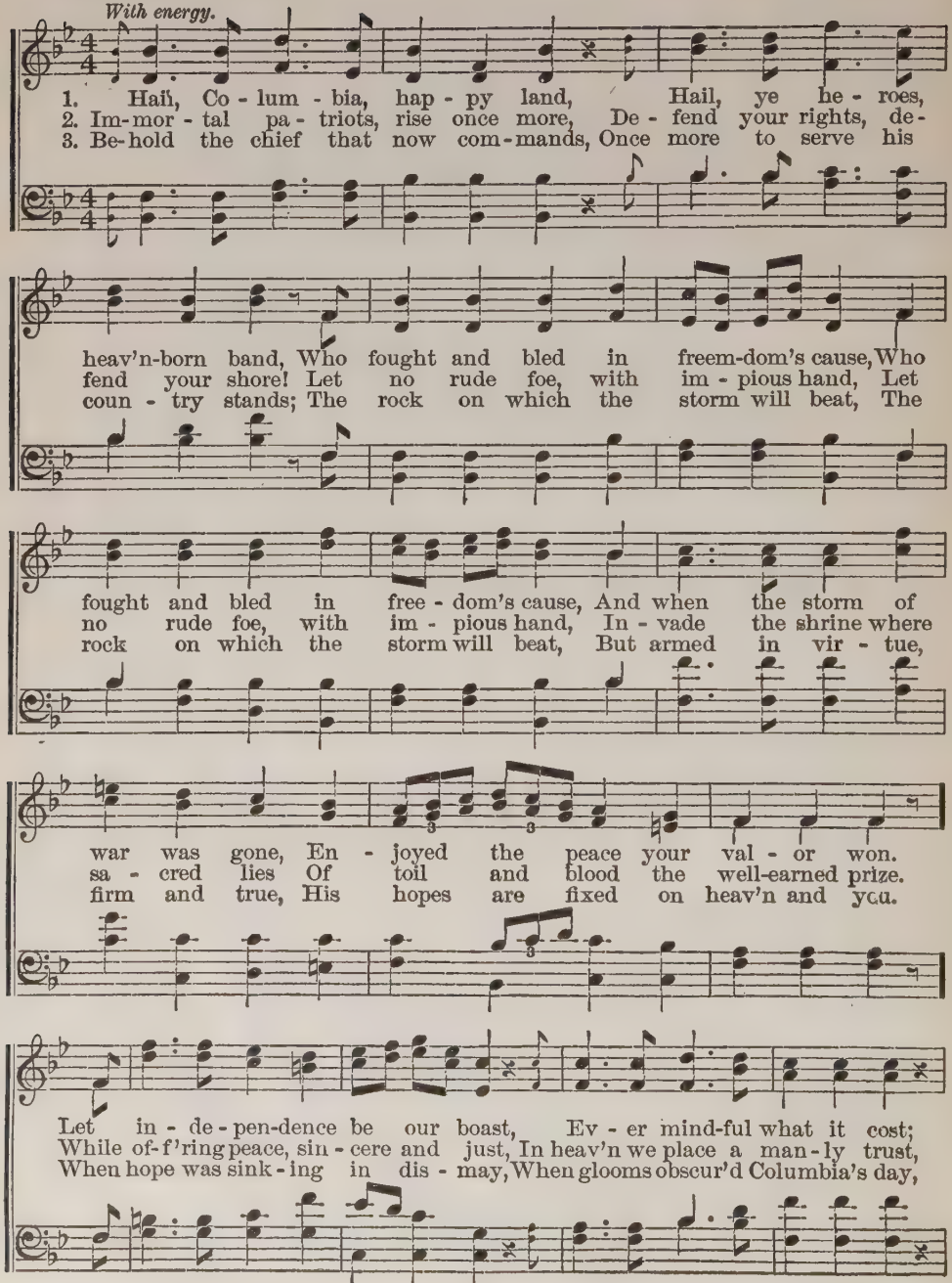
Moderato.


1. Land of great-ness! home of glo - ry! Might-y birth-place of the free!
2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing, Ev - 'ry heart with loft - y aim,
3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - round-ed, Rights which make our freedom sure,
Famed a - like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee.
Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame.
Laws on e - qual jus - tice found-ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure.
North and South are firm - ly band-ed, East and West as one u - nite;
So shall love and truth un - shak-en, Stur - dy cour-age, hon - est worth,
While with love and zeal un - ceas-ing, We are join - ing heart and hand,
All by hon - or well com-mand-ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right,
Might-y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth,
Shine, in brightness yet in - creas-ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther-land,
All by hon - or well com-mand-ed, Strong in striv - ing for the right.
Might-y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth.
Shine, in brightness yet in - creas-ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther-land.

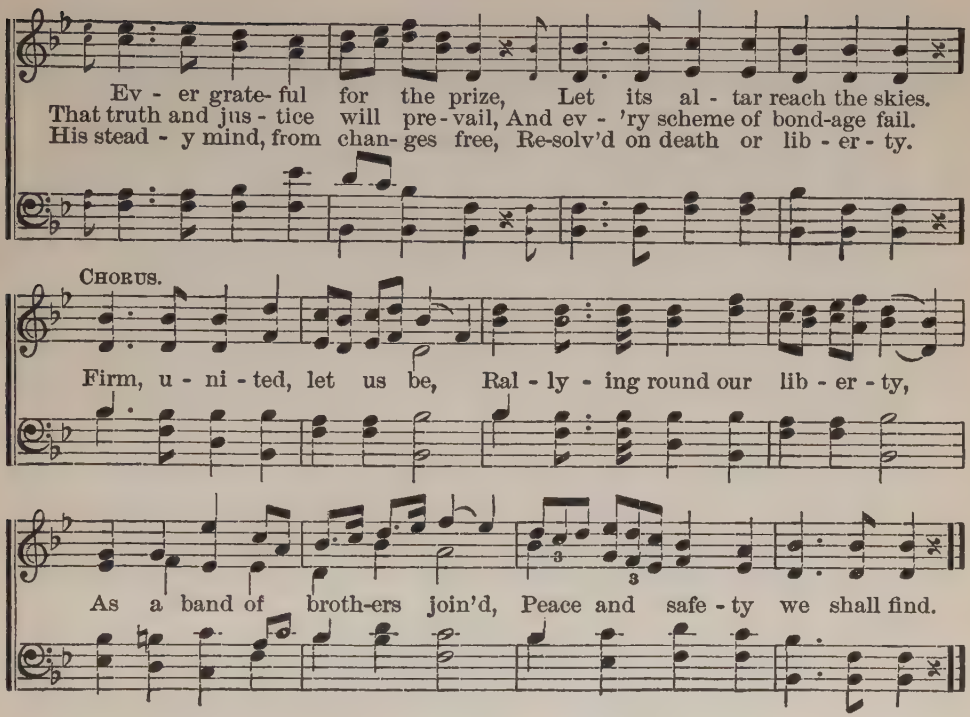
No. 135. Hail, Columbia.

F. HOPKINSON. PHYLA, arr.

With energy.

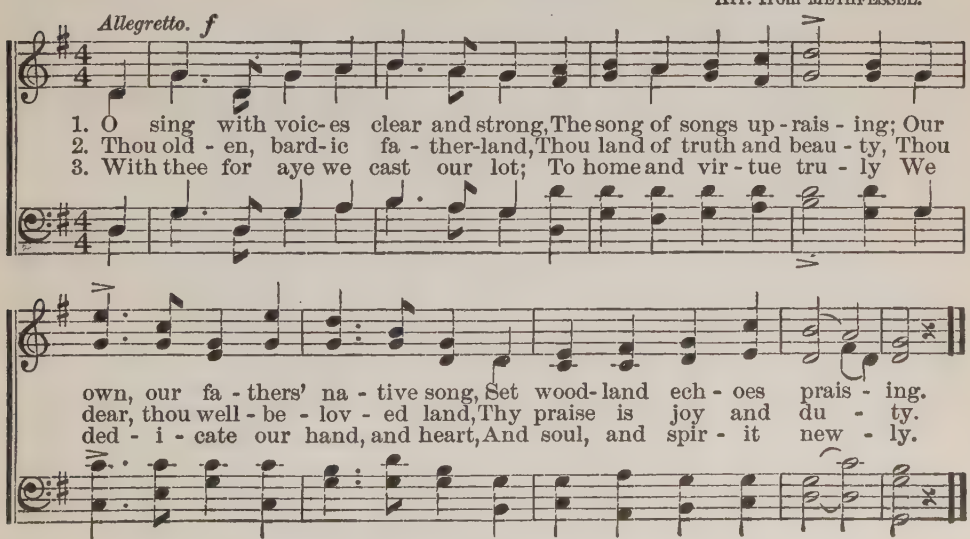

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im-mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more, De - fend your rights, de-
3. Be-hold the chief that now com-mands, Once more to serve his
heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in freem-dom's cause, Who
fend your shore! Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let
coun - try stands; The rock on which the storm will beat, The
fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where
rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in vir - tue,
war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
Let in - de - pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost;
While of-f'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust,
When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,

Hail, Columbia.—Concluded.


Ev - er grate- ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
That truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.
His stead - y mind, from chan- ges free, Re-solv'd on death or lib - er - ty.
CHORUS.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty,
As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

No. 136. Our Native Song.

Arr. from METHFESSEL.


Allegretto. f
1. O sing with voic- es clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing; Our
2. Thou old - en, bard- ic fa - ther-land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty, Thou
3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly We
own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood- land ech - oes prais - ing.
dear, thou well - be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
ded - i - cate our hand, and heart, And soul, and spir - it new - ly.

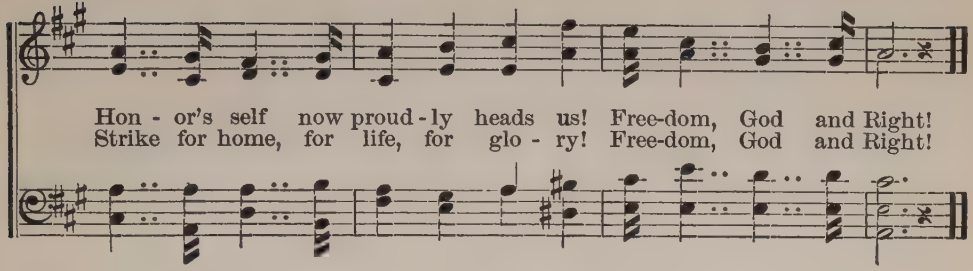
No. 137. March of the Men of Harlech.

Translated by WILLIAM DUTHIE. Welsh Air. Arr. by C. G. H.

Con spirito.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do you hear, like rush-ing bil - low,
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe-man, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow-men;
2. Rock and steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row;
Hurl the reel - ing horse-men o - ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov - er!
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound.
Be they knights, or hinds, or yoe - men They shall bite the ground.
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem-bles on a blow!
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In
pla - cid sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brave - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har - lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?

March of the Men of Harlech.—Concluded.



No. 138. The Battle Prayer.

F. H. HIMMEL. KÖRNER. Arr. by C. G. H.

Adagio.

1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the
2. Fa - ther, O hear my cry! Lead me to death or to
3. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Though dire the sum - mons that
poco accel. e cres.
bat - tle sur-round me, Fierce-ly the sword of the foe flash-es round me;
vic - to - ry, lead me Wher-'er the cause of my coun - try may need me;
give to death greeting, Thou giv - est aid when life is fast fleet - ing,
p piu lento.
mf
a tempo.
Heed Thou the bat - tle. be ev - er nigh! Fa - ther, O hear my cry!
Safe in Thy keep - ing, what-e'er be - tide, Fa - ther, be Thou my guide!
O for that mo - ment my soul pre-pare! Fa - ther, O grant my pray'r!

No. 139. Our Colors.

CHAS. R. FULLER. HARRY T. FITZSIMONS.

f Maestoso.
1. The em - blem of our na - tion's glo - ry, Con-ceived in lib - er-
2. Wher - e'er un - furled in this do - main, We point with pride, it
3. Then on - ward march, the brave and true, With val - iant hearts when
ty most ho - ly, It waves for hon - or and for right, That
bears no stain, Nor will a sa - cred trust be - tray, Or a
hopes seem few, In glo - rious sheen, mid shot and shell, Our
p
men are e - qual in God's sight. Fos - tered in spir - it by free - dom's call,
ty - ran - nic - al will o - bey. Brave, loy - al hearts will thee de - fend,
banner gleams—'tis foe's death knell. The "Des-pot" van - quish, vic - t'ry win,
mf
f
Our fa - thers gave their lives their all, And con - se - cra - ted
In right - eous cause un - til the end; So fur - thered by thy
To grant us peace 'gainst pow'rs of sin, Oh, God of Hosts, pro-
ff broadly.
rit.
this to you, A flag of Red, of White and Blue.
truth, re - new Our pledge to thee, Red, White (Red and White) and Blue.
tect a - new Our flag of Red, of White and Blue.

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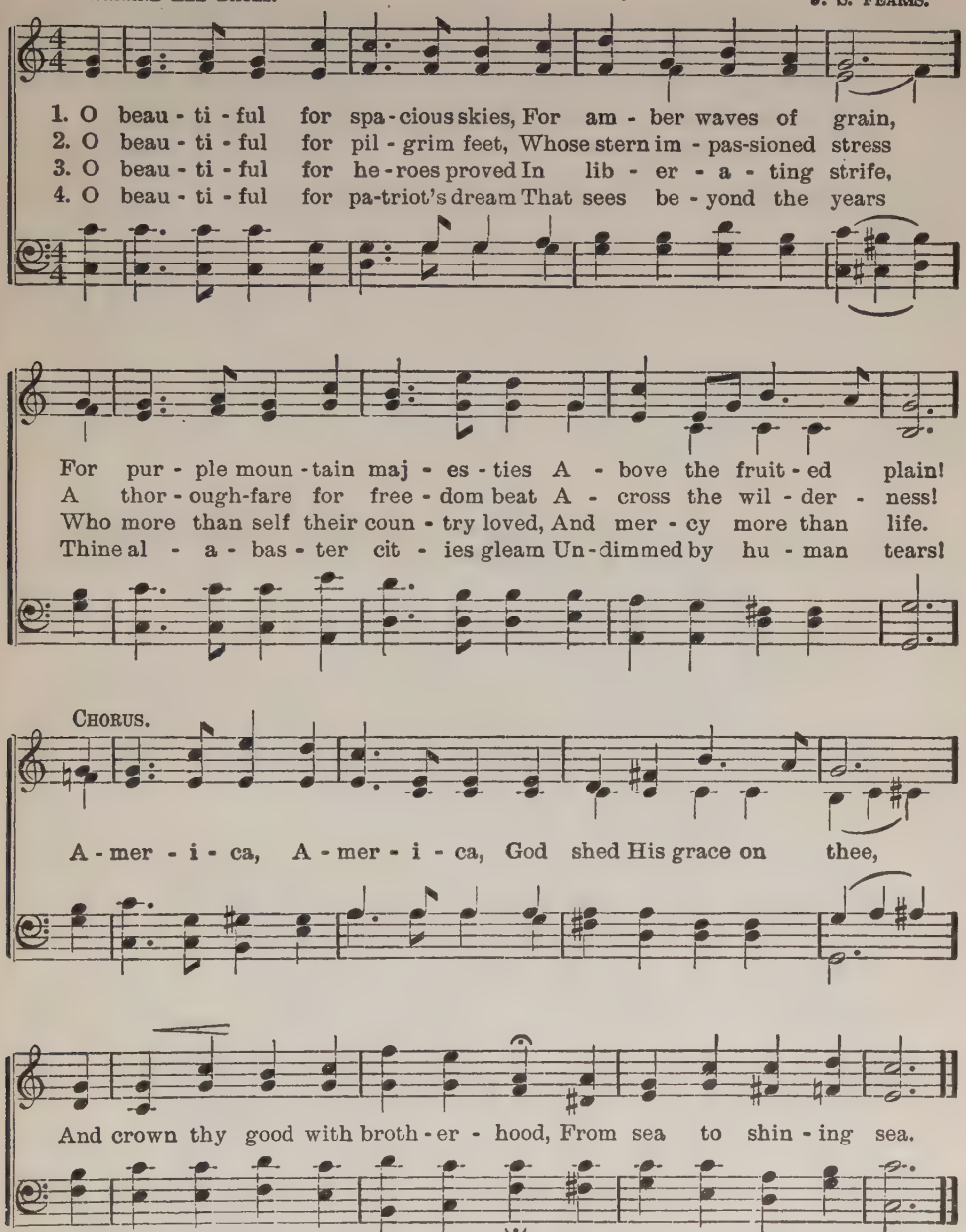
No. 140. America, the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES. J. S. FEARIS.


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot's dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life.
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!
CHORUS.
A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea.

Note: For tune "Materna," see No. 46.

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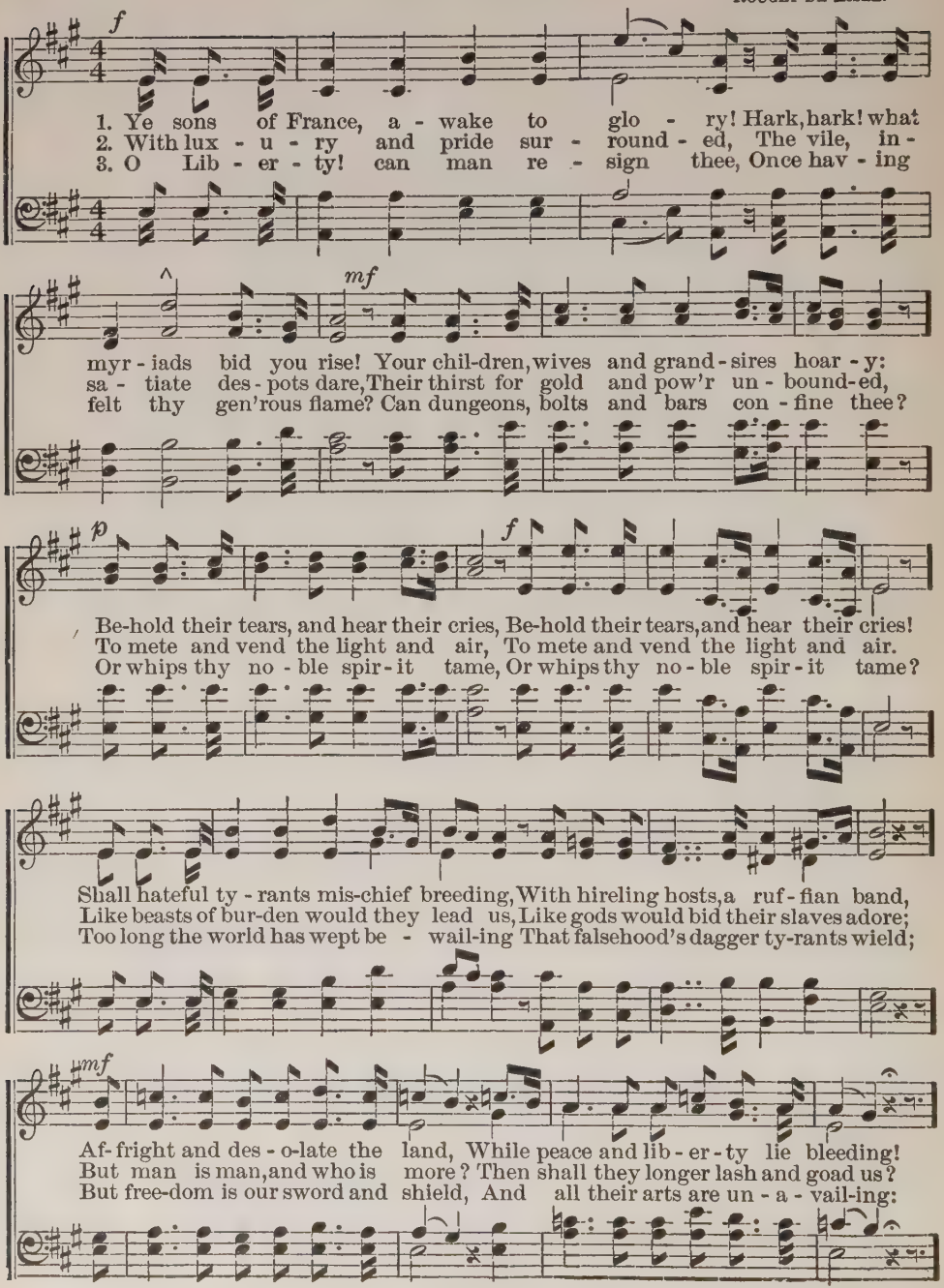
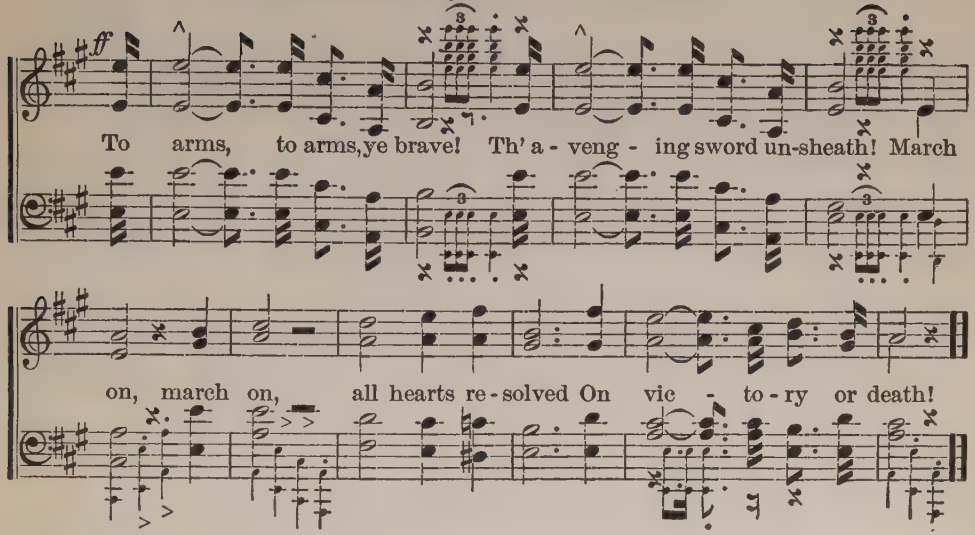
No. 141. Marseilles Hymn.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

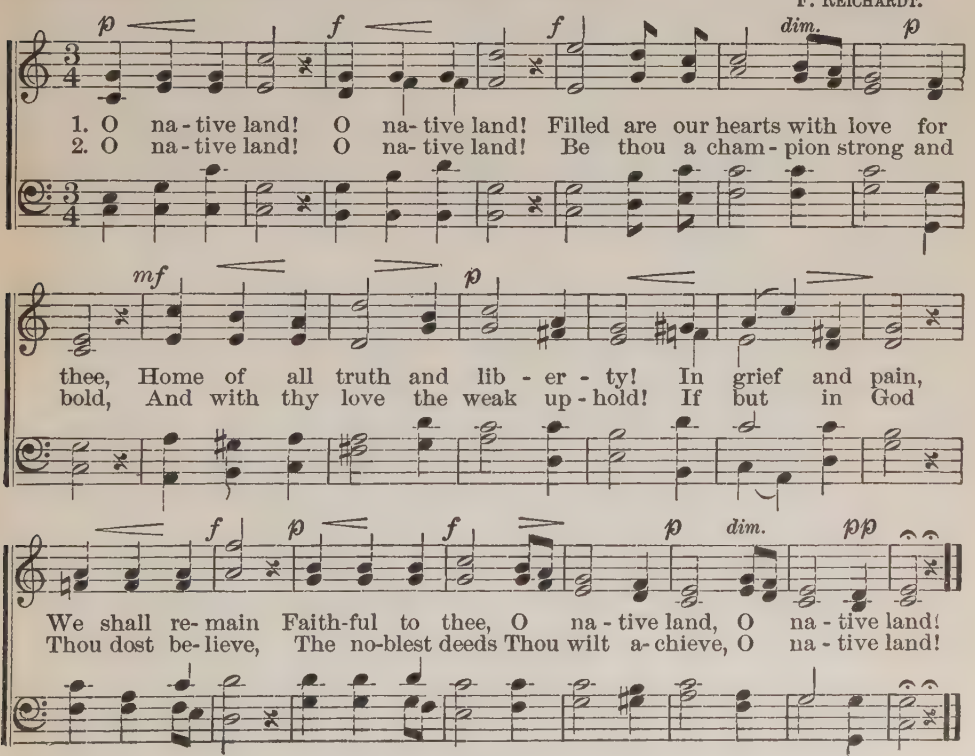

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in -
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing
myr - iads bid you rise! Your chil-dren, wives and grand - sires hoar - y:
sa - tiate des - pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound-ed,
felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con - fine thee?
Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries!
To mete and vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air.
Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame?
Shall hateful ty - rants mis-chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band,
Like beasts of bur-den would they lead us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
Too long the world has wept be - wail-ing That falsehood's dagger ty-rants wield;
Af-fright and des - o-late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding!
But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing:

Marseilles Hymn.—Concluded.



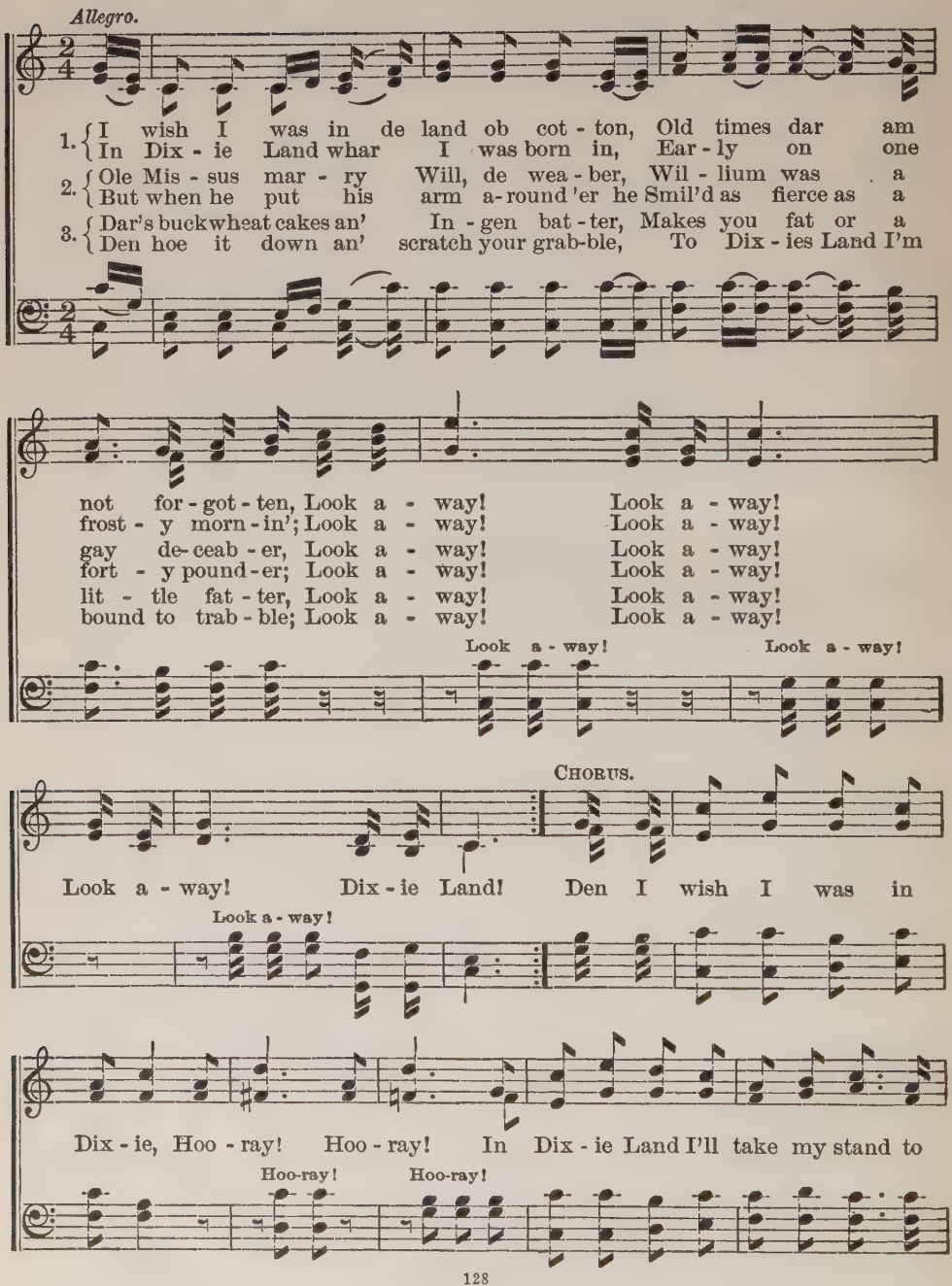
No. 142. O Native Land.

F. REICHARDT.

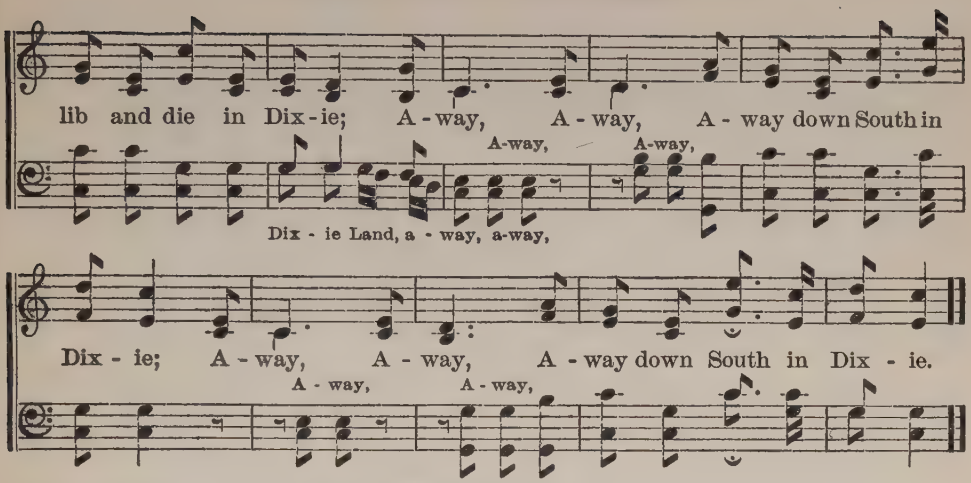

p
f
f
dim.
p
1. O na-tive land! O na-tive land! Filled are our hearts with love for
2. O na-tive land! O na-tive land! Be thou a cham-pion strong and
mf
p
thee, Home of all truth and lib - er - ty! In grief and pain,
bold, And with thy love the weak up-hold! If but in God
f
p
f
p
dim.
pp
We shall re-main Faith-ful to thee, O na-tive land, O na-tive land!
Thou dost be-lieve, The no-blest deeds Thou wilt a-chieve, O na-tive land!

No. 143. Dixie Land.

Adapted by DANIEL EMMET. Arr. by C. G. H.

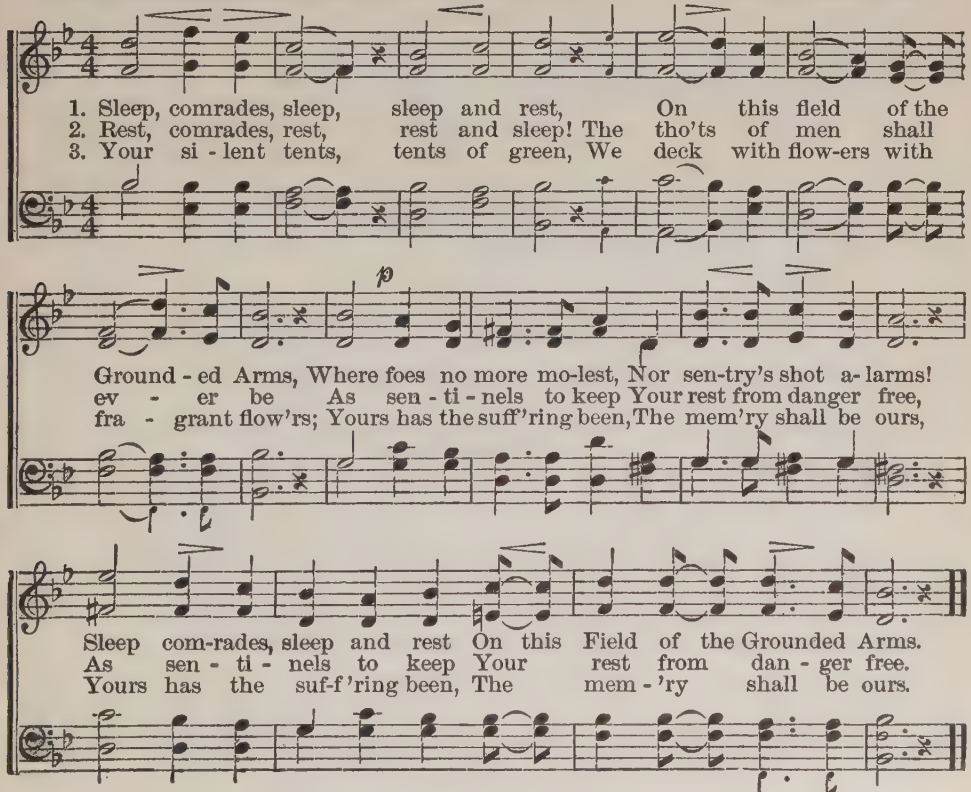

Allegro.
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
2. Ole Mis - sus mar - ry Will, de wea - ber, Wil - lium was a
But when he put his arm a-round 'er he Smil'd as fierce as a
3. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat or a
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab-ble, To Dix - ies Land I'm
not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way!
frost - y morn - in'; Look a - way! Look a - way!
gay de-ceab - er, Look a - way! Look a - way!
fort - y pound - er; Look a - way! Look a - way!
lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way!
bound to trab - ble; Look a - way! Look a - way!
Look a - way! Look a - way!
CHORUS.
Look a - way! Dix - ie Land! Den I wish I was in
Look a - way!
Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand to
Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!

Dixie Land.—Concluded.


lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down South in
A-way, A-way,
Dix-ie Land, a-way, a-way,
Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down South in Dix-ie.
A-way, A-way,

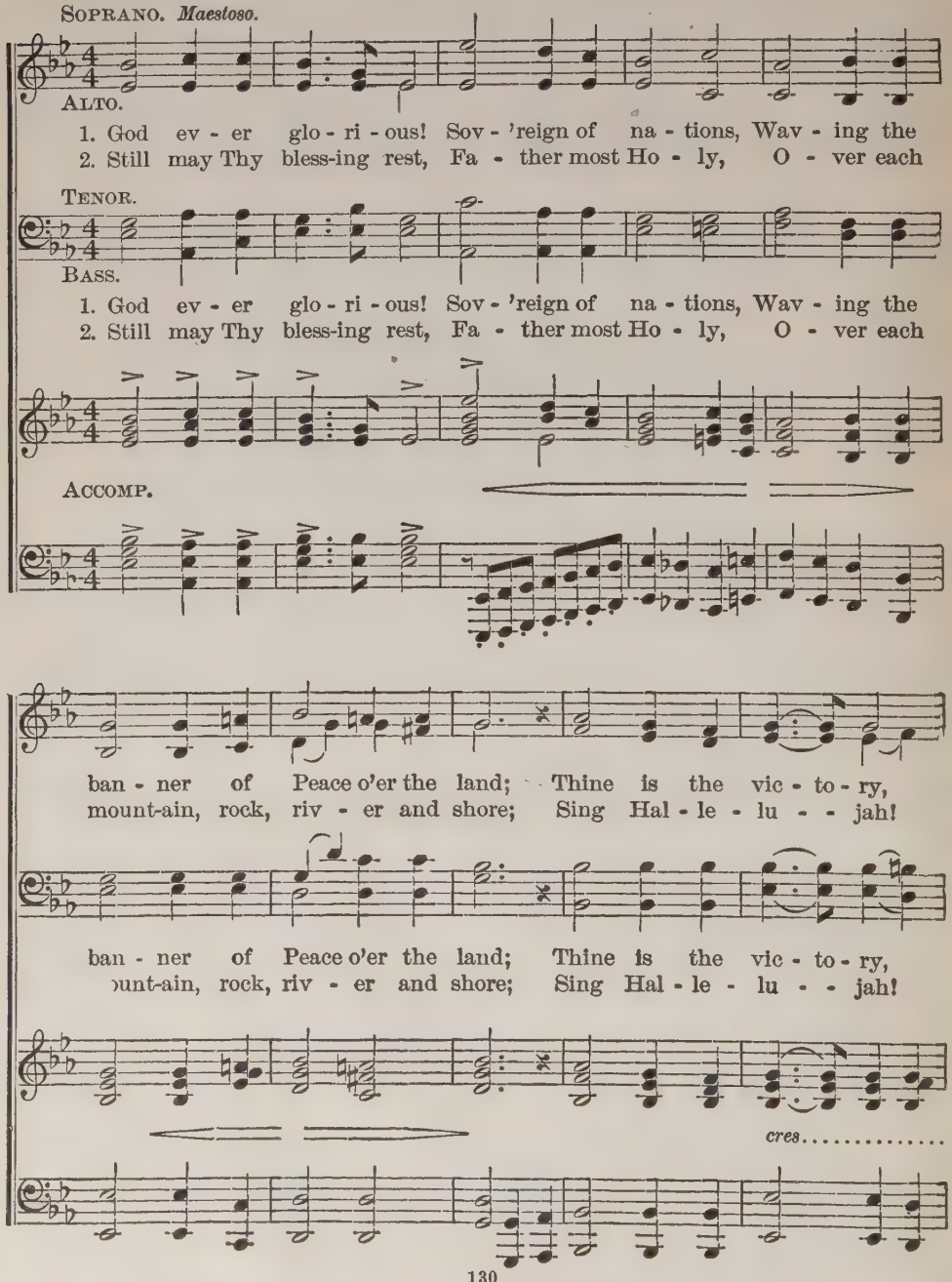
No. 144. Sleep, Comrades, Sleep.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. **Decoration Day.** JOHANN AEGIDUS GEYER.

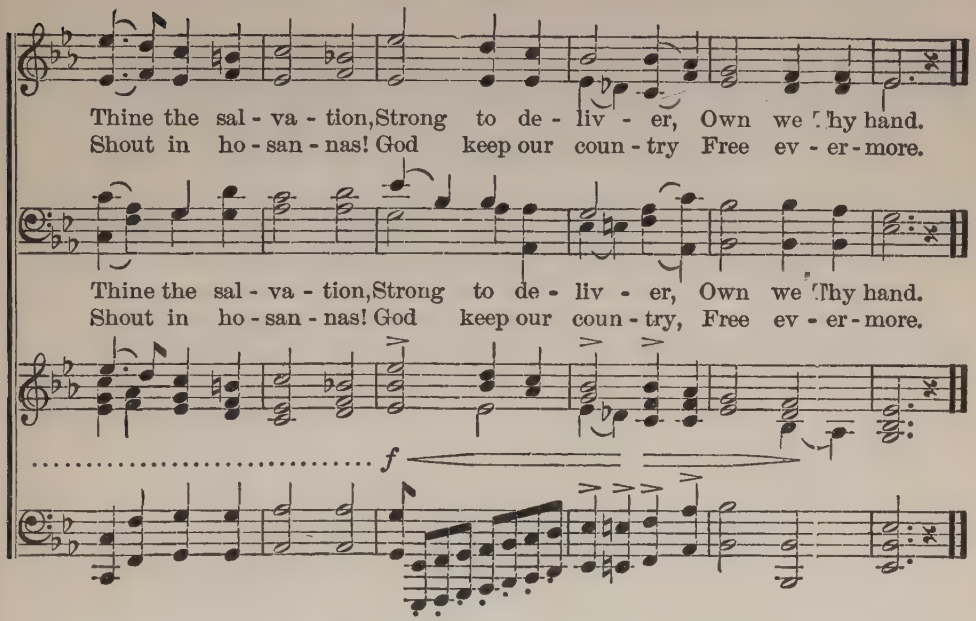

1. Sleep, comrades, sleep, sleep and rest, On this field of the
2. Rest, comrades, rest, rest and sleep! The tho'ts of men shall
3. Your si-lent tents, tents of green, We deck with flow-ers with
p
Ground-ed Arms, Where foes no more mo-lest, Nor sen-try's shot a-larms!
ev-er be As sen-ti-nels to keep Your rest from danger free,
fra-grant flow'rs; Yours has the suff'ring been, The mem'ry shall be ours,
Sleep com-rades, sleep and rest On this Field of the Grounded Arms.
As sen-ti-nels to keep Your rest from dan-ger free.
Yours has the suf-f'ring been, The mem-'ry shall be ours.

No. 145. God Ever Glorious! Sovereign of Nations.

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH. ALEXIS LVOFF. Arr. by C. G. H.

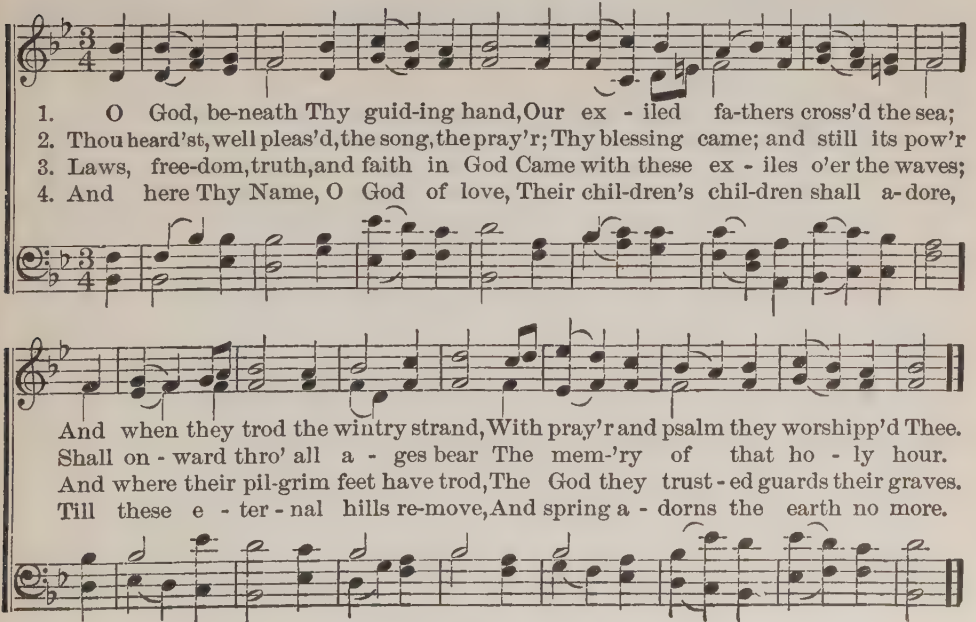

SOPRANO. Maestoso.
ALTO.
1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless-ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each
TENOR.
BASS.
1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless-ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each
ACCOMP.
ban - ner of Peace o'er the land; Thine is the vic - to - ry,
mount-ain, rock, riv - er and shore; Sing Hal - le - lu - - jah!
ban - ner of Peace o'er the land; Thine is the vic - to - ry,
ɔunt-ain, rock, riv - er and shore; Sing Hal - le - lu - - jah!
cres.....

God Ever Glorious!—Concluded.


Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.
Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try, Free ev - er - more.
f

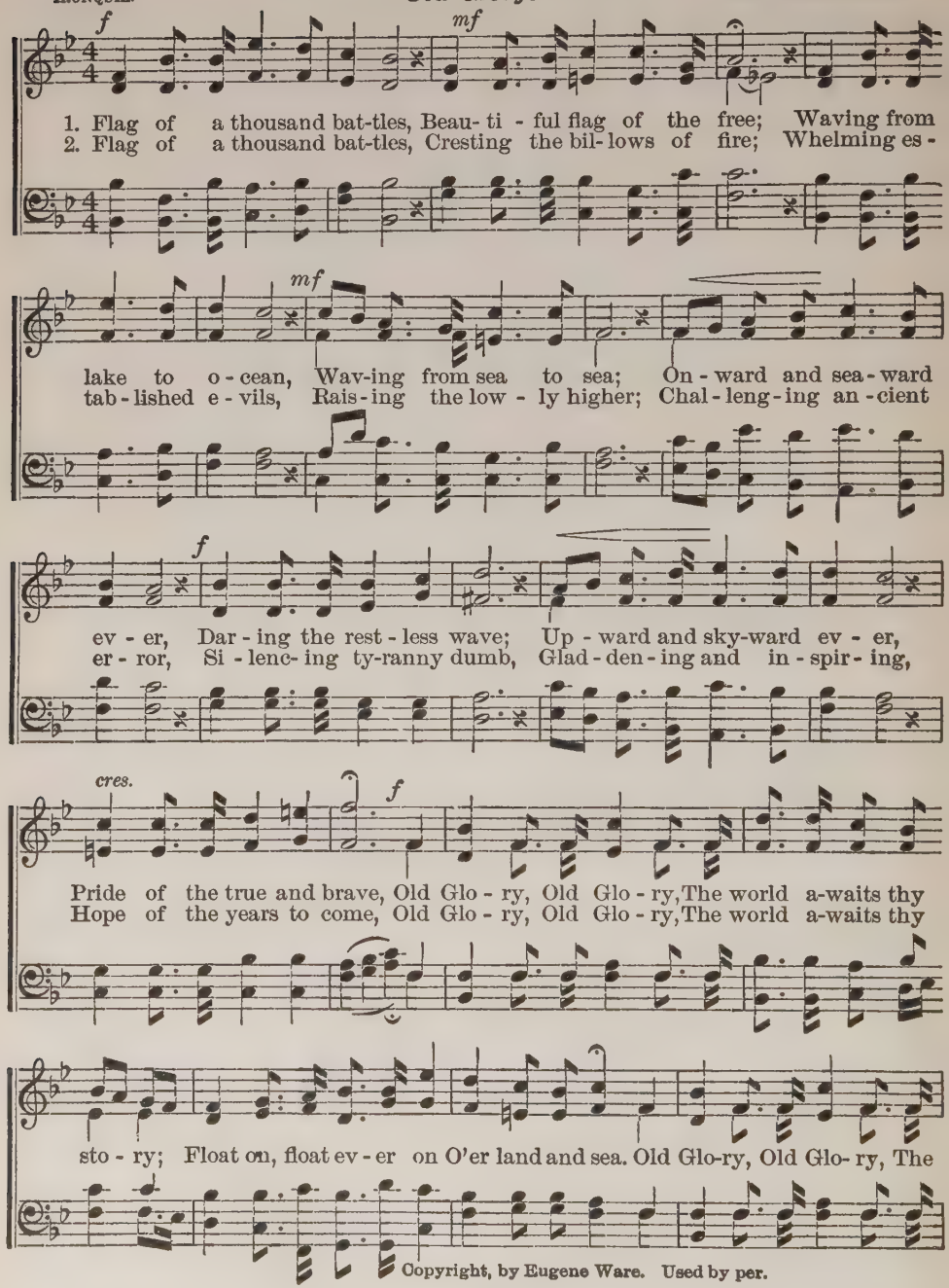
No. 146. O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand.

LEONARD BACON. Wareham. L. M. Arr. from WILLIAM KNAPP.


1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex - iled fa-thers cross'd the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r; Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, free-dom, truth, and faith in God Came with these ex - iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy Name, O God of love, Their chil-dren's chil-dren shall a-dore,
And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshipp'd Thee.
Shall on - ward thro' all a - ges bear The mem-'ry of that ho - ly hour.
And where their pil-grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re-move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

No. 147. Flag of a Thousand Battles.

IRONQUIL. Old Glory. MRS. GASTON BOYD.


f
mf
1. Flag of a thousand bat-tles, Beau- ti - ful flag of the free; Waving from
2. Flag of a thousand bat-tles, Cresting the bil-lows of fire; Whelming es -
mf
lake to o-cean, Wav-ing from sea to sea; On - ward and sea - ward
tab-lished e-vils, Rais-ing the low - ly higher; Chal-leng-ing an-cient
f
ev - er, Dar - ing the rest - less wave; Up - ward and sky-ward ev - er,
er - ror, Si - lenc- ing ty-ranny dumb, Glad-den-ing and in - spir - ing,
cres.
f
Pride of the true and brave, Old Glo - ry, Old Glo - ry, The world a-waits thy
Hope of the years to come, Old Glo - ry, Old Glo - ry, The world a-waits thy
sto - ry; Float on, float ev - er on O'er land and sea. Old Glo-ry, Old Glo- ry, The

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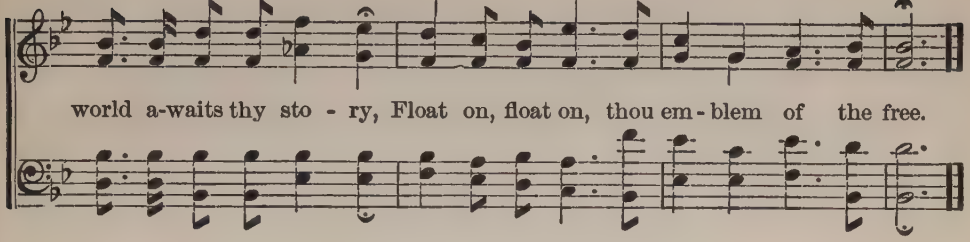
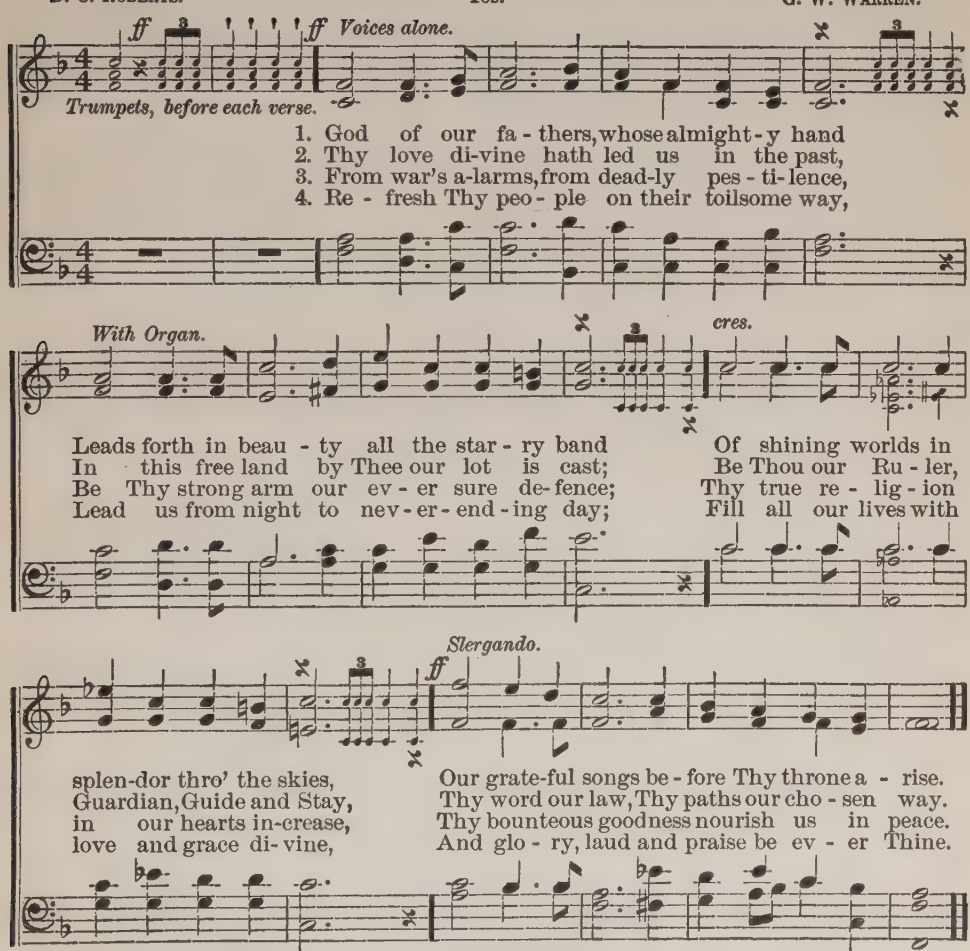
Flag of a Thousand Battles.—Concluded.



No. 148. National Hymn.

D. C. ROBERTS. 10s. G. W. WARREN.


ff
Voices alone.
Trumpets, before each verse.
1. God of our fa - thers, whose almight - y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes - ti-lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toilsome way,
With Organ.
cres.
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fence;
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;
Of shining worlds in
Be Thou our Ru - ler,
Thy true re - lig - ion
Fill all our lives with
Slergando.
ff
splen-dor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine,
Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

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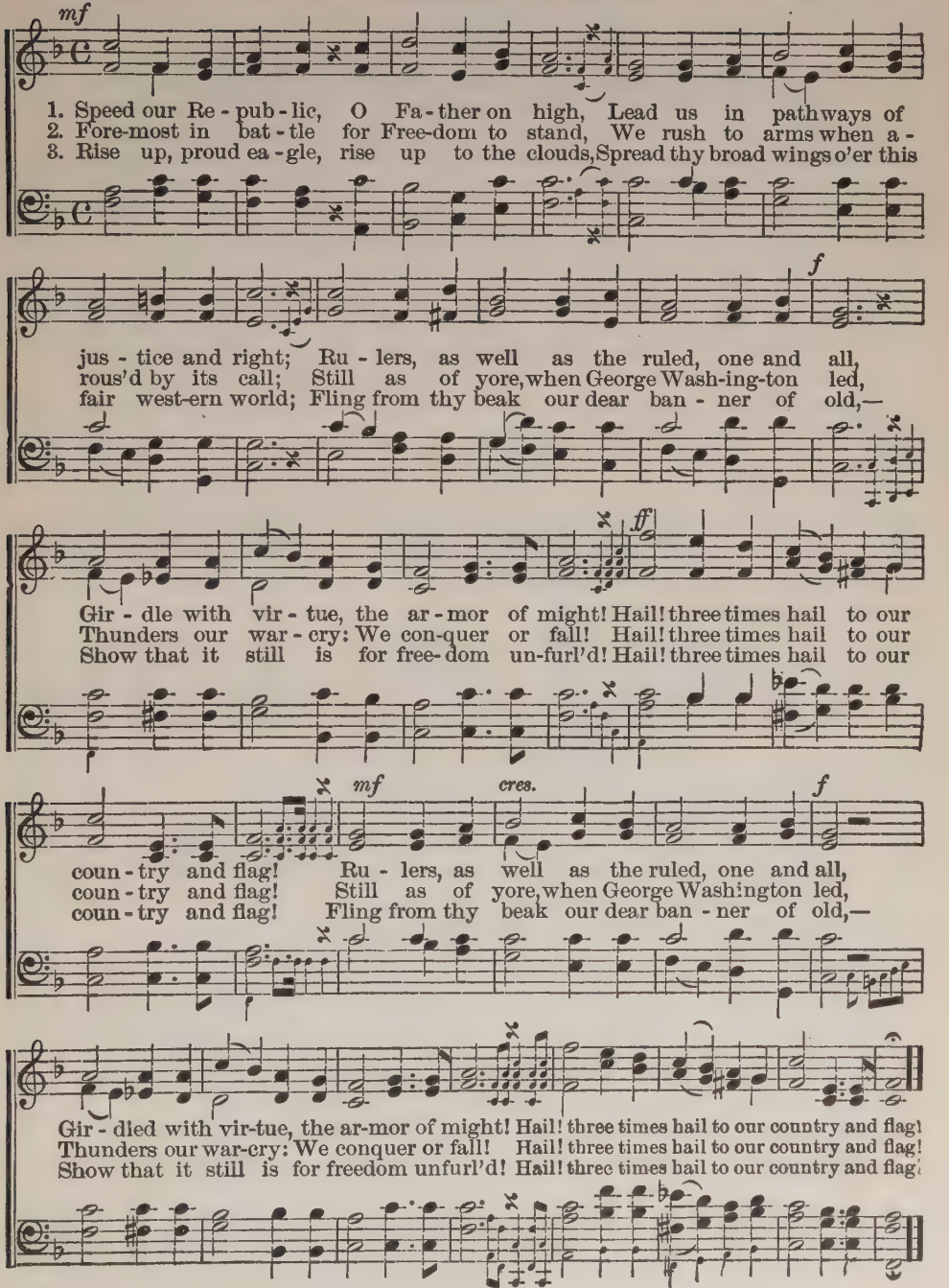
No. 149. Joy! Joy! Freedom To-Day.

Anonymous.

ff Allegro.
1. Joy! Joy! free-dom to-day! Care! care! drive it a-way! Youth, health and
2. Ring! ring! mer-ri-ly, bells! Swing! swing! onward your swells! Tell-ing of
vig-or our sen-ses o'er-pow'r. Trou-ble! count it for naught! Banish
hope, love and joy to the world. Tri-umph proud ye proclaim! Freedom!
ban-ish the tho't, Pleasure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour. Joy to-day! joy,
what can we name Fairer than Fa-ther-land flag here unfurl'd? Joy to-day! joy,
joy to-day! and care, care, drive it far a-way! Joy to-day! joy! joy to-
day! and care, care, drive it far a-way! away, away! away, a-way!

No. 150. Keller's American Hymn.

M. KELLER.


mf
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in pathways of
2. Fore-most in bat - tle for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this
f
jus - tice and right; Ru - lers, as well as the ruled, one and all,
rous'd by its call; Still as of yore, when George Wash-ing-ton led,
fair west-ern world; Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old,—
ff
Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thunders our war - cry: We con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free-dom un-furl'd! Hail! three times hail to our
mf
cres.
f
coun - try and flag! Ru - lers, as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old,—
Gir - died with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Thunders our war-cry: We conquer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Show that it still is for freedom unfurl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

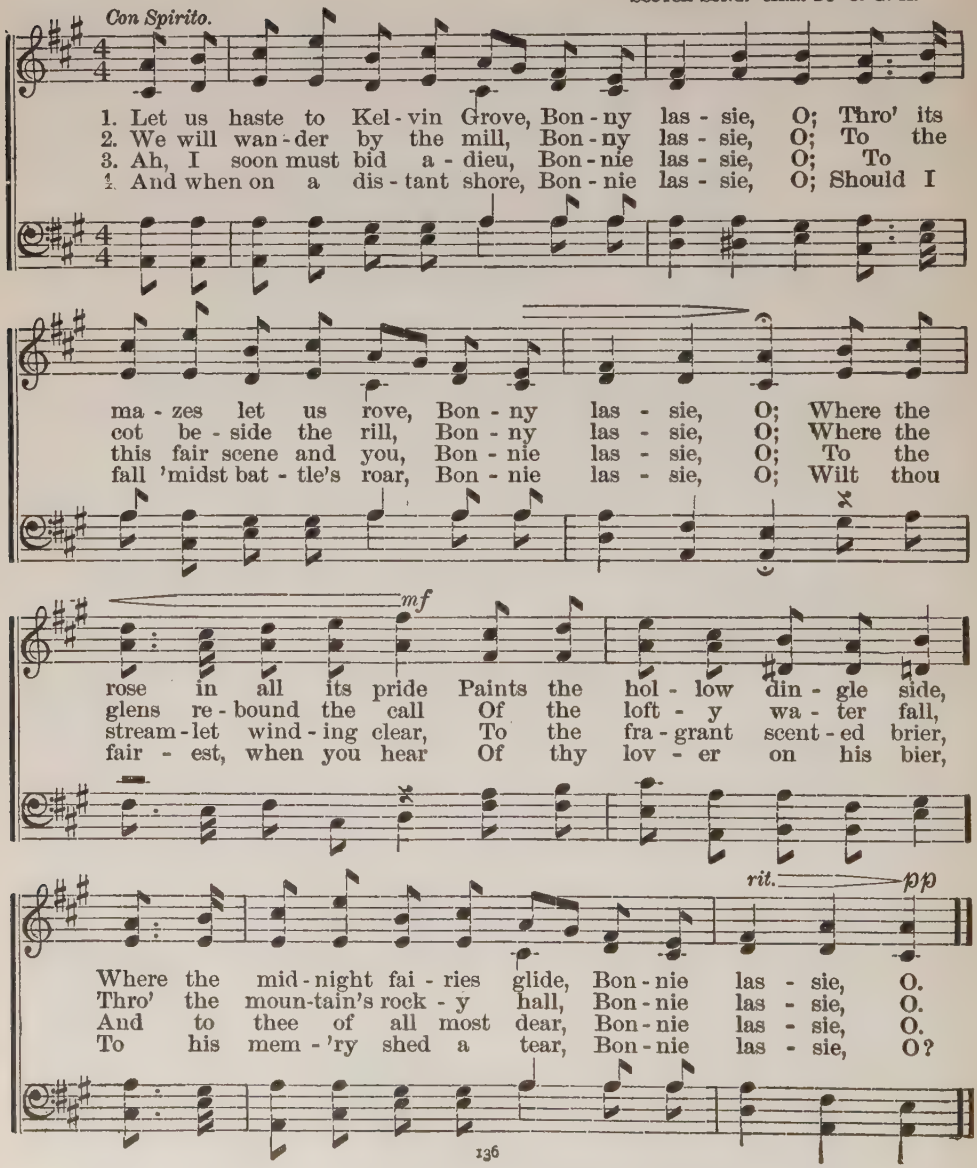
The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

Part IV.

Favorite Part-Songs and Choruses.

No. 151. **Kelvin Grove.**

SCOTCH SONG. ARR. BY C. G. H.


Con Spirito.
1. Let us haste to Kel-vin Grove, Bon-ny las-sie, O; Thro' its
2. We will wan-der by the mill, Bon-ny las-sie, O; To the
3. Ah, I soon must bid a-dieu, Bon-nie las-sie, O; To
4. And when on a dis-tant shore, Bon-nie las-sie, O; Should I
ma-zes let us rove, Bon-ny las-sie, O; Where the
cot be-side the rill, Bon-ny las-sie, O; Where the
this fair scene and you, Bon-nie las-sie, O; To the
fall 'midst bat-tle's roar, Bon-nie las-sie, O; Wilt thou
mf
rose in all its pride Paints the hol-low din-gle side,
glens re-bound the call Of the loft-y wa-ter fall,
stream-let wind-ing clear, To the fra-grant scent-ed brier,
fair-est, when you hear Of thy lov-er on his bier,
rit.
pp
Where the mid-night fai-ries glide, Bon-nie las-sie, O.
Thro' the moun-tain's rock-y hall, Bon-nie las-sie, O.
And to thee of all most dear, Bon-nie las-sie, O.
To his mem-'ry shed a tear, Bon-nie las-sie, O?

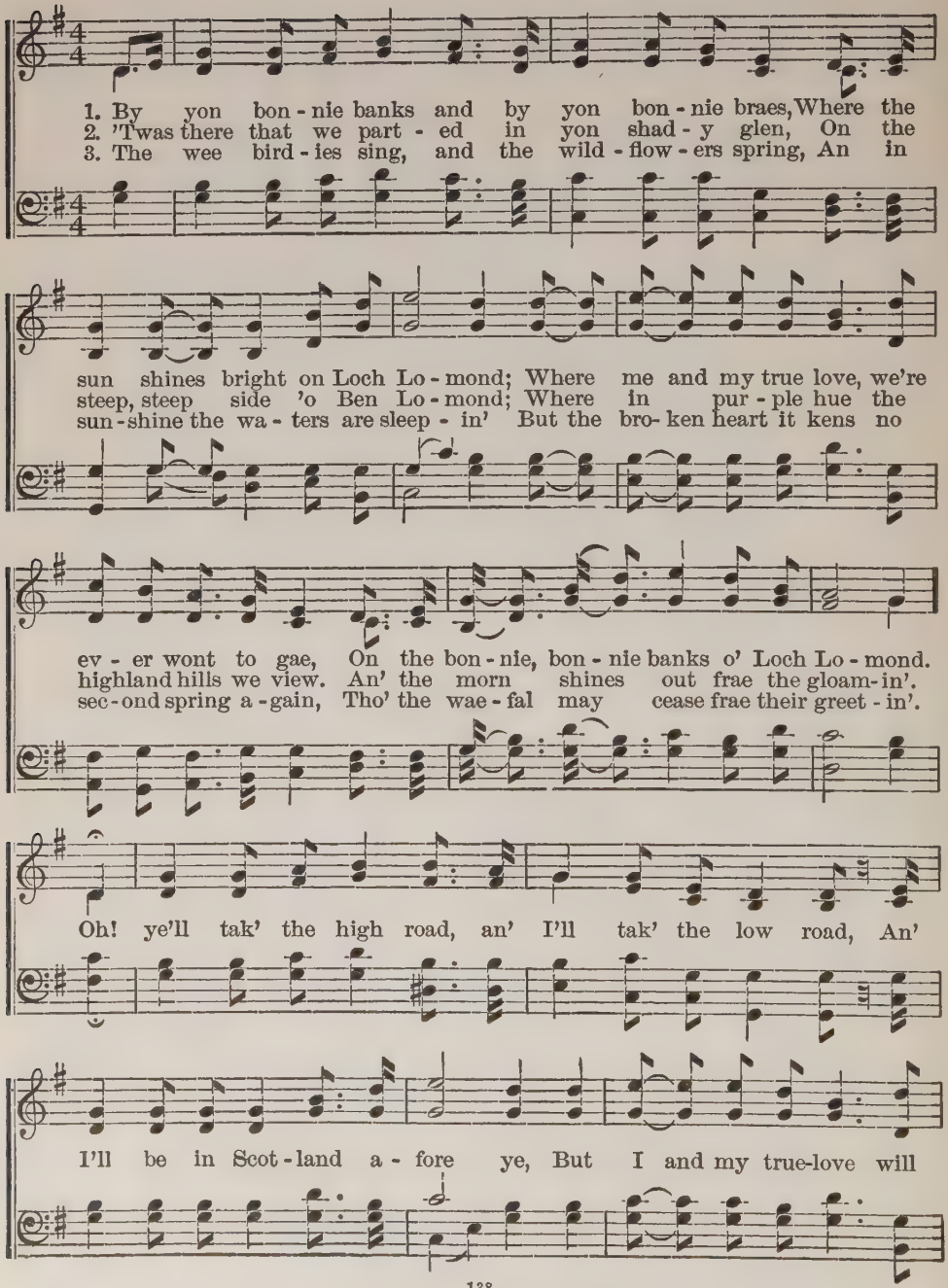
No. 152. Sweet and Low.

ALFRED TENNYSON. JOSEPH BARNBY.

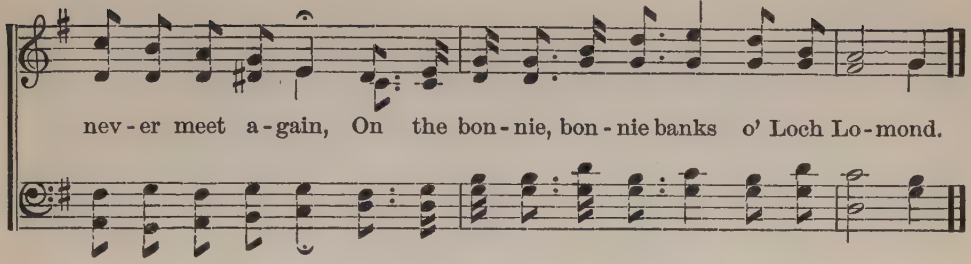
pp Larghetto.
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest; Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
sf
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea.
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast; Fa - ther will come to thee soon.
mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go; Come from the
O - - - - - ver the wa - - ters go, Come
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - - ver
Fa - - - - ther will come to his nest, Sil - - ver
p
dim.
dy - ing moon; and blow; Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,
sails all out of the west; Un - der the sil - ver moon.
sails out of the west;
f
rall. e dim - - in - - u - en - - - do.
p
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.....

No. 153. Loch Lomond.

Scotch Folksong. Arr. by C. G. H.

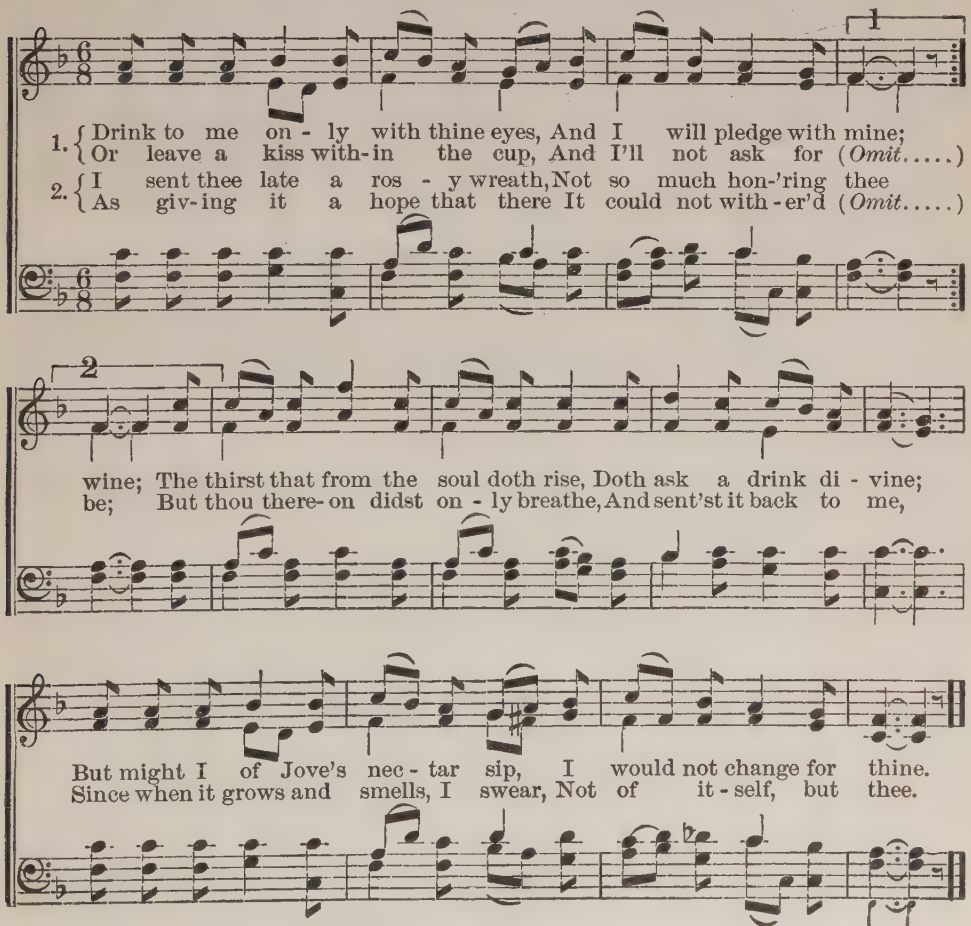

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the wild - flow - ers spring, An in
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Where me and my true love, we're
steep, steep side 'o Ben Lo - mond; Where in pur - ple hue the
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - in' But the bro- ken heart it kens no
ev - er wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.
highland hills we view. An' the morn shines out frae the gloam-in'.
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fal may cease frae their greet - in'.
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An'
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But I and my true-love will

Loch Lomond.—Concluded.



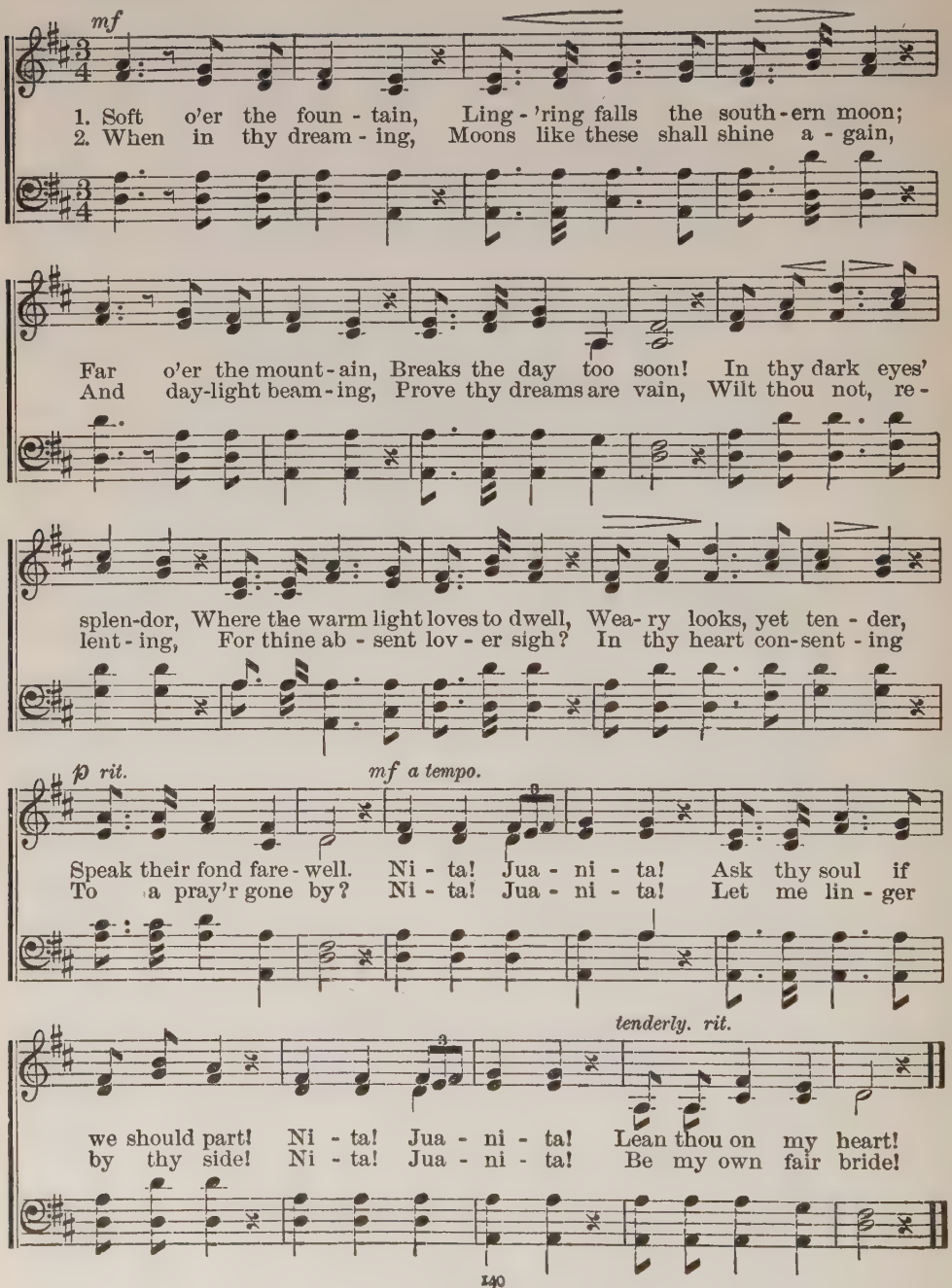
No. 154. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

BEN JONSON. Old English Air. Arr. by C. G. H.


1.
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for (*Omit.....*)
2.
I sent thee late a ros-y wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee
As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with-er'd (*Omit.....*)
2
wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-vine;
be; But thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,
But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.

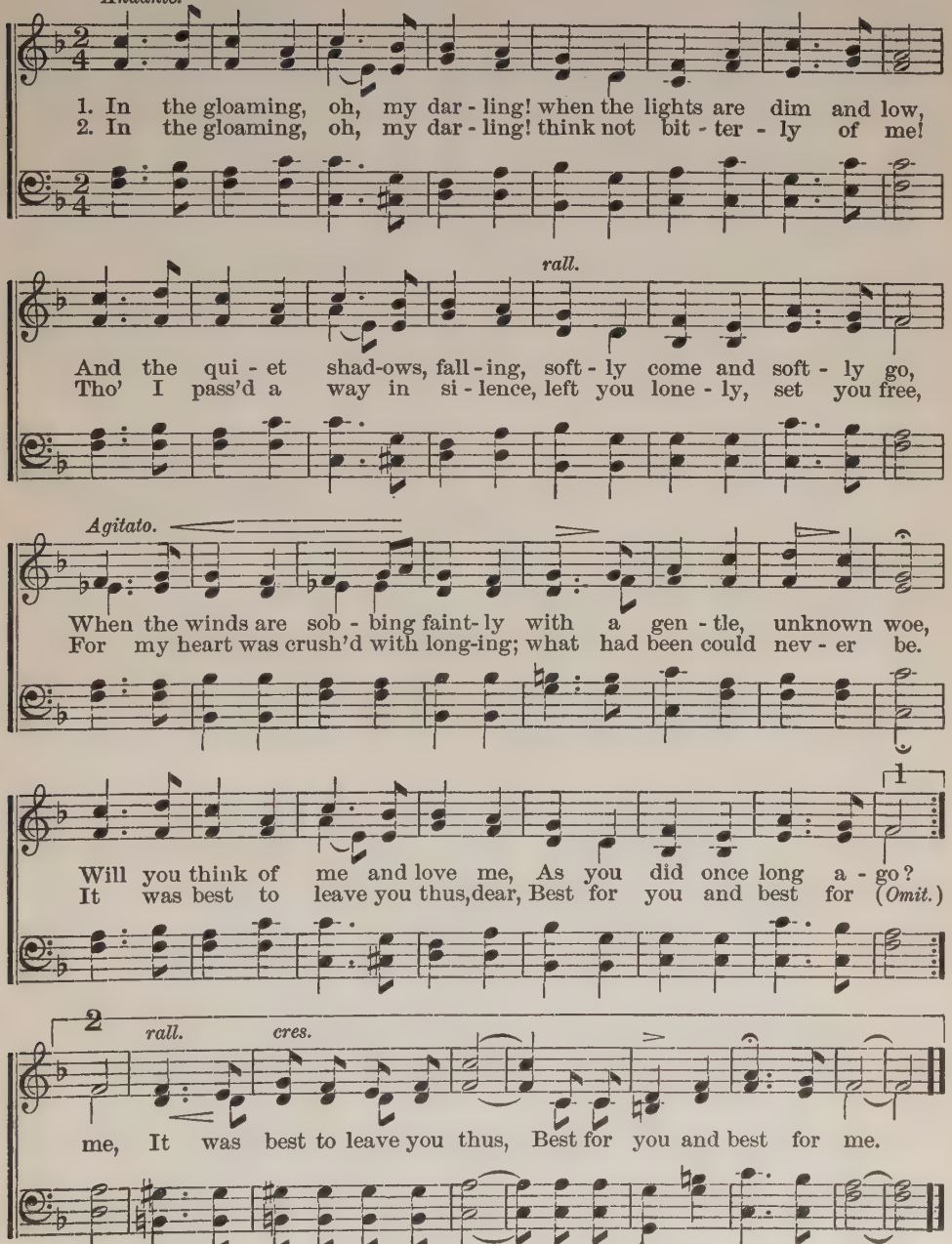
No. 155. Juanita.

CAROLINE NORTON. Spanish Melody.


mf
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling - 'ring falls the south - ern moon;
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,
Far o'er the mount - ain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes'
And day-light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re -
splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh? In thy heart con-sent - ing
p rit.
mf a tempo.
Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger
tenderly. rit.
we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

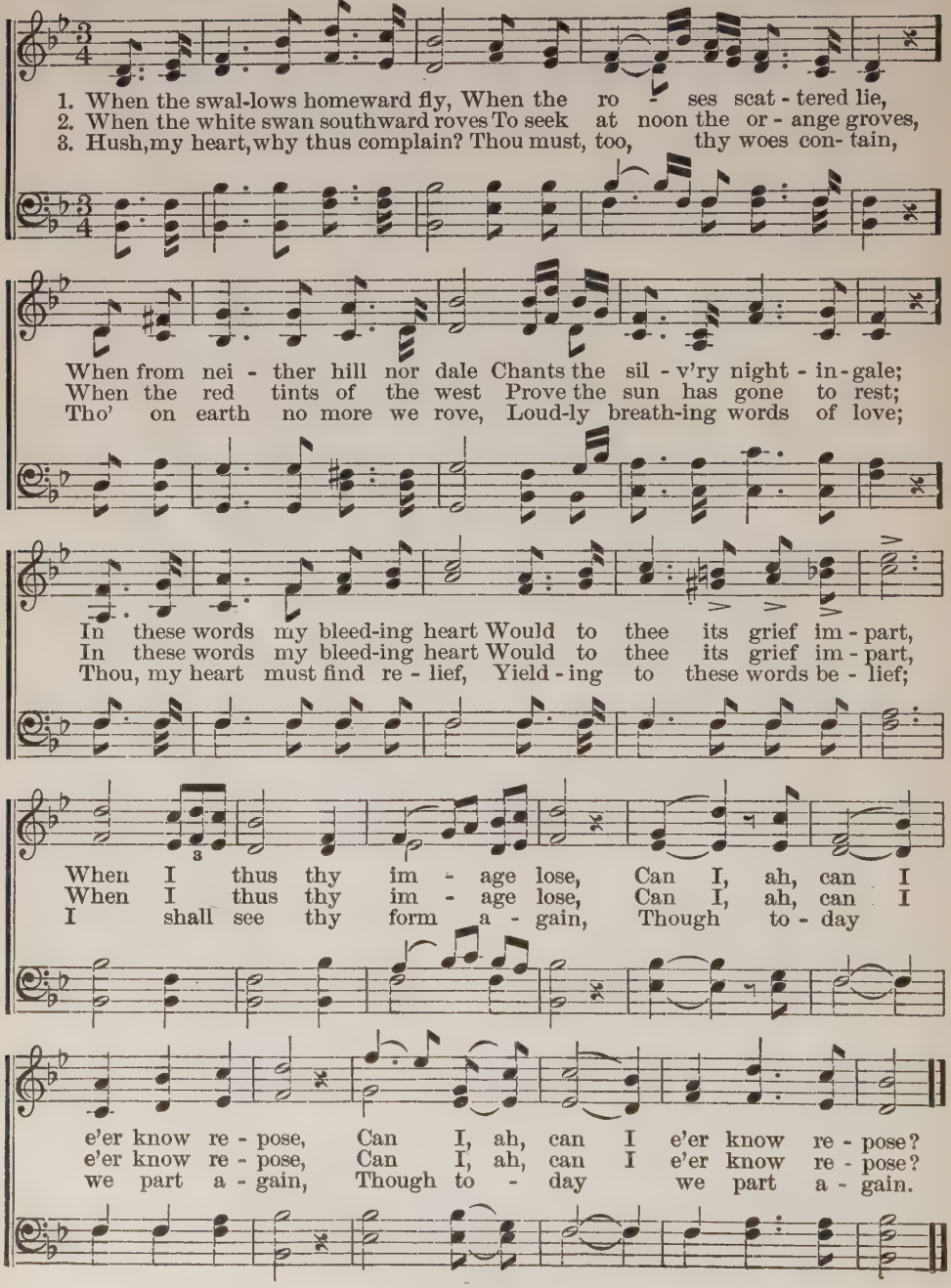
No. 156. In the Gloaming.

META ORRED. ANNIE F. HARRISON.


Andante.
1. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling! when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloaming, oh, my dar - ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!
rall.
And the qui - et shad-ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,
Tho' I pass'd a way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,
Agitato.
When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle, unknown woe,
For my heart was crush'd with long-ing; what had been could nev - er be.
1
Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (Omit.)
2
rall.
cres.
me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

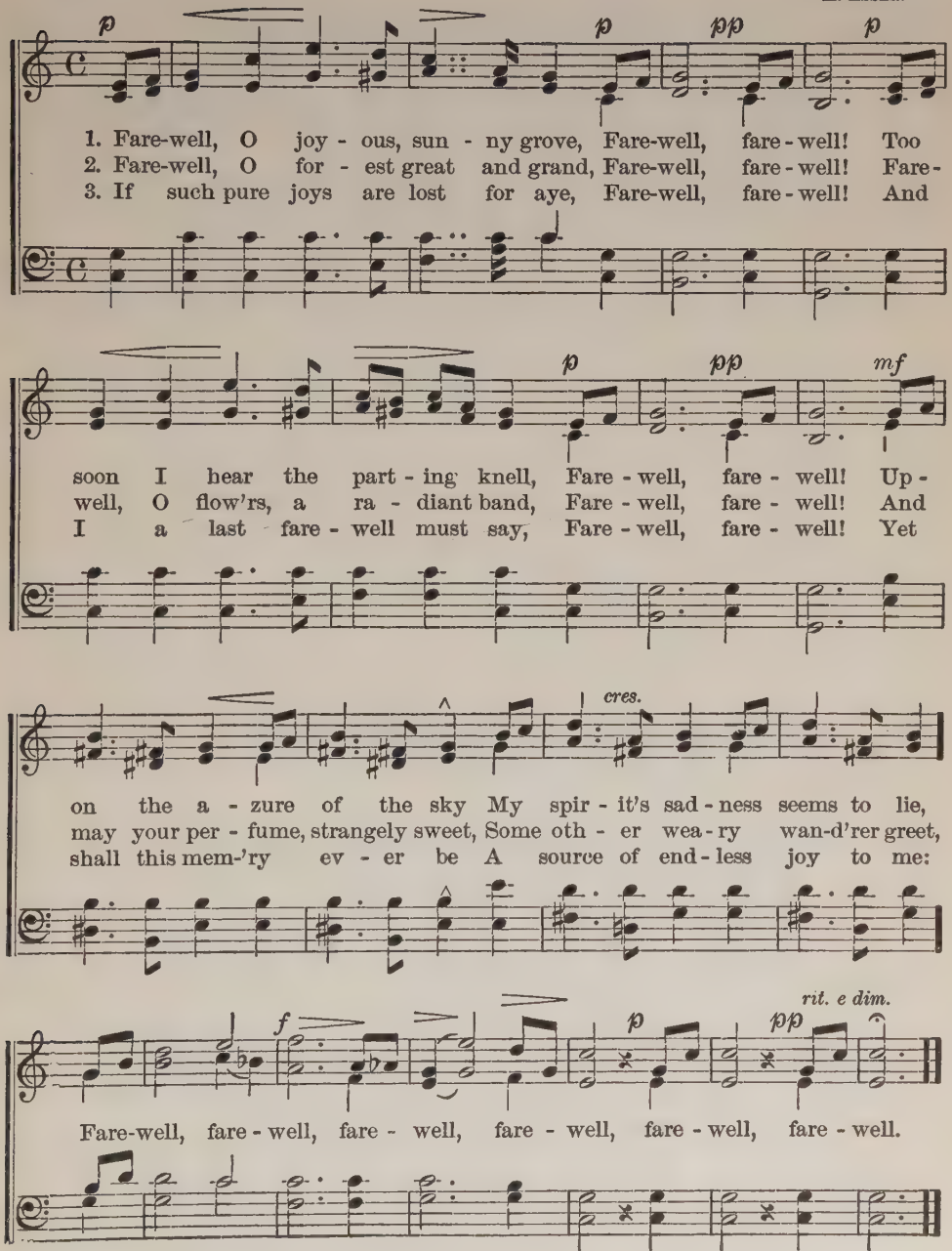
No. 157. When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

FRANZ ABT.


1. When the swal-lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scat - tered lie,
2. When the white swan southward roves To seek at noon the or - ange groves,
3. Hush, my heart, why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes con- tain,
When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in-gale;
When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest;
Tho' on earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breath-ing words of love;
In these words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
In these words my bleed-ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
Thou, my heart must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief;
When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
When I thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
I shall see thy form a - gain, Though to - day
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
we part a - gain, Though to - day we part a - gain.

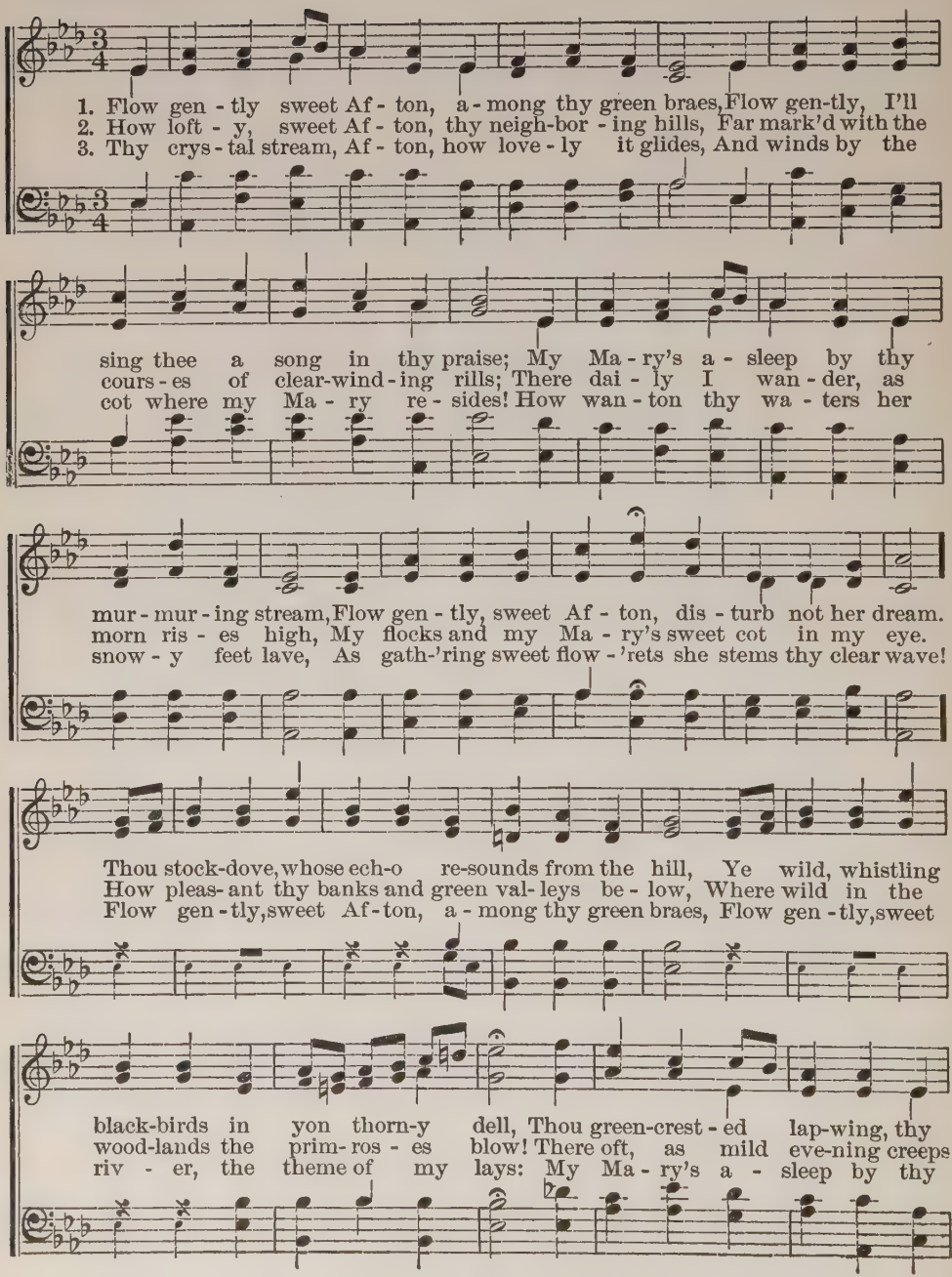
No. 158. Farewell, O Joyous, Sunny Grove.

H. ESSER.

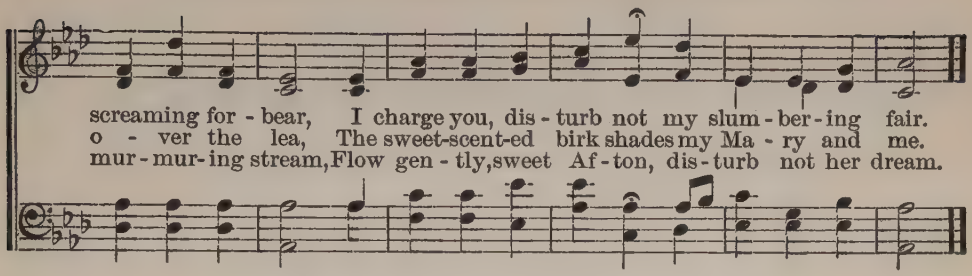

p
p
pp
p
1. Fare-well, O joy - ous, sun - ny grove, Fare-well, fare - well! Too
2. Fare-well, O for - est great and grand, Fare-well, fare - well! Fare -
3. If such pure joys are lost for aye, Fare-well, fare - well! And
p
pp
mf
soon I hear the part - ing knell, Fare - well, fare - well! Up -
well, O flow'rs, a ra - diant band, Fare - well, fare - well! And
I a last fare - well must say, Fare - well, fare - well! Yet
cres.
on the a - zure of the sky My spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie,
may your per - fume, strangely sweet, Some oth - er wea - ry wan-d'rer greet,
shall this mem-'ry ev - er be A source of end - less joy to me:
f
p
pp
rit. e dim.
Fare-well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

No. 159. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

ROBERT BURNS. J. E. SPILMAN.


1. Flow gen - tly sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen-tly, I'll
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far mark'd with the
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
cours - es of clear-wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
snow - y feet lave, As gath-'ring sweet flow - 'rets she stems thy clear wave!
Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the hill, Ye wild, whistling
How pleas- ant thy banks and green val- leys be - low, Where wild in the
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet
black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest - ed lap-wing, thy
wood-lands the prim- ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve-ning creeps
riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.—Concluded.


screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

No. 160. Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

ROBERT BURNS. F. MENDELSSOHN.

p Andante.
1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea,
2. Oh, were I in the wild-est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare,
My plai - die to the an - gry airt, I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee,
The des - ert were a Par - a - dise, If thou wert there, If thou wert there,
sf
Or did mis - for-tune's bit - ter storms A-round thee blaw, A-round thee blaw,
Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,
Thy shield should be my bo - som, To share it a', To share it a'.
The bright-est jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

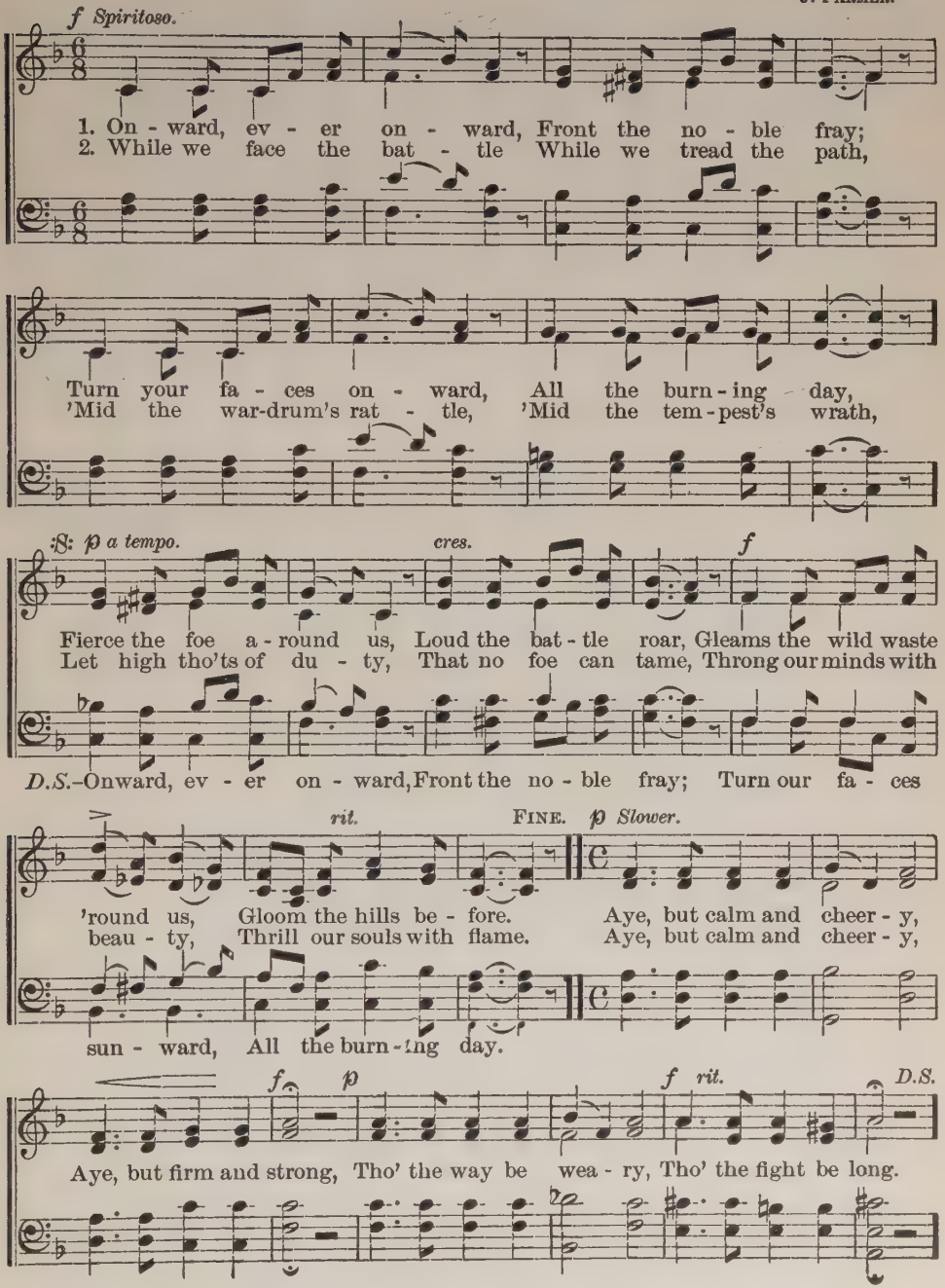
No. 161. Flowerets Blooming.

Arr. from SCHUBERT.

Moderato.
1. Flow - 'rets blooming, winds per - fum - ing Ev - 'ry joy of youth and
2. When the streaming eyes are beaming Thro' the mist of sor - row's
3. Deep grief tell - ing, tears are well - ing, Till they flow'd thro'-out the
spring, Soft ca - ress - es, beau - ty press - es On the
tear, There's a heal - ing Pow'r re - veal - ing Heav'n - ly
world; They sur - round it, and a - round it All their
lips that fond - ly cling; Joy o'er - flow - ing, nec - tar glow - ing,
glimp-ses bright and clear; Oh, how fleet - ly, calm'd thus sweet - ly,
pity - ing waves have curl'd; Earth's dust spurn - ing, art thou yearn-ing
Mer - ry dance and frol - ic arts, All the pas - sions wild - est
Each wild thought to rest is hush'd, As the flow - ers, cool'd by
For a state all free from sin? Then in weep - ing, thy soul
fash-ions, Can they ev - er fill our hearts? Can they ev - er fill our hearts?
showers, Lift their heads that erst were crush'd, Lift their heads that erst were crush'd.
steep-ing, Let it plunge that flood with-in, Let it plunge that flood with-in.

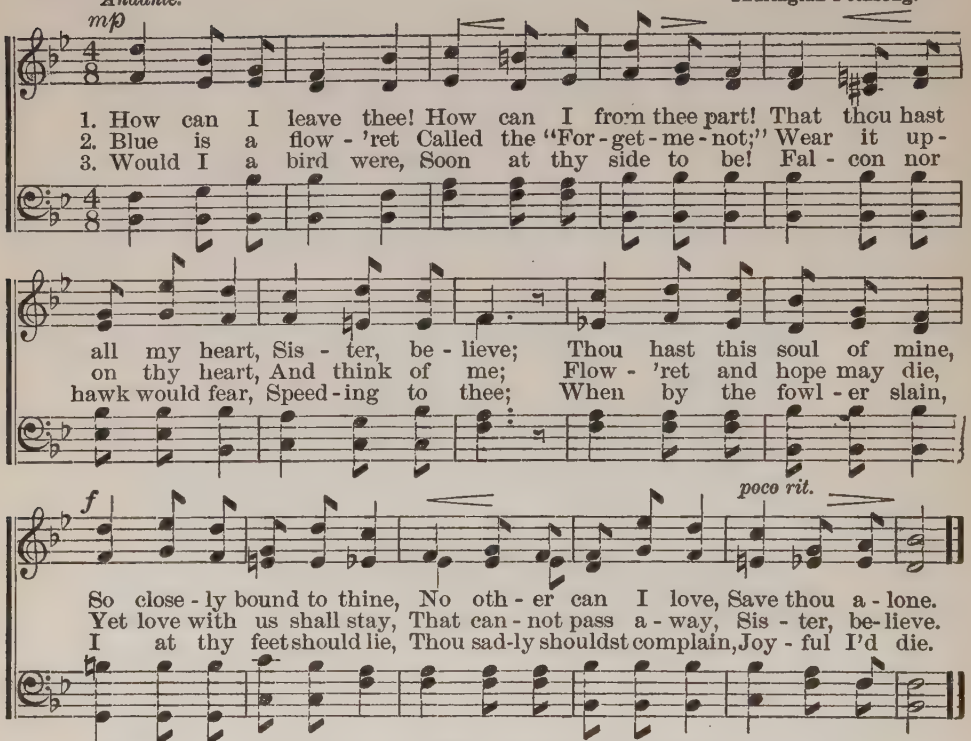
No. 162. Onward, Ever Onward.

J. FARMER.

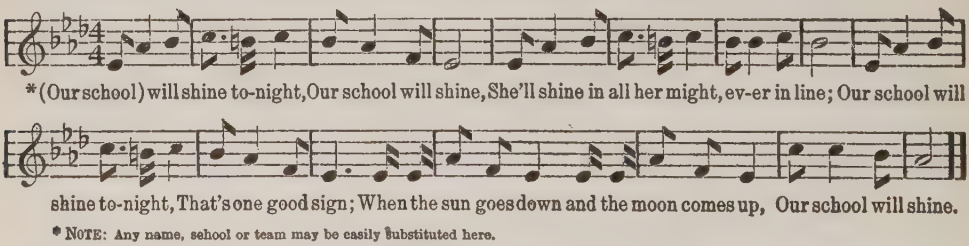

f Spiritoso.
1. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, Front the no - ble fray;
2. While we face the bat - tle While we tread the path,
Turn your fa - ces on - ward, All the burn - ing day,
'Mid the war-drum's rat - tle, 'Mid the tem - pest's wrath,
:S: p a tempo.
cres.
f
Fierce the foe a - round us, Loud the bat - tle roar, Gleams the wild waste
Let high tho'ts of du - ty, That no foe can tame, Throng our minds with
D.S.–Onward, ev - er on - ward, Front the no - ble fray; Turn our fa - ces
rit.
FINE. p Slower.
'round us, Gloom the hills be - fore. Aye, but calm and cheer - y,
beau - ty, Thrill our souls with flame. Aye, but calm and cheer - y,
sun - ward, All the burn - ing day.
f
p
f rit.
D.S.
Aye, but firm and strong, Tho' the way be wea - ry, Tho' the fight be long.

No. 163. How Can I Leave Thee.

Andante. Thuringian Folksong.


mp
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! That thou hast
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not;" Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were, Soon at thy side to be! Fal - con nor
all my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve; Thou hast this soul of mine,
on thy heart, And think of me; Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee; When by the fowl - er slain,
f
poco rit.
So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thou a - lone.
Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

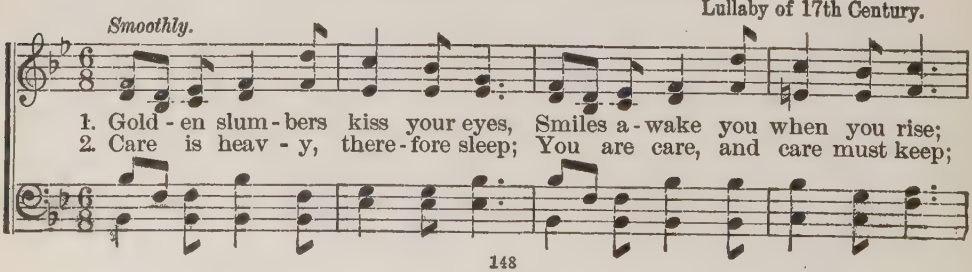
No. 163-a Our School Will Shine To-night.


*(Our school) will shine to-night, Our school will shine, She'll shine in all her might, ev-er in line; Our school will
shine to-night, That's one good sign; When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our school will shine.

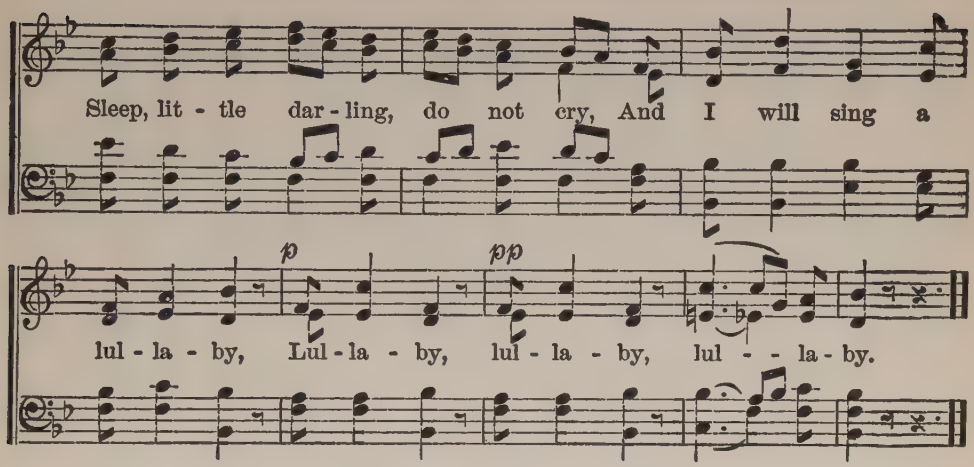
* NOTE: Any name, school or team may be easily substituted here.

No. 164. Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes.

Lullaby of 17th Century.

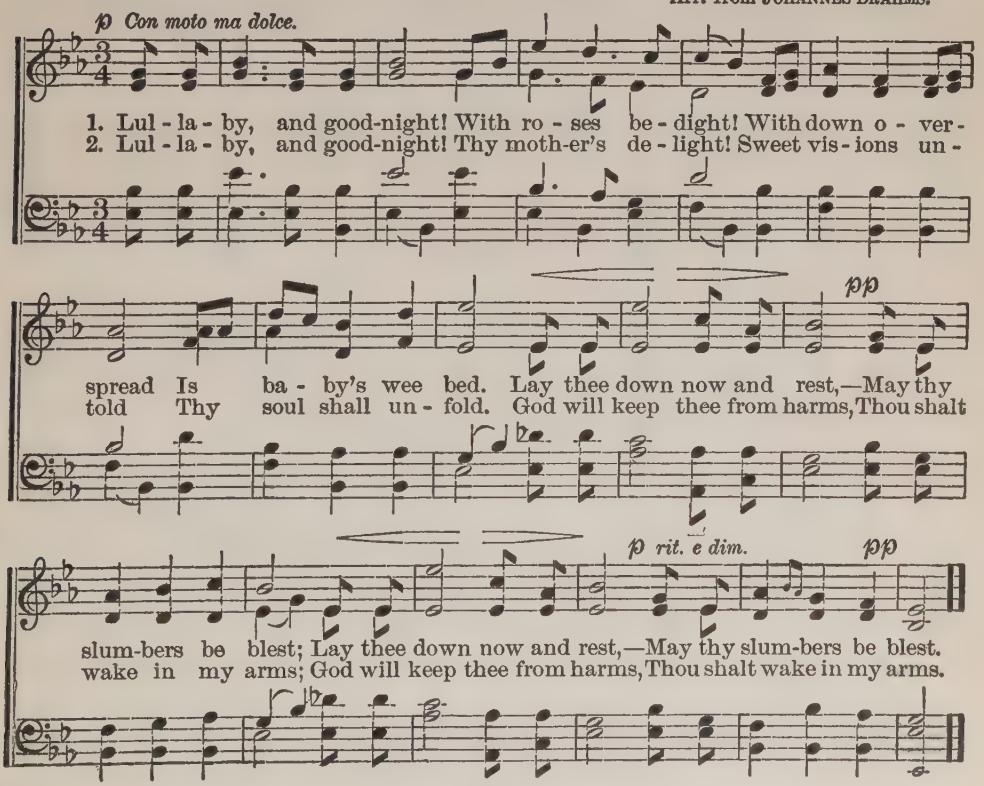

Smoothly.
1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise;
2. Care is heav - y, there - fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep;

Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes.—Concluded.



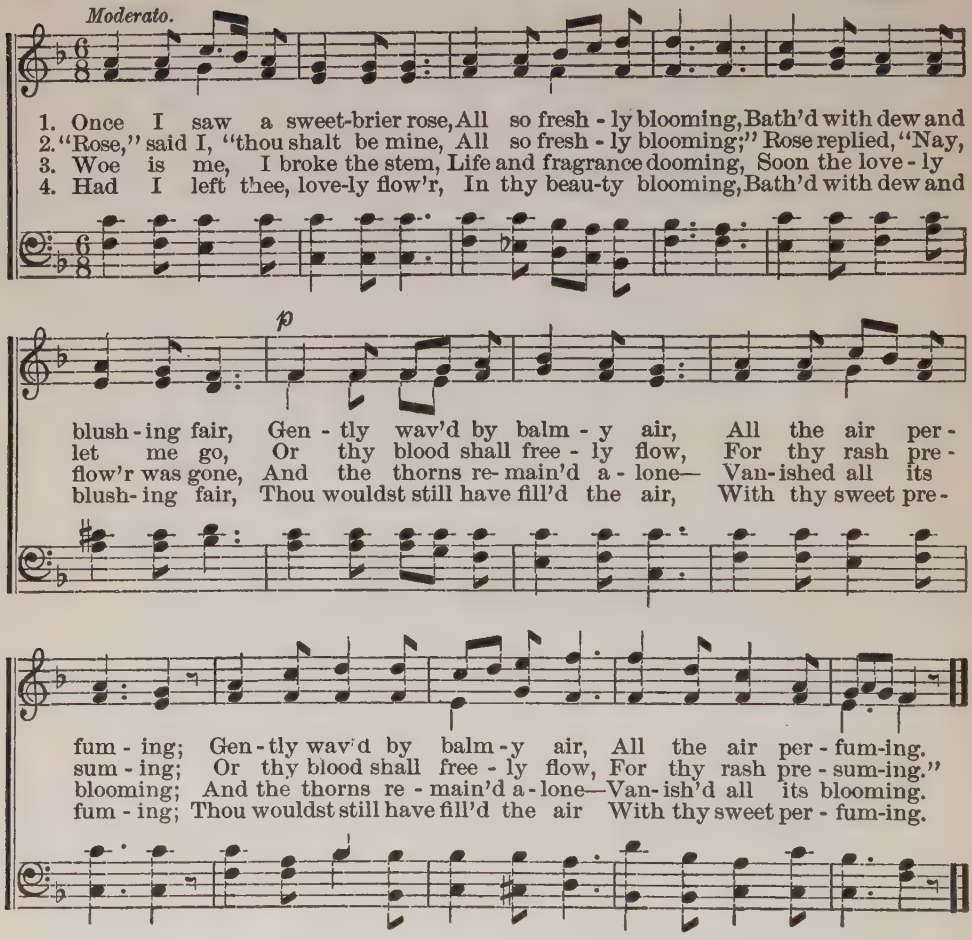
No. 165. Cradle Song.

Arr. from JOHANNES BRAHMS.


p Con moto ma dolce.
1. Lul - la - by, and good-night! With ro - ses be - dight! With down o - ver -
2. Lul - la - by, and good-night! Thy moth-er's de - light! Sweet vis - ions un -
spread Is ba - by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and rest,—May thy
told Thy soul shall un - fold. God will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt
pp
p rit. e dim.
pp
slum-bers be blest; Lay thee down now and rest,—May thy slum-bers be blest.
wake in my arms; God will keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

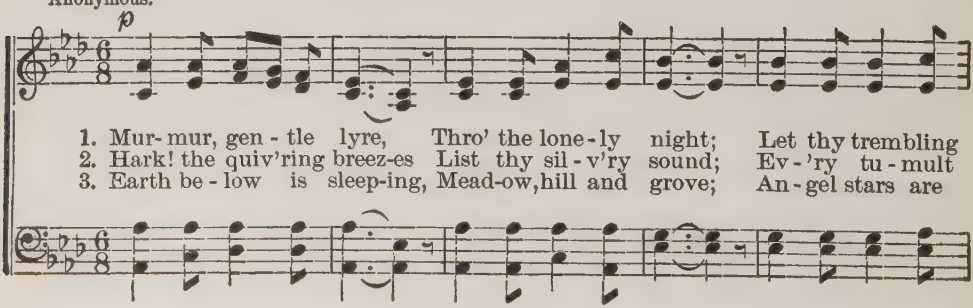
No. 166. Once I Saw a Sweet-brier Rose.

H. WERNER.

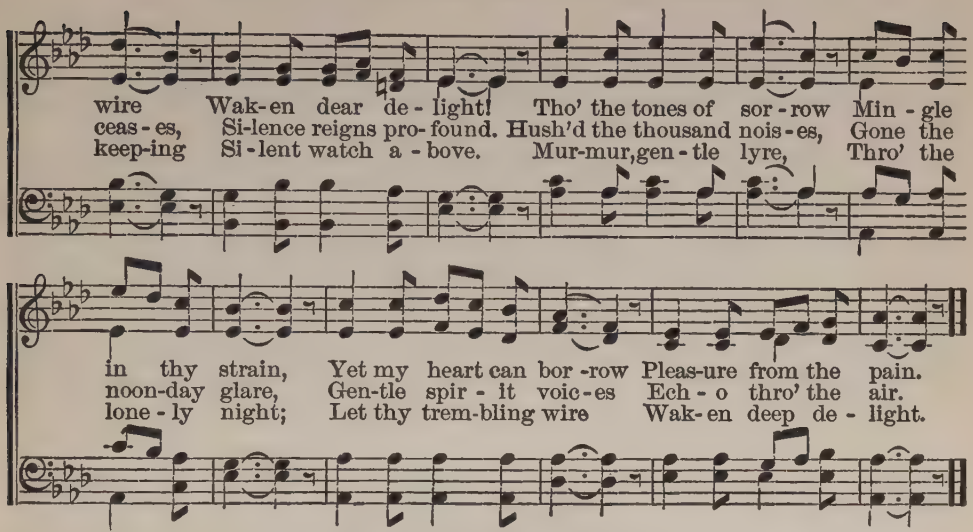

Moderato.
1. Once I saw a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh - ly blooming, Bath'd with dew and
2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh - ly blooming;" Rose replied, "Nay,
3. Woe is me, I broke the stem, Life and fragrance dooming, Soon the love - ly
4. Had I left thee, love-ly flow'r, In thy beau-ty blooming, Bath'd with dew and
p
blush - ing fair, Gen - tly wav'd by balm - y air, All the air per -
let me go, Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre -
flow'r was gone, And the thorns re - main'd a - lone— Van - ished all its
blush - ing fair, Thou wouldst still have fill'd the air, With thy sweet pre -
fum - ing; Gen - tly wav'd by balm - y air, All the air per - fum-ing.
sum - ing; Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre - sum-ing."
blooming; And the thorns re - main'd a - lone—Van - ish'd all its blooming.
fum - ing; Thou wouldst still have fill'd the air With thy sweet per - fum-ing.

No. 167. Murmur, Gentle Lyre.

Anonymous.

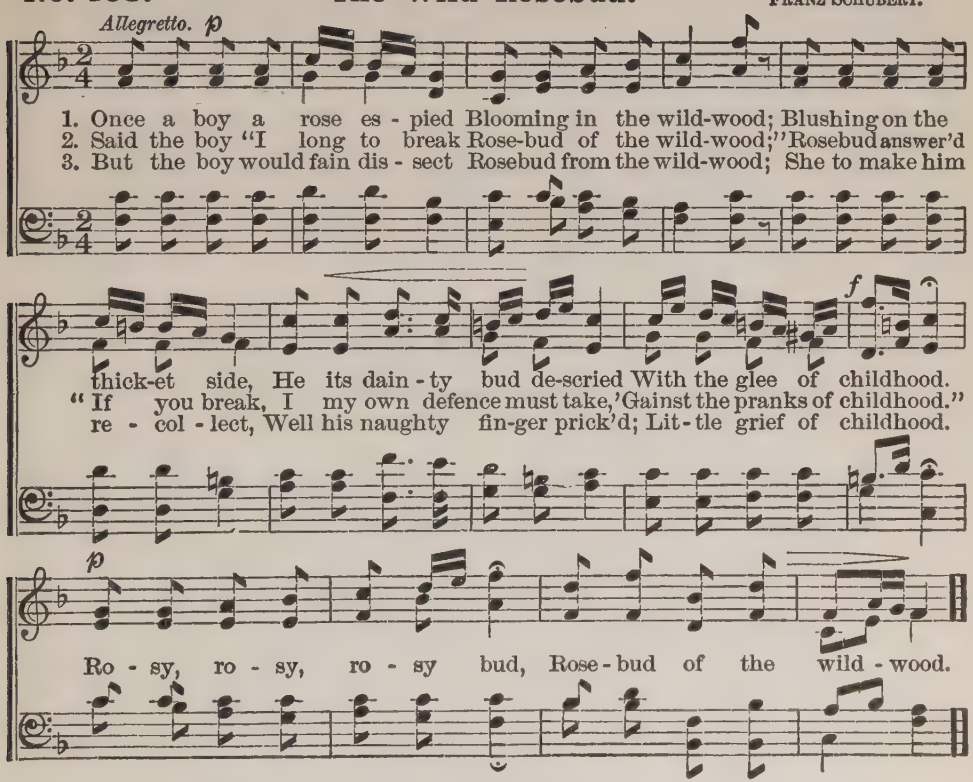

p
1. Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Thro' the lone - ly night; Let thy trembling
2. Hark! the quiv'ring breez-es List thy sil - v'ry sound; Ev - 'ry tu - mult
3. Earth be - low is sleep-ing, Mead-ow, hill and grove; An - gel stars are

Murmur, Gentle Lyre.—Concluded.

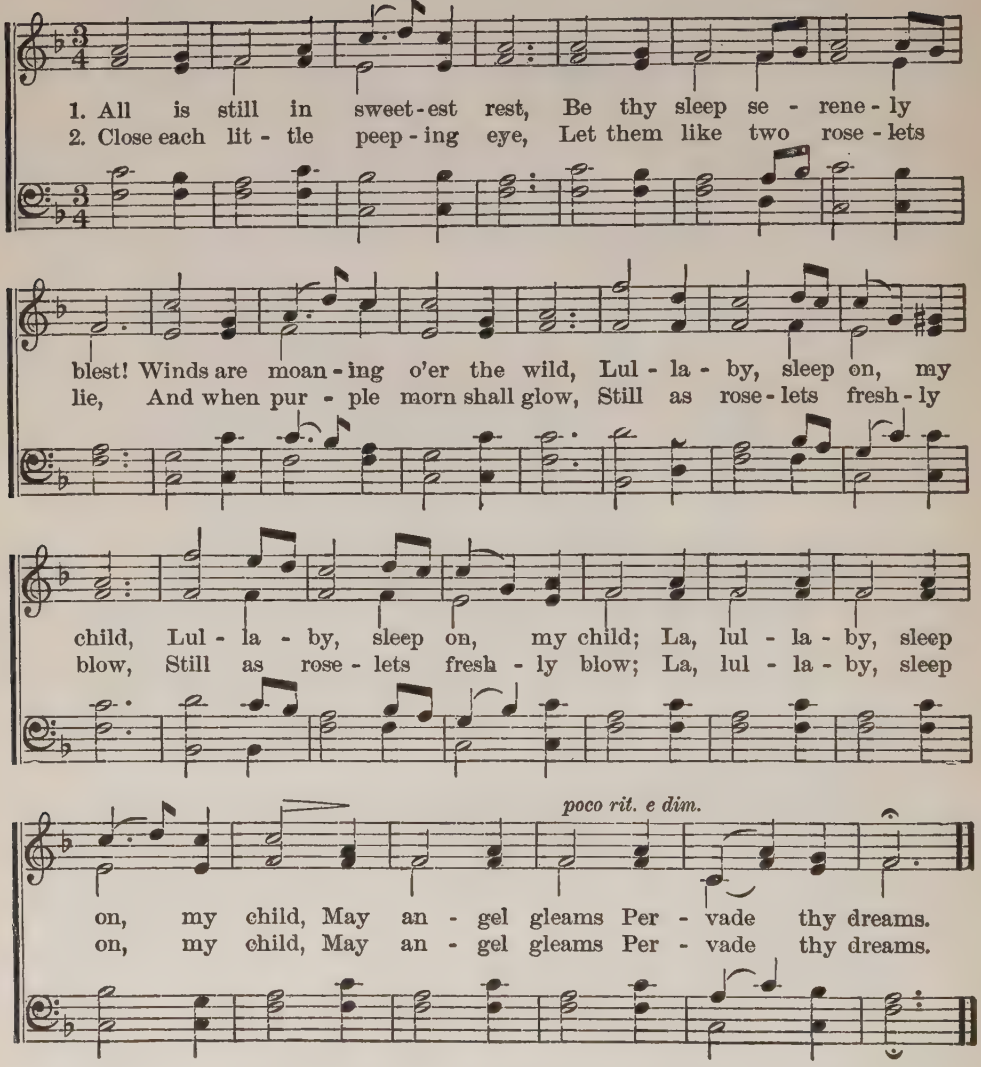

wire Wak-en dear de-light! Tho' the tones of sor-row Min-gle
ceas-es, Si-lence reigns pro-found. Hush'd the thousand nois-es, Gone the
keep-ing Si-lent watch a-bove. Mur-mur, gen-tle lyre, Thro' the
in thy strain, Yet my heart can bor-row Pleas-ure from the pain.
noon-day glare, Gen-tle spir-it voic-es Ech-o thro' the air.
lone-ly night; Let thy trem-bling wire Wak-en deep de-light.

No. 168. The Wild Rosebud.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.


Allegretto. p
1. Once a boy a rose es-pied Blooming in the wild-wood; Blushing on the
2. Said the boy "I long to break Rose-bud of the wild-wood;" Rosebud answer'd
3. But the boy would fain dis-sect Rosebud from the wild-wood; She to make him
thick-et side, He its dain-ty bud de-scried With the glee of childhood.
" If you break, I my own defence must take,' Gainst the pranks of childhood."
re-col-lect, Well his naughty fin-ger prick'd; Lit-tle grief of childhood.
f
p
Ro-sy, ro-sy, ro-sy bud, Rose-bud of the wild-wood.

No. 169. Slumber Song.


1. All is still in sweet-est rest, Be thy sleep se - rene - ly
2. Close each lit - tle peep - ing eye, Let them like two rose - lets
blest! Winds are moan - ing o'er the wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my
lie, And when pur - ple morn shall glow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly
child, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child; La, lul - la - by, sleep
blow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow; La, lul - la - by, sleep
poco rit. e dim.
on, my child, May an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams.
on, my child, May an - gel gleams Per - vade thy dreams.

"The object of music is to strengthen and ennoble the soul."—Morales.

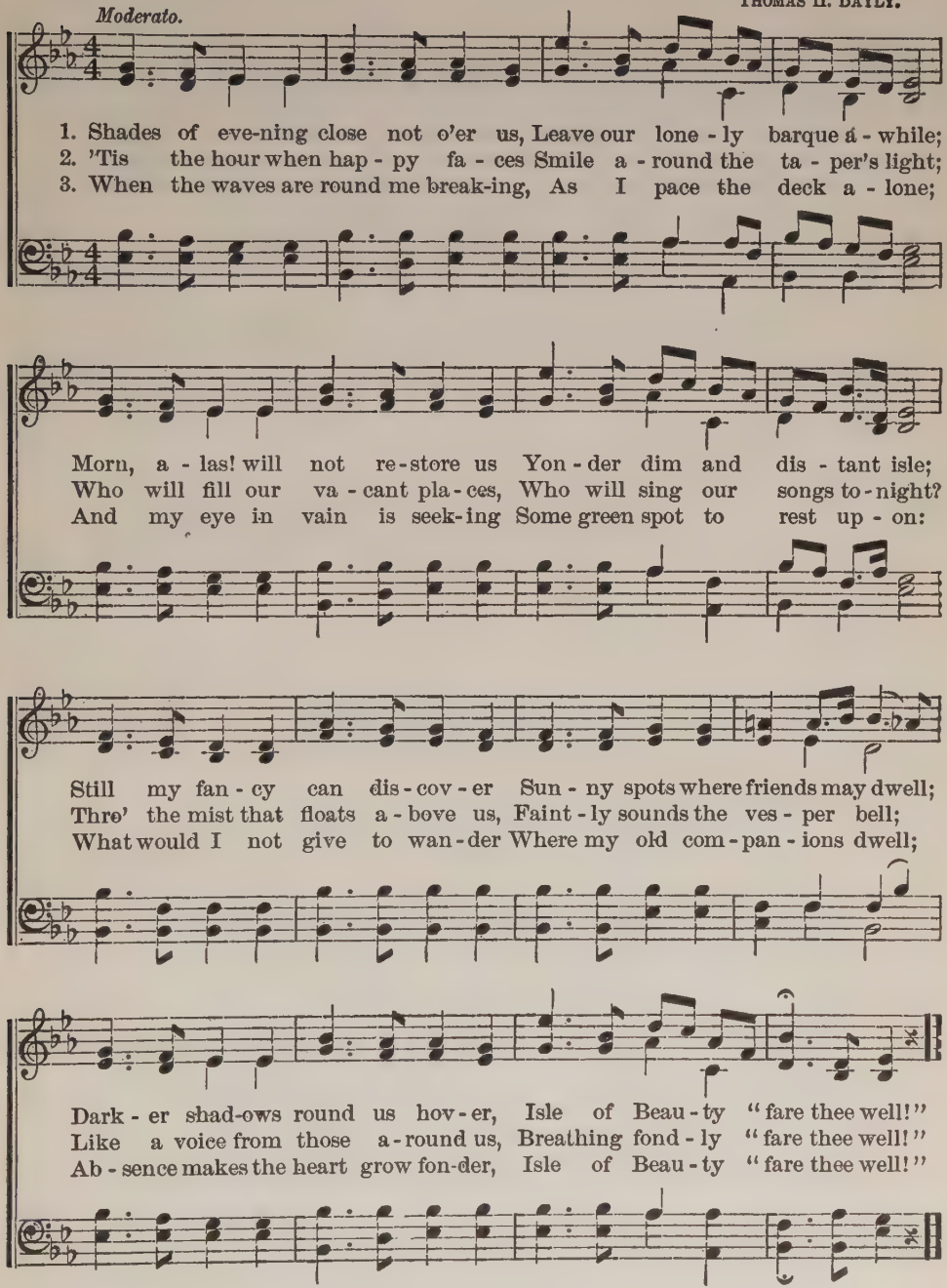
"Music is irresistible; its charities are countless; it stirs the feeling of love, peace and friendship as scarce any mortal agent can."—Thackeray.

"The public school should lay the foundation of morals, and music is clearly recognized as one of the moral forces by students of sociology."—Hawley.

No. 170. Isle of Beauty.

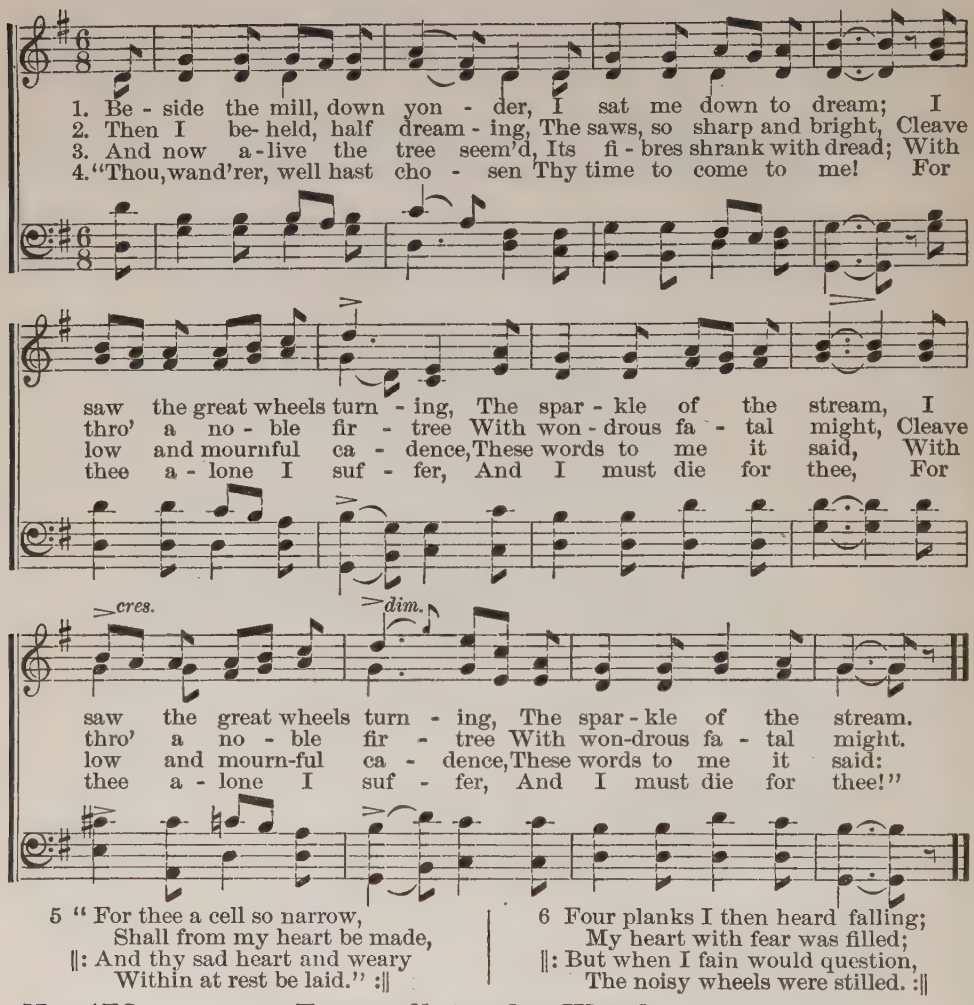
THOMAS H. BAYLY.

Moderato.


1. Shades of eve-ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
3. When the waves are round me break-ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;
Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla-ces, Who will sing our songs to-night?
And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on:
Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;
Dark - er shad-ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those a - round us, Breathing fond - ly "fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fon-der, Isle of Beau - ty "fare thee well!"

No. 171. Beside the Mill.

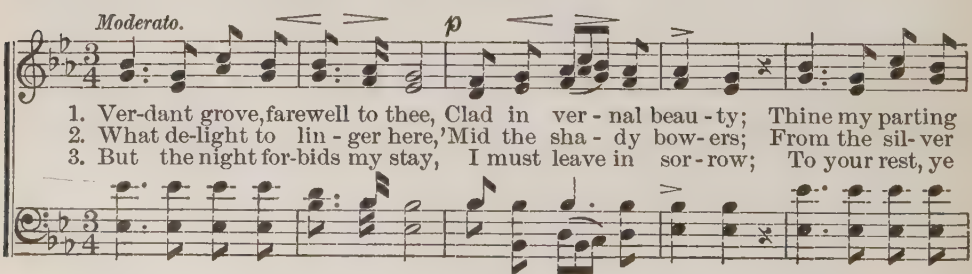
CHRISTOPHER VON GLÜCK.


1. Be - side the mill, down yon - der, I sat me down to dream; I
2. Then I be- held, half dream - ing, The saws, so sharp and bright, Cleave
3. And now a - live the tree seem'd, Its fi - bres shrank with dread; With
4. "Thou, wand'rer, well hast cho - sen Thy time to come to me! For
saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spar - kle of the stream, I
thro' a no - ble fir - tree With won - drous fa - tal might, Cleave
low and mournful ca - dence, These words to me it said, With
thee a - lone I suf - fer, And I must die for thee, For
cres.
dim.
saw the great wheels turn - ing, The spar - kle of the stream.
thro' a no - ble fir - tree With won-drous fa - tal might.
low and mourn-ful ca - dence, These words to me it said:
thee a - lone I suf - fer, And I must die for thee!"

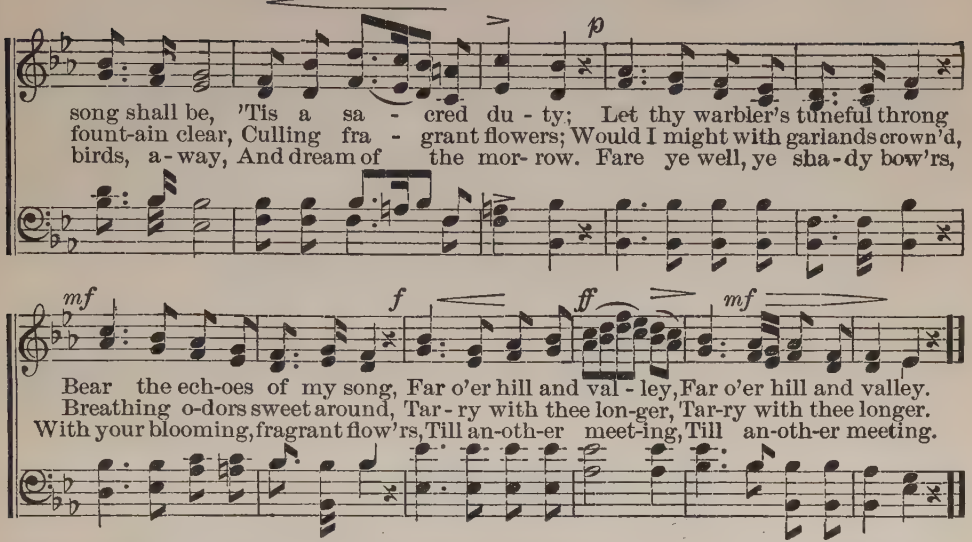
5 "For thee a cell so narrow,
Shall from my heart be made,
‖: And thy sad heart and weary
Within at rest be laid." :‖

6 Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled;
‖: But when I fain would question,
The noisy wheels were stilled. :‖

No. 172. Farewell to the Woods.

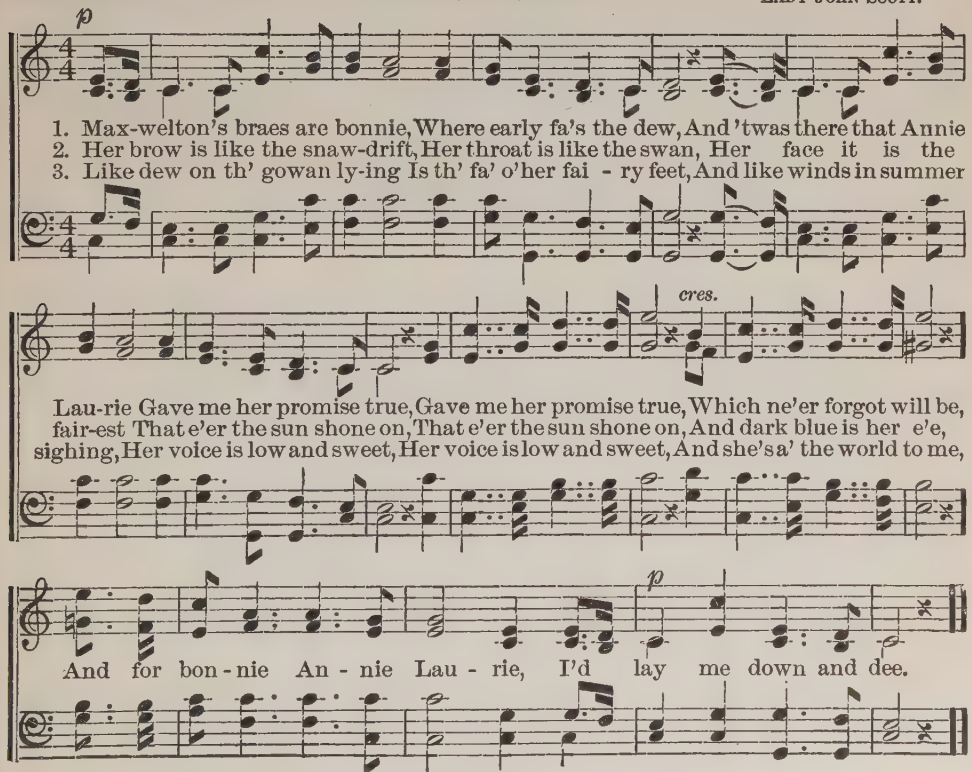

Moderato.
p
1. Ver-dant grove, farewell to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau - ty; Thine my parting
2. What de-light to lin - ger here, 'Mid the sha - dy bow-ers; From the sil-ver
3. But the night for-bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row; To your rest, ye

Farewell to the Woods.—Concluded.

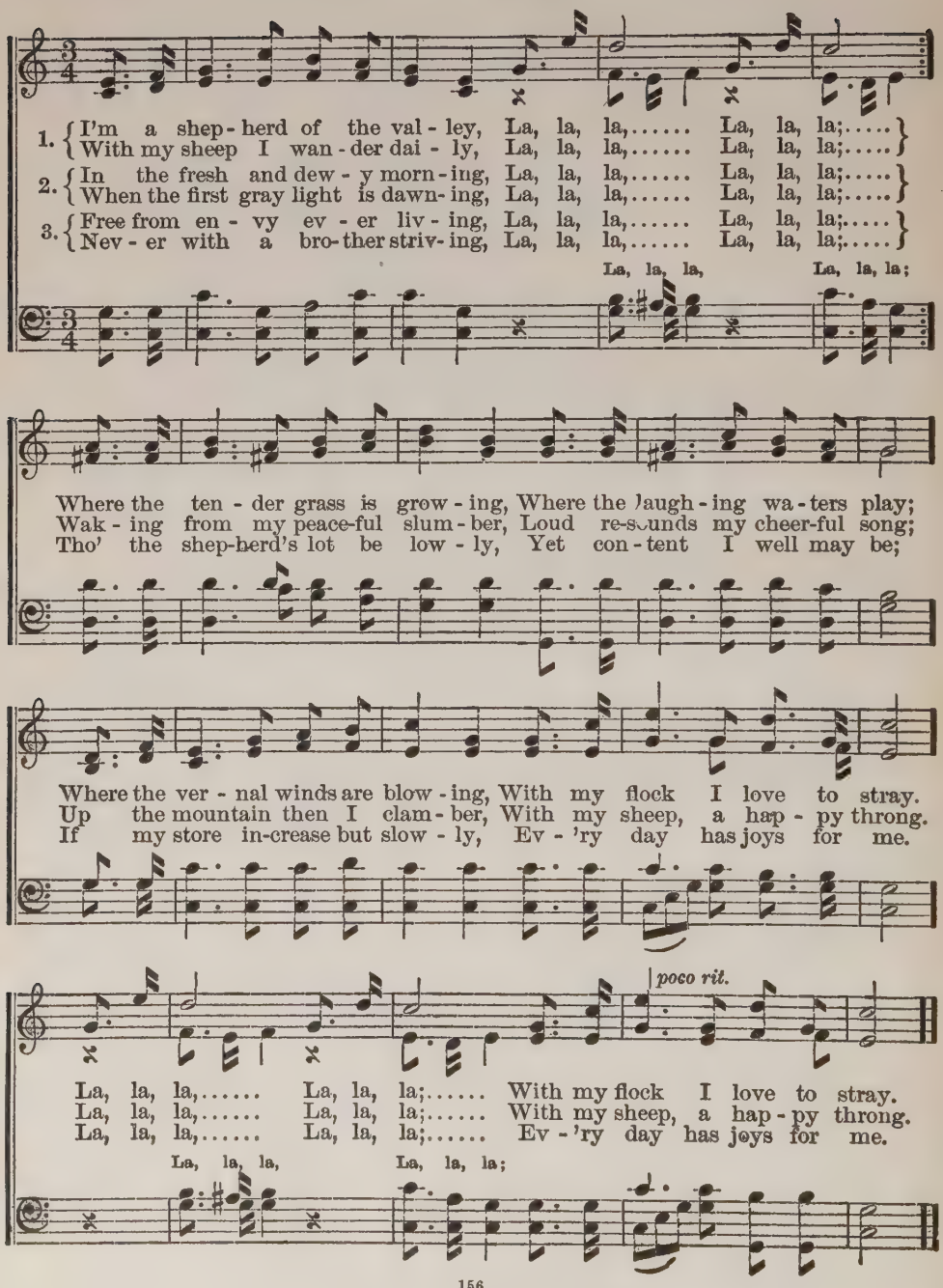

p
song shall be, 'Tis a sa - cred du - ty; Let thy warbler's tuneful throng
fount-ain clear, Culling fra - grant flowers; Would I might with garlands crown'd,
birds, a-way, And dream of the mor-row. Fare ye well, ye sha-dy bow'rs,
mf
f
ff
mf
Bear the ech-oes of my song, Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and valley.
Breathing o-dors sweet around, Tar-ry with thee lon-ger, Tar-ry with thee longer.
With your blooming, fragrant flow'rs, Till an-oth-er meet-ing, Till an-oth-er meeting.

No. 173. Annie Laurie.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.


p
1. Max-welton's braes are bonnie, Where early fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it is the
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly-ing Is th' fa' o'her fai - ry feet, And like winds in summer
cres.
Lau-rie Gave me her promise true, Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er forgot will be,
fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
sighing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,
p
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

No. 174. I'm a Shepherd of the Valley.


1. I'm a shep-herd of the val-ley, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
With my sheep I wan-der dai-ly, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
2. In the fresh and dew-y morn-ing, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
When the first gray light is dawn-ing, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
3. Free from en-vy ev-er liv-ing, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
Nev-er with a bro-ther striv-ing, La, la, la,..... La, la, la;.....
La, la, la, La, la, la;
Where the ten-der grass is grow-ing, Where the laugh-ing wa-ters play;
Wak-ing from my peace-ful slum-ber, Loud re-sounds my cheer-ful song;
Tho' the shep-herd's lot be low-ly, Yet con-tent I well may be;
Where the ver-nal winds are blow-ing, With my flock I love to stray.
Up the mountain then I clam-ber, With my sheep, a hap-py throng.
If my store in-crease but slow-ly, Ev-'ry day has joys for me.
poco rit.
La, la, la,..... La, la, la;..... With my flock I love to stray.
La, la, la,..... La, la, la;..... With my sheep, a hap-py throng.
La, la, la,..... La, la, la;..... Ev-'ry day has joys for me.
La, la, la, La, la, la;

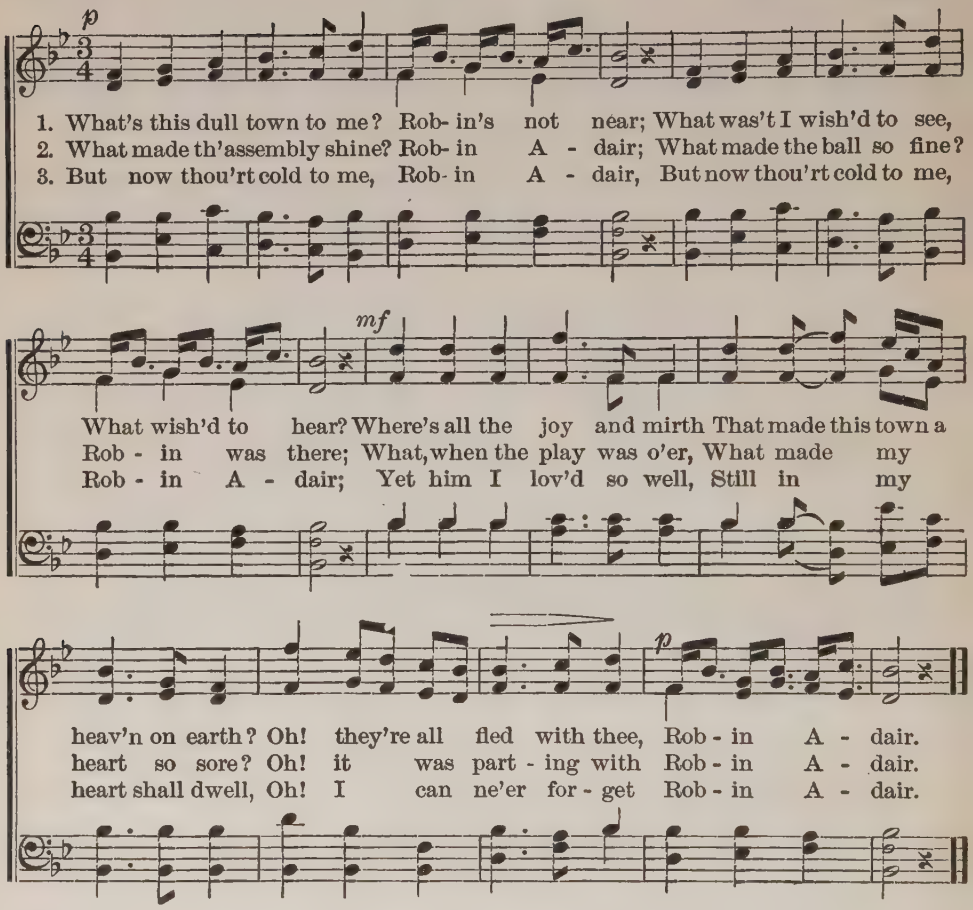
No. 175. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

EMMA WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.

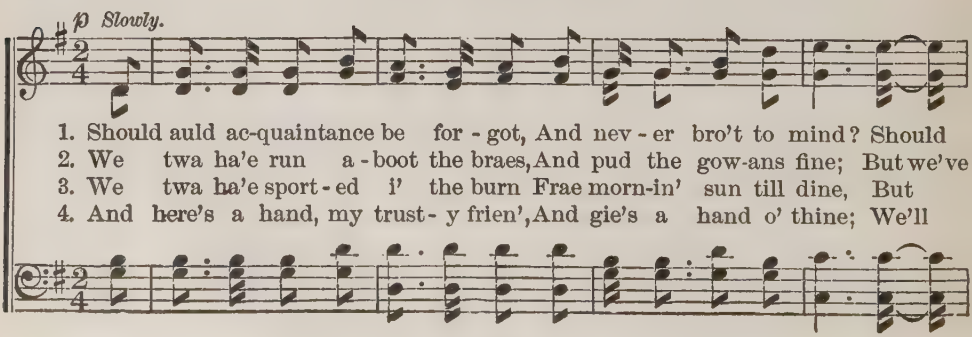
1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tempest's fier-y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
In o-cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep,
pp
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

No. 176. Robin Adair.

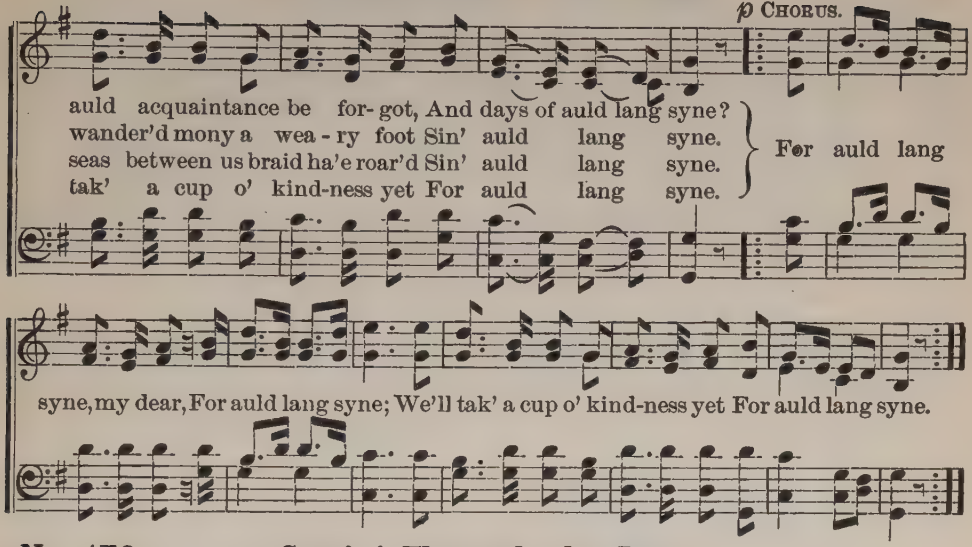
CAROLINE KEPPEL.


p
1. What's this dull town to me? Rob- in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see,
2. What made th'assembly shine? Rob- in A - dair; What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob- in A - dair, But now thou'rt cold to me,
mf
What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth That made this town a
Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Rob - in A - dair; Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in my
p
heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

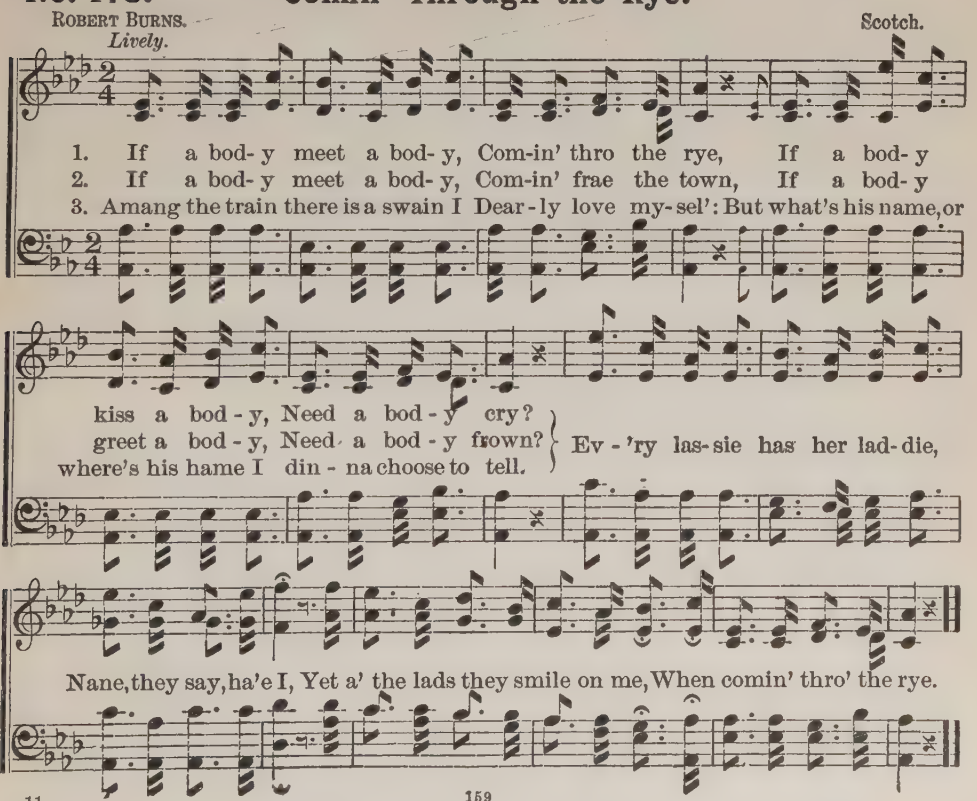
No. 177. Auld Lang Syne.


p Slowly.
1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for - got, And nev - er bro't to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pud the gow-ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

Auld Lang Syne.—Concluded.


p CHORUS.
auld acquaintance be for- got, And days of auld lang syne?
wander'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
seas between us braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.
For auld lang
syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

No. 178. Comin' Through the Rye.


ROBERT BURNS.
Lively.
Scotch.
1. If a bod- y meet a bod- y, Com-in' thro the rye, If a bod- y
2. If a bod- y meet a bod- y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod- y
3. Amang the train there is a swain I Dear - ly love my- sel': But what's his name, or
kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?
where's his hame I din - na choose to tell.
Ev - 'ry las- sie has her lad- die,
Nane, they say, ha'e I, Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

No. 179. Hail, to the Queen of Night.

Fairy Moonlight.

Maestoso.
1. Hail, to the Queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pensive light,
2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on, thro' sky, Rob'd in a-zure dye;
Blith - ly we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap-pi - ly pass - ing the
We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night-bird sings, Flapping the dew from his
hours a - way; Must we not love the still - y night, Dress'd in her robes of
sa - ble wings; Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight, Play with the pearls of
f
blue and white? Heav'ns arches ring, Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night.
shad-owy night: Then let us sing, Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night!
mp
repeat pp.
Fair-y moon-light, fair - y moon-light, fair - y moon - - - - light.
fair - y, fair - y, fair - y, moon - light.

No. 180. Farewell to the Forest.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

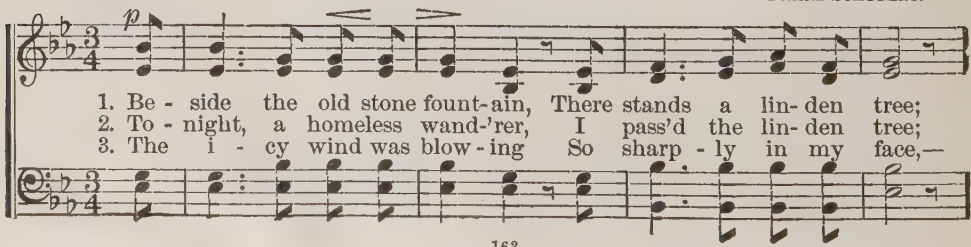
p Andante.
f
1. Thou for-est broad and sweeping, Fair work of nature's God, Of all my joy and
2. Who rightly scans thy beau-ty, A solemn word shall read Of love, of truth and
3. Ah! soon must I for-sake thee, My own, my shelt'ring home, In sorrow soon be-
p
weep-ing, The con-se-crate a-bode! Yon world deceiv-ing ev-er,
du-ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them oft-en,
take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the world re-call-ing,
Yon world de-ceiv-ing ev-er,
And I have read them oft-en,
And there the word re-call-ing,
Yon world de-ceiv-ing ev-er,
And I have read them oft-en,
And there the word re-call-ing,
f
pp
Mur-murs in vain a-larms, O might I wan-der nev-er From thy pro-tect-ing
Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft-en, Thy wis-dom to re-
Thy sol-emn les-sons teach, 'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing, No harm my soul shall
O might I wan-der nev-er,
What heart that would not soft-en,
'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing,
O
What
'Mid
From thy pro-tect-ing arms!
Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.
f
dim.
p
arms! O might I wan-der nev-er, From thy..... pro-tect-ing arms!
vere, What heart that would not soft-en Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
reach, 'Mid care and dan-ger fall-ing, No harm..... my soul shall reach.
might I wan-der nev-er,
heart that would not soft-en,
care and dan-ger fall-ing,
From thy pro-tect-ing arms!
Thy wis-dom to re-vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.

No. 181. Upon the Height.

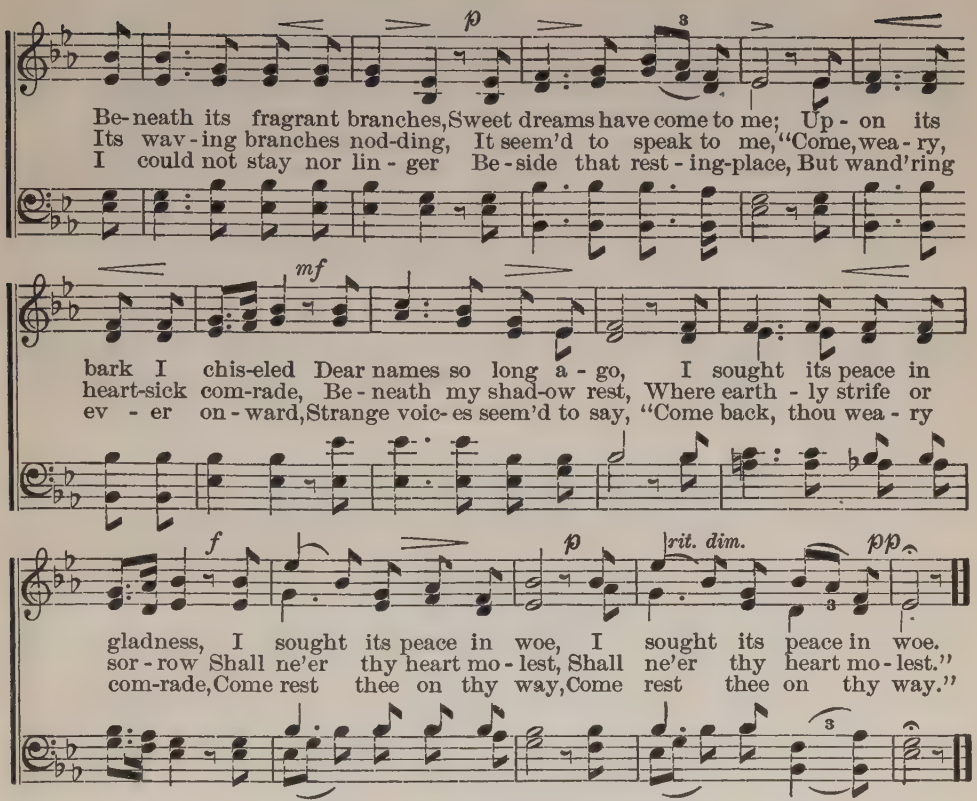
p
1. Up - on the height I stood, The sun be - gan to set,
2. The lit - tle flow - ers close Their eye - lids by de - grees
3. And in re - pose they lie, Who call a cot their own,
I saw how o'er the wood Hung eve-ning's gold-en net.
And ev - 'ry bil - low flows, Un - ruf - fled by the breeze.
They dream of home and sigh, Who rove the world a - lone.
The dew from heav-en fell, Peace o'er the earth a - rose, With sound of
The gold-en bee - tle rocks Its cra - dle is the rose, The shep-herd
A long-ing fills my breast, Oh, how I fain would fly And seek e -
mf
eve-ning bell Sank na-ture to re - pose, Sank na-ture to re - pose.
and his flocks, Re - tir - ing to re - pose, Re - tir - ing to re - pose.
ter - nal rest, To yon far home on high, To yon far home on high.

No. 182. The Linden Tree.

W. MÜLLER. FRANZ SCHUBERT.

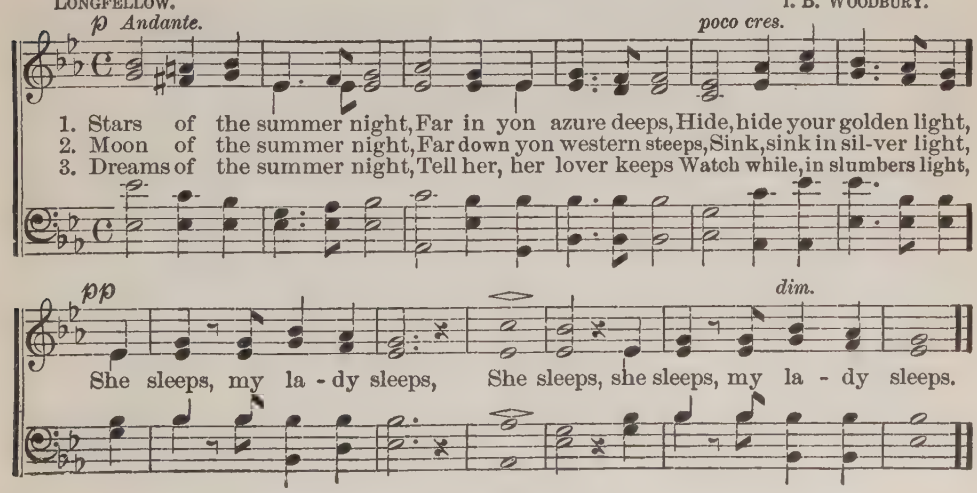

p
1. Be - side the old stone fount-ain, There stands a lin-den tree;
2. To - night, a homeless wand-'rer, I pass'd the lin-den tree;
3. The i - cy wind was blow - ing So sharp - ly in my face,—

The Linden Tree.—Concluded.


p
3
Be-neath its fragrant branches, Sweet dreams have come to me; Up-on its
Its wav-ing branches nod-ding, It seem'd to speak to me, "Come, wea-ry,
I could not stay nor lin-ger Be-side that rest-ing-place, But wand'ring
mf
bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a-go, I sought its peace in
heart-sick com-rade, Be-neath my shad-ow rest, Where earth-ly strife or
ev-er on-ward, Strange voic-es seem'd to say, "Come back, thou wea-ry
f
p
rit. dim.
pp
3
gladness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
sor-row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest."
com-rade, Come rest thee on thy way, Come rest thee on thy way."

No. 183. Stars of the Summer Night.

LONGFELLOW. I. B. WOODBURY.

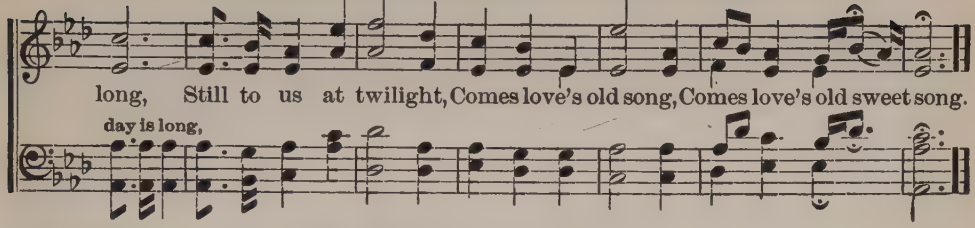

p Andante.
poco cres.
1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light,
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,
3. Dreams of the summer night, Tell her, her lover keeps Watch while, in slumbers light,
pp
dim.
She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

No. 184. Love's Old Sweet Song.

C. C. BINGHAM. J. L. MOLLOY.

p Andante.
1. Once in the dear dead days beyond recall When on the world the mists began to fall,
2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev-er-more;
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot- steps may fal - ter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;
p
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam, Softly it wove it- self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
CHORUS.
Just a song at twilight, When the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows
the lights are low,
poco rit.
soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and
soft - ly go,
the

Love's Old Sweet Song.—Concluded.



No. 185. All Through the Night.

Welsh Air. Arr. by C. G. H.

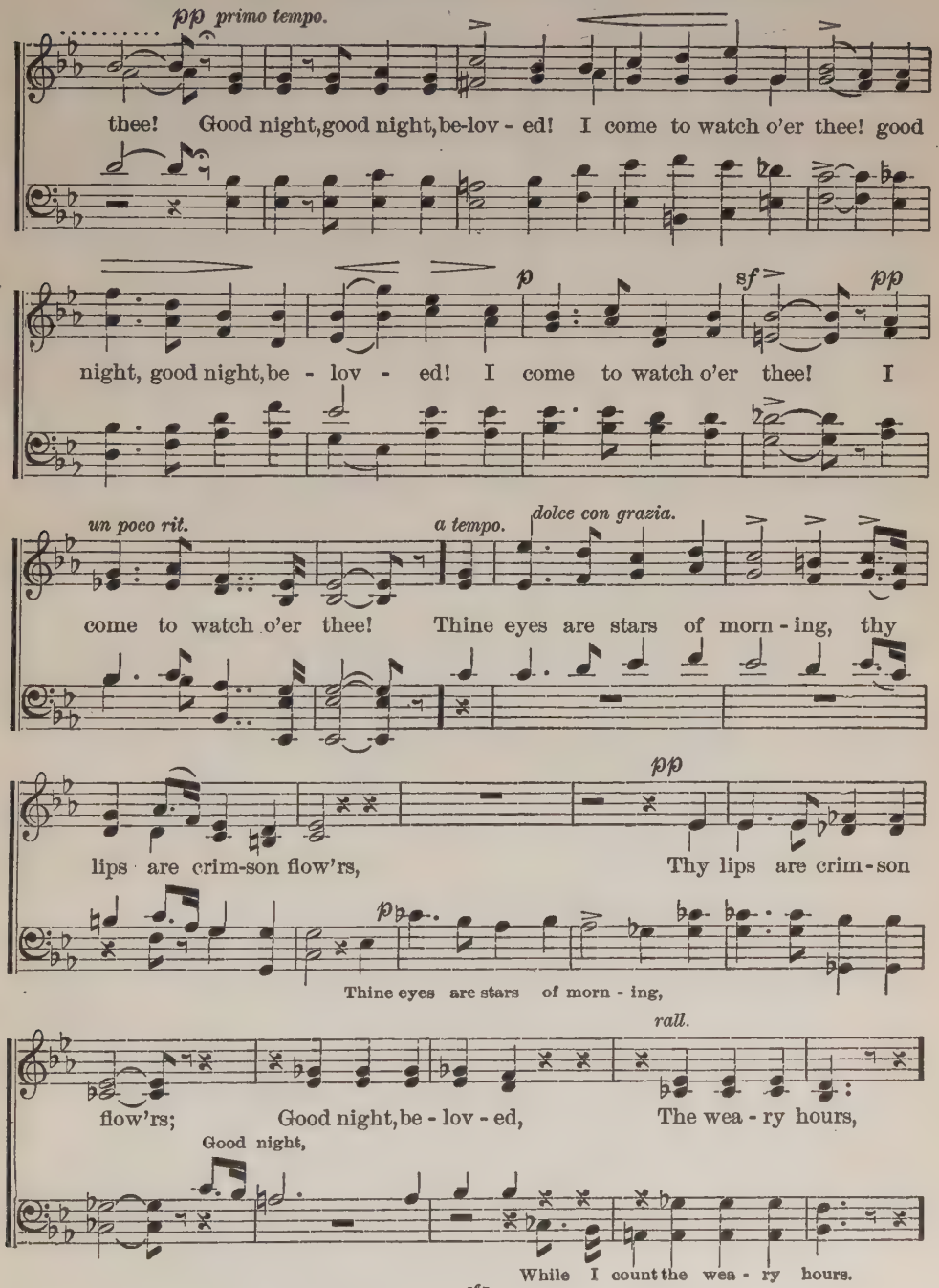
p
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night;
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All thro' the night,
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear thro' the night;
Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee All thro' the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All thro' the night.
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing - ing Home thro' the night.
poco cres.
dim.
Soft the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum- ber steep-ing;
Love's young dream, alas! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er
Earth-ly dust from off thee sha-ken, Soul im - mor- tal, thou shalt wa - ken,
pp
Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing All thro' the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er All thro' the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney ta - ken, Home thro' the night.

No. 186. Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.

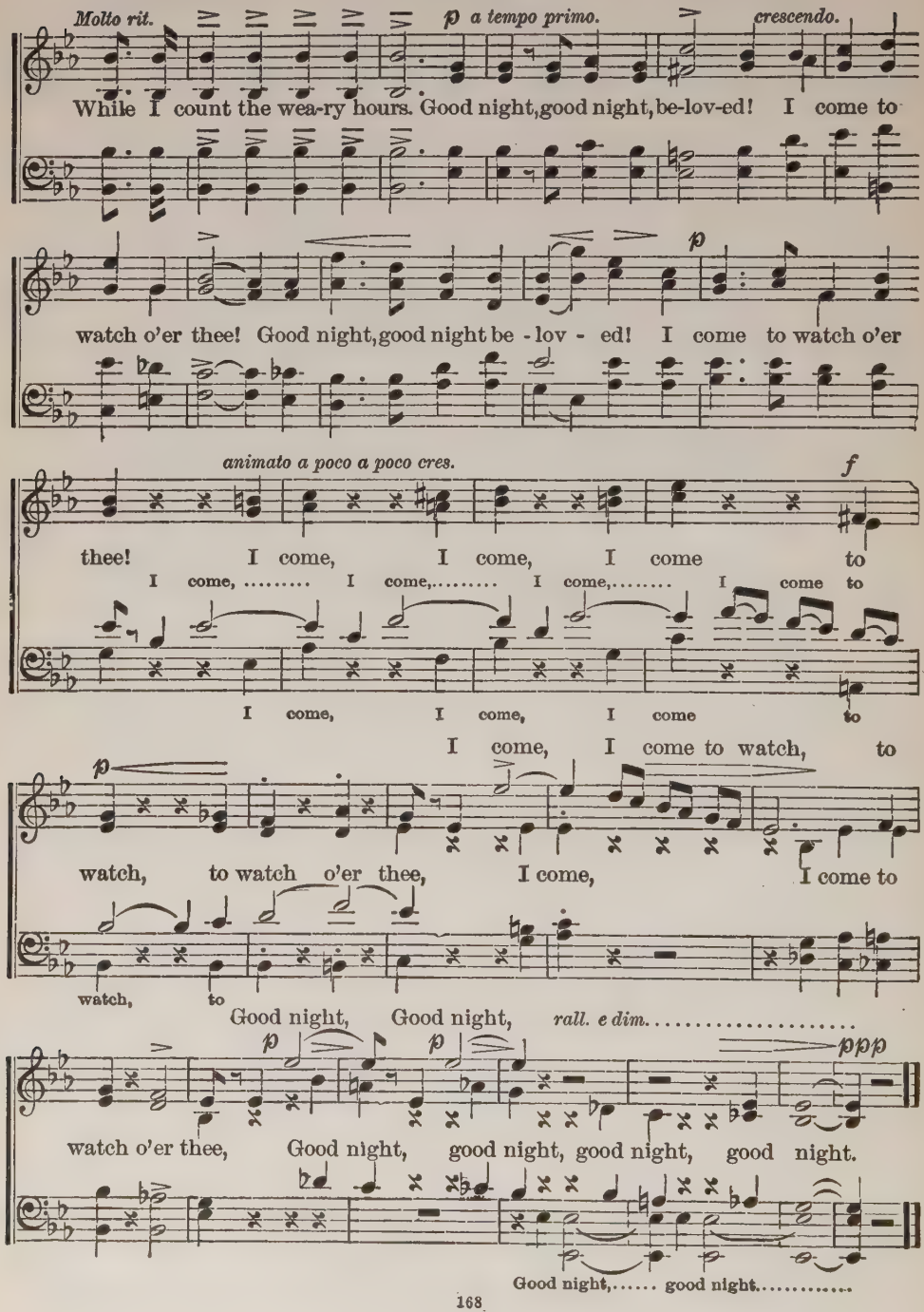
CIRO PINSUTI.

pp Andante cantabile.
Good night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee!
f
p
sf
pp
Good night, good night, be - lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee! I
un poco rit.
f
risoluto.
cres.
come to watch o'er thee! To be near thee, to be near thee, a -
ff
lone is peace for me; To be near thee, to be near thee, a -
p
p
p
rit. e dim.....
lone is peace for me! Good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er
Good night,
Good night,

Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.—Continued.

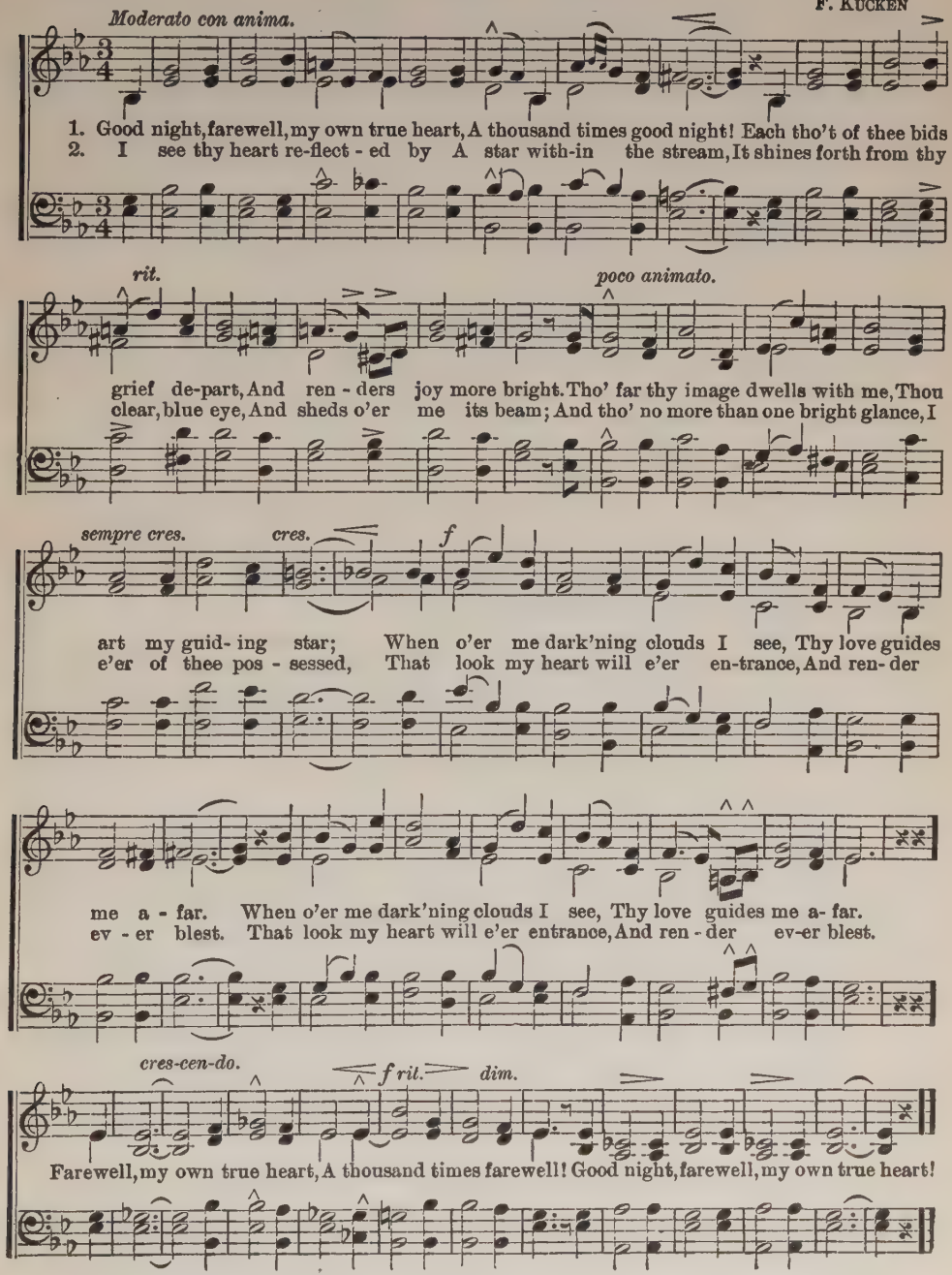

pp primo tempo.
thee! Good night, good night, be-lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! good
p
sf
pp
night, good night, be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er thee! I
un poco rit.
a tempo.
dolce con grazia.
come to watch o'er thee! Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing, thy
pp
lips are crim-son flow'rs, Thy lips are crim - son
Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing,
rall.
flow'rs; Good night, be - lov - ed, The wea - ry hours,
Good night,
While I count the wea - ry hours.

Good Night, Good Night, Beloved.—Concluded.


Molto rit.
a tempo primo.
crescendo.
While I count the wea-ry hours. Good night, good night, be-lov-ed! I come to
watch o'er thee! Good night, good night be - lov - ed! I come to watch o'er
animato a poco a poco cres.
thee! I come, I come, I come to
I come, ... I come, ... I come, ... I come to
I come, I come, I come to
I come, I come to watch, to
watch, to watch o'er thee, I come, I come to
watch, to
Good night, Good night,
rall. e dim.
watch o'er thee, Good night, good night, good night, good night.
Good night, ... good night.

No. 187. Good Night, Farewell.

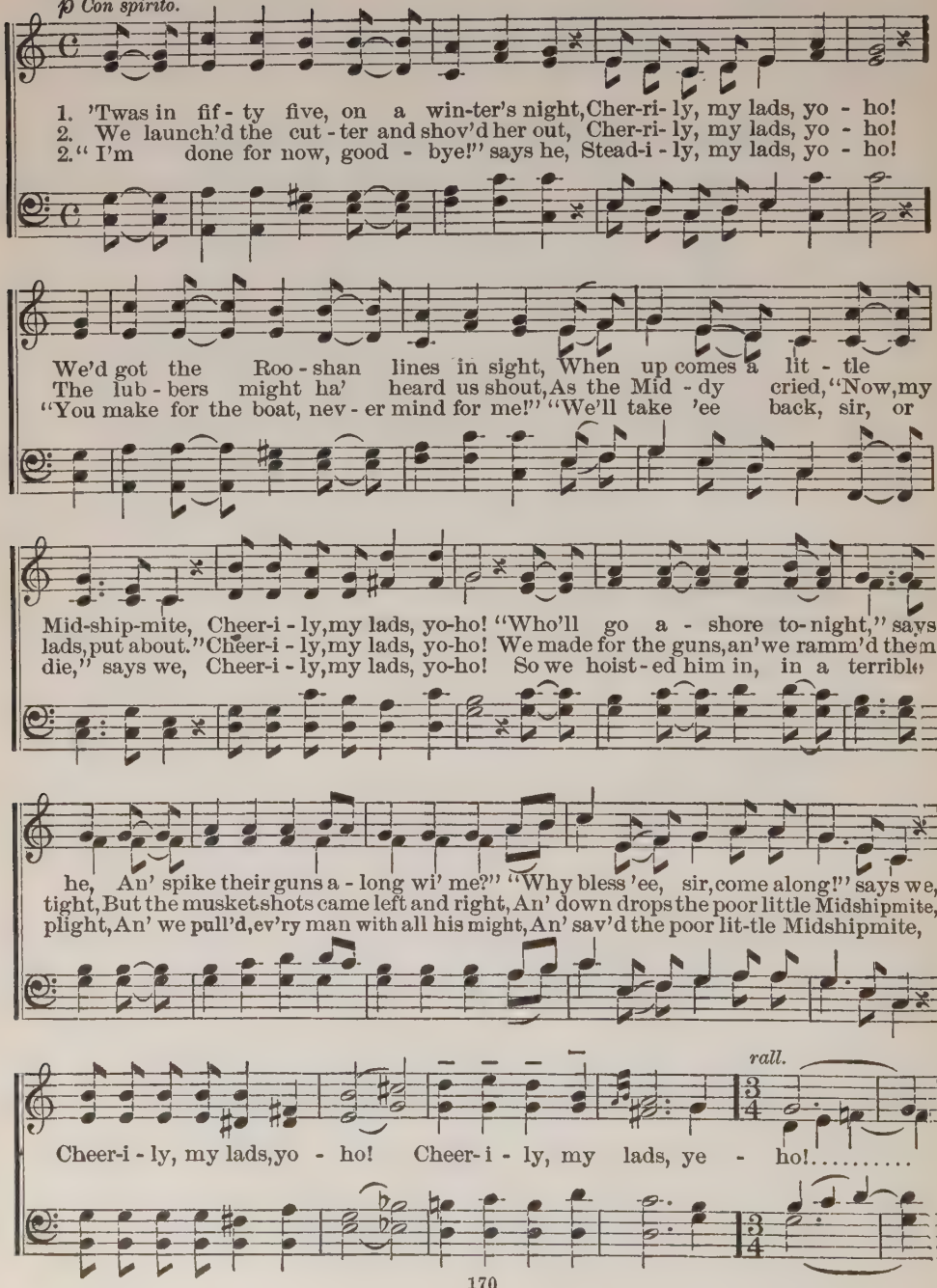
F. KÜCKEN


Moderato con anima.
1. Good night, farewell, my own true heart, A thousand times good night! Each tho't of thee bids
2. I see thy heart re-flect - ed by A star with-in the stream, It shines forth from thy
rit.
poco animato.
grief de-part, And ren - ders joy more bright. Tho' far thy image dwells with me, Thou
clear, blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam; And tho' no more than one bright glance, I
sempre cres.
cres.
f
art my guid- ing star; When o'er me dark'ning clouds I see, Thy love guides
e'er of thee pos - sessed, That look my heart will e'er en-trance, And ren- der
me a - far. When o'er me dark'ning clouds I see, Thy love guides me a- far.
ev - er blest. That look my heart will e'er entrance, And ren - der ev-er blest.
cres-cen-do.
f rit.
dim.
Farewell, my own true heart, A thousand times farewell! Good night, farewell, my own true heart!

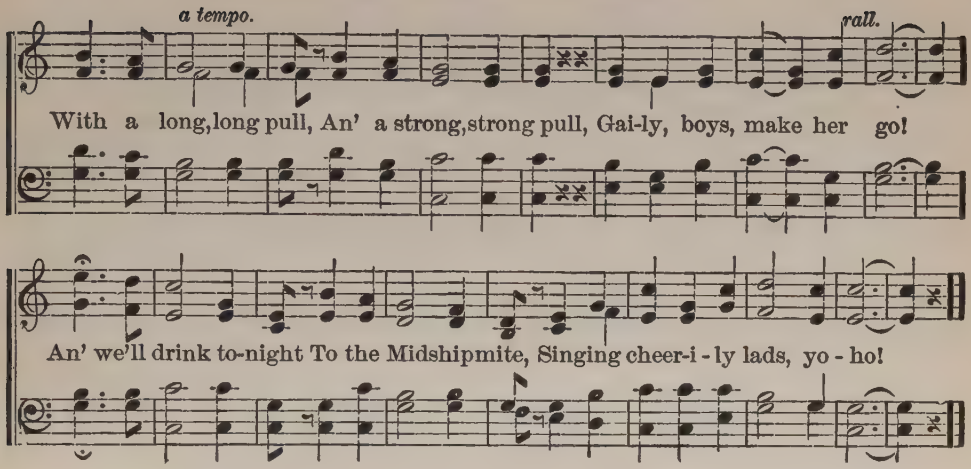
No. 188. The Midshipmite.

FRED. E. WETHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

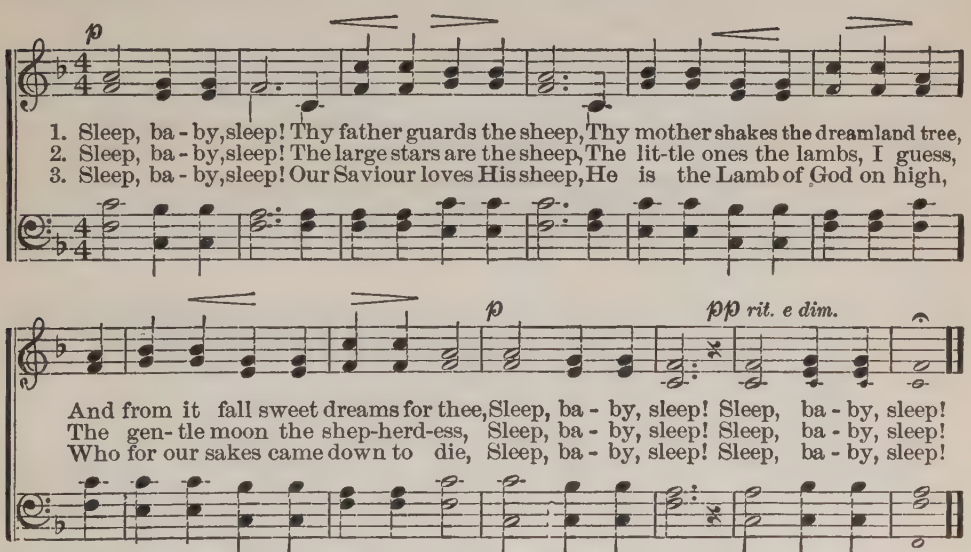
p Con spirito.


1. 'Twas in fif - ty five, on a win-ter's night, Cher-ri- ly, my lads, yo - ho!
2. We launch'd the cut - ter and shov'd her out, Cher-ri- ly, my lads, yo - ho!
2. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo - ho!
We'd got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
The lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my
"You make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or
Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo-ho! "Who'll go a - shore to-night," says
lads, put about." Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo-ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them
die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo-ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a terrible
he, An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless 'ee, sir, come along!" says we,
tight, But the musket-shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little Midshipmite,
plight, An' we pull'd, ev'ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit-tle Midshipmite,
rall.
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo - ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, ye - ho!.....

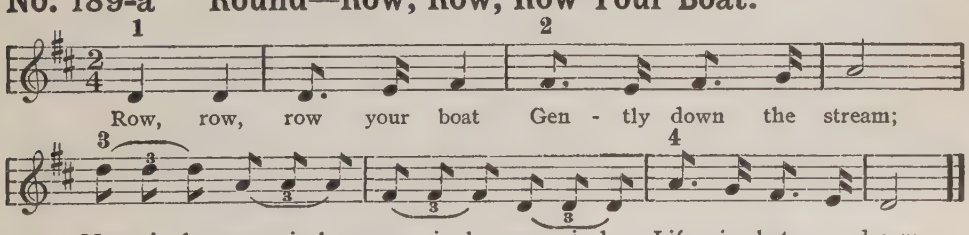
The Midshipmite.—Concluded.


a tempo.
rall.
With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai-ly, boys, make her go!
An' we'll drink to-night To the Midshipmite, Singing cheer-i-ly lads, yo-ho!

No. 189. Sleep, Baby, Sleep.


p
1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Thy father guards the sheep, Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit-tle ones the lambs, I guess,
3. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Our Saviour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of God on high,
p
pp rit. e dim.
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!
The gen-tle moon the shep-herd-ess, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!
Who for our sakes came down to die, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep!

No. 189-a Round—Row, Row, Row Your Boat.



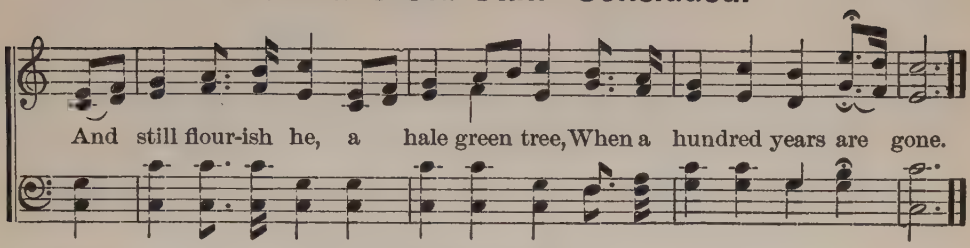
No. 190. The Brave Old Oak.

E. J. LODER. H. F. CHORLEY.

Maestoso.

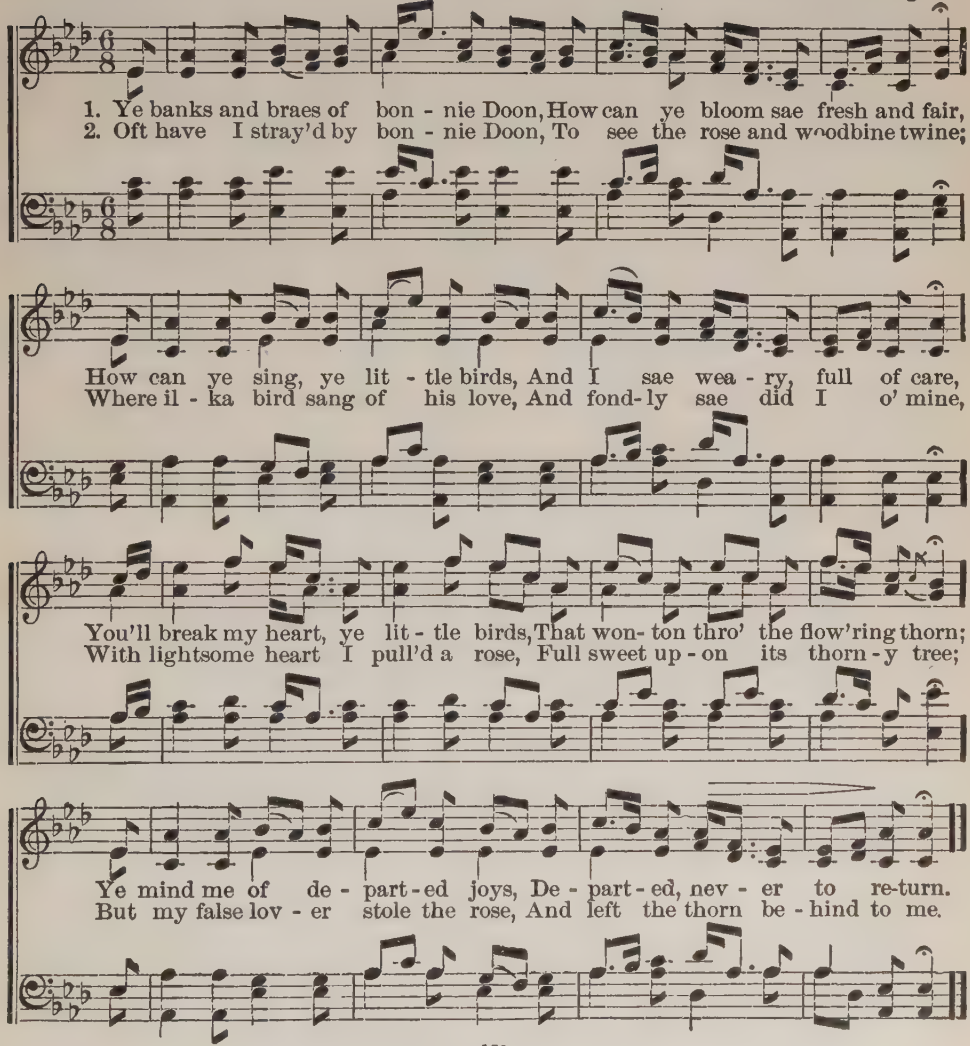
1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath rule'd in the greenwood long,
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to hear,
Here's health and re-nown to his broad, green crown, And his fif- ty arms so strong.
And the squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of Christmas cheer.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out;
And all the day to the re-beck gay, They carol'd with gladsome swains.
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight, When the storms thro' his branches shout.
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still remains.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long;

The Brave Old Oak.—Concluded.



No. 191. Bonnie Doon.

ROBERT BURNS. Old Scotch Song.

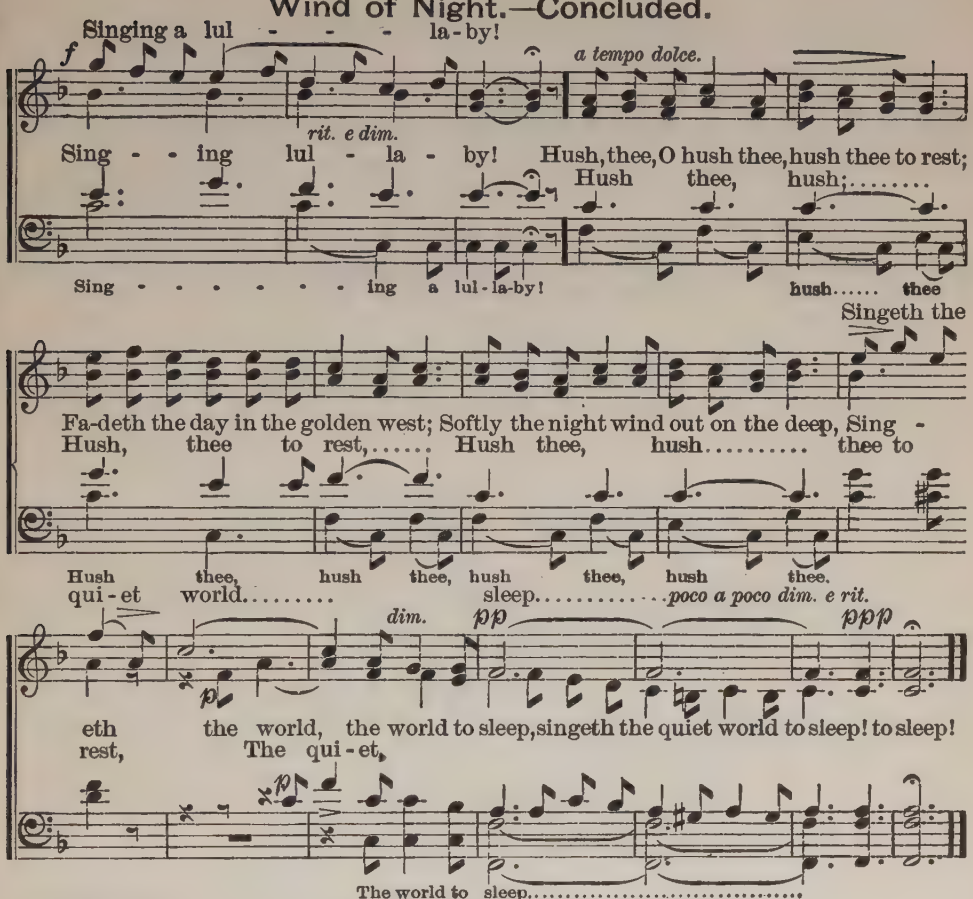

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
2. Oft have I stray'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine;
How can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, full of care,
Where il - ka bird sang of his love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine,
You'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That won - ton thro' the flow'ring thorn;
With lightsome heart I pull'd a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree;
Ye mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re-turn.
But my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

No. 192. Wind of Night.

G. C. BINGHAM. FREDERICK N. LÖHR. Arranged.

mf Andante tranquillo.
1. Wind of night, low and light, Mur-mur-ing soft - ly nigh, Come and go,
2. Waft the day far a - way, Out a-bove the shadow's throng, Woo the deep,
Under the tran - - quil sky,
Whisper the woods..... a-mong,
pp
light and low, Un-der the tran - quil sky; Wind of night, low and light,
in - to sleep, Whisper the woods a-mong; Waft the day far a - way,
Un-der the sky,
Whisper a - mong,
rall.
Murmuring soft - ly nigh, Come and go, light and low, Under the
Out a - bove the shadow's throng, Woo the deep in - to sleep, Whisper the
mf
f
tran - quil sky. I to mine, I to mine; Singing,
woods a - mong. I to mine, I to mine; Singing,
mf
f
f
Un-der the sky. Thou to thine, Thou to thine,
Whisper a - mong. Thou to thine Thou to thine,

Wind of Night.—Concluded.

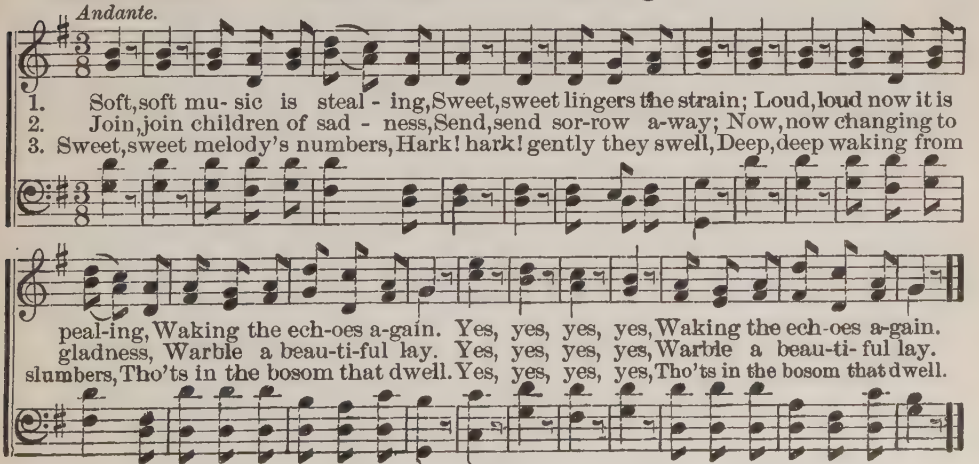

Singing a lul - - - - la - by!
f
a tempo dolce.
rit. e dim.
Sing - - ing lul - la - by! Hush, thee, O hush thee, hush thee to rest;
Hush thee, hush;.....
Sing - - - - - - - ing a lul - la - by!
hush..... thee
Singeth the
Fa-deth the day in the golden west; Softly the night wind out on the deep, Sing -
Hush, thee to rest,..... Hush thee, hush..... thee to
Hush thee, hush thee, hush thee, hush thee.
qui - et world..... sleep.....
dim.
pp
poco a poco dim. e rit.
ppp
eth the world, the world to sleep, singeth the quiet world to sleep! to sleep!
rest, The qui - et,
The world to sleep.....

No. 193.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Soft Music is Stealing.

Andante.

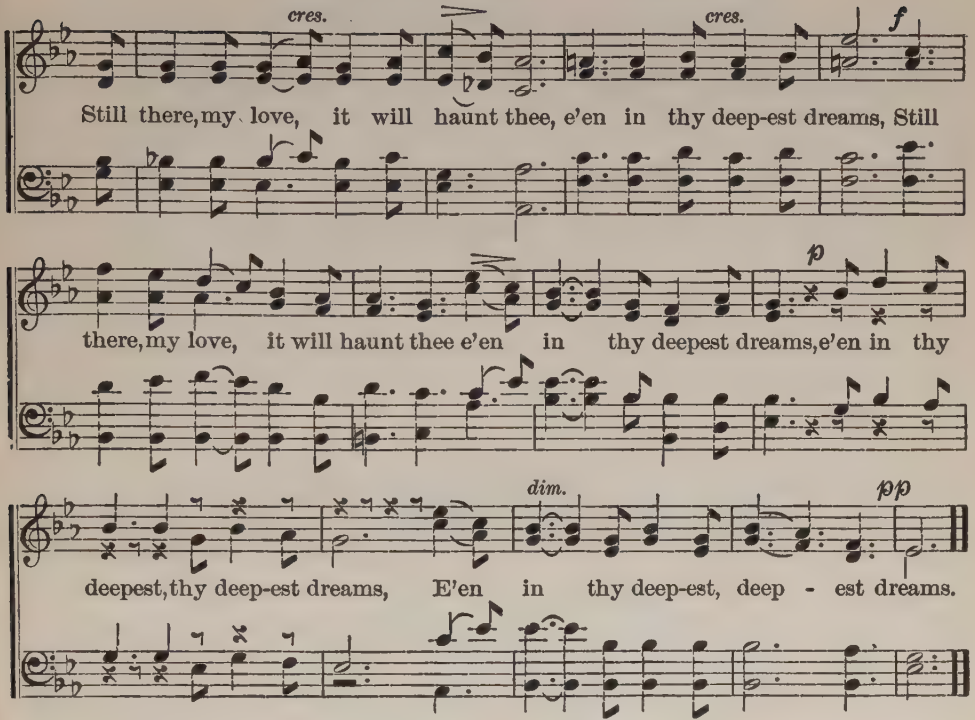

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain; Loud, loud now it is
2. Join, join children of sad - ness, Send, send sor-row a-way; Now, now changing to
3. Sweet, sweet melody's numbers, Hark! hark! gently they swell, Deep, deep waking from
peal-ing, Waking the ech-oes a-gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Waking the ech-oes a-gain.
gladness, Warble a beau-ti-ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Warble a beau-ti- ful lay.
slumbers, Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Tho'ts in the bosom that dwell.

No. 194. I Would that My Love.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

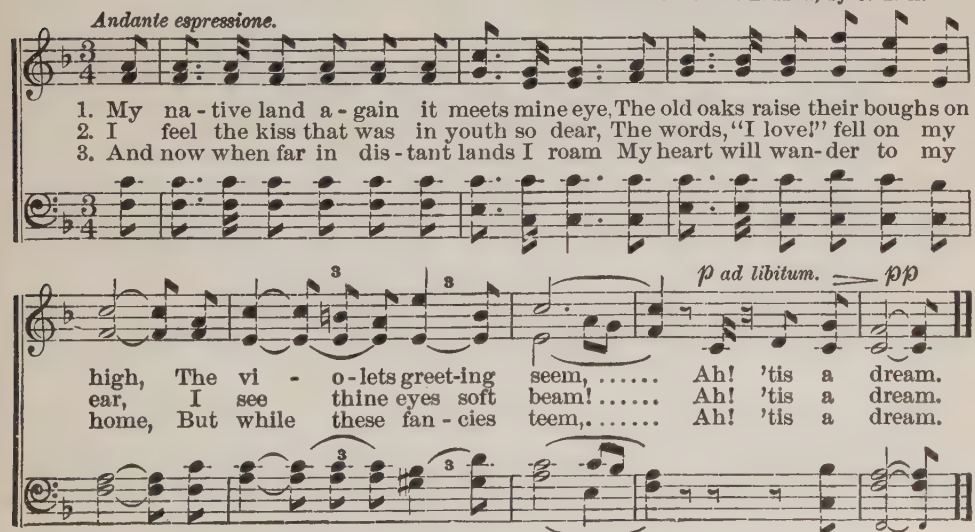
Allegretto con moto.
1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word;
2. To thee on their wings, my fair-est, that soul - felt word they would bear,
cres.
I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in sport,
Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where,
I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in
Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry -
sport, a - way in sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a - way in sport.
where, and ev-'ry - where, and ev-'ry - where, and hear it ev - 'ry-where.
pp sempre.
3. At night, when thine eyelids in slumber have clos'd those bright, heav'nly beams,

I Would that My Love.—Concluded.


cres.
cres.
f
Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in thy deep-est dreams, Still
p
there, my love, it will haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, e'en in thy
dim.
pp
deepest, thy deep-est dreams, E'en in thy deep-est, deep - est dreams.

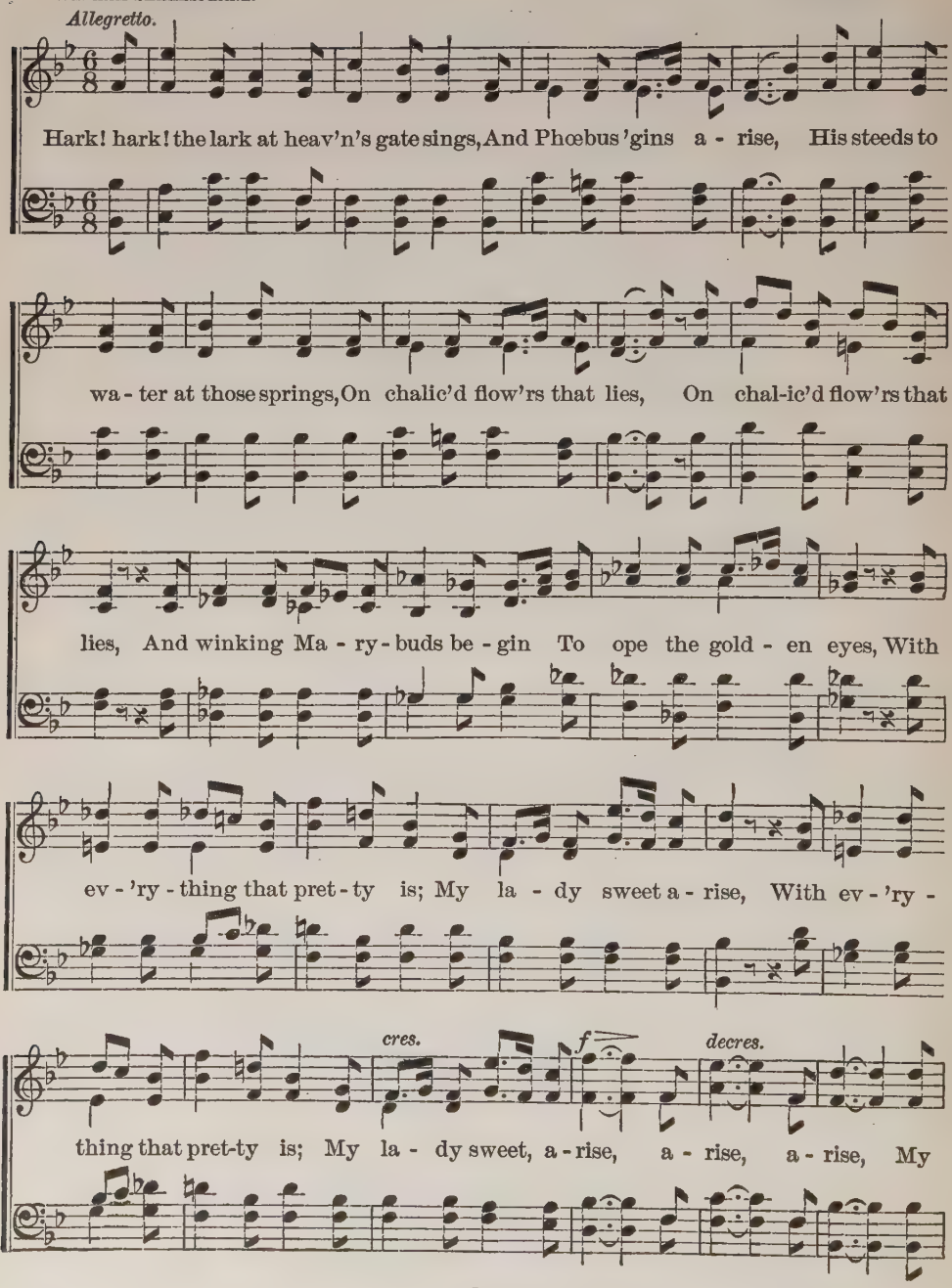
No. 195. Ah! 'Tis a Dream.

Arr. from E. LASSEN, by C. G. H.


Andante espressione.
1. My na - tive land a - gain it meets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words, "I love!" fell on my
3. And now when far in dis - tant lands I roam My heart will wan - der to my
p ad libitum.
pp
high, The vi - o - lets greet - ing seem, ... Ah! 'tis a dream.
ear, I see thine eyes soft beam! ..... Ah! 'tis a dream.
home, But while these fan - cies teem, ... Ah! 'tis a dream.

No. 196. Hark! Hark! the Lark.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. FRANZ SCHUBERT.


Allegretto.
Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phœbus 'gins a - rise, His steeds to
wa - ter at those springs, On chalic'd flow'rs that lies, On chal-ic'd flow'rs that
lies, And winking Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope the gold - en eyes, With
ev - 'ry - thing that pret - ty is; My la - dy sweet a - rise, With ev - 'ry -
cres.
f
decres.
thing that pret-ty is; My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My

Hark! Hark! the Lark.—Concluded.

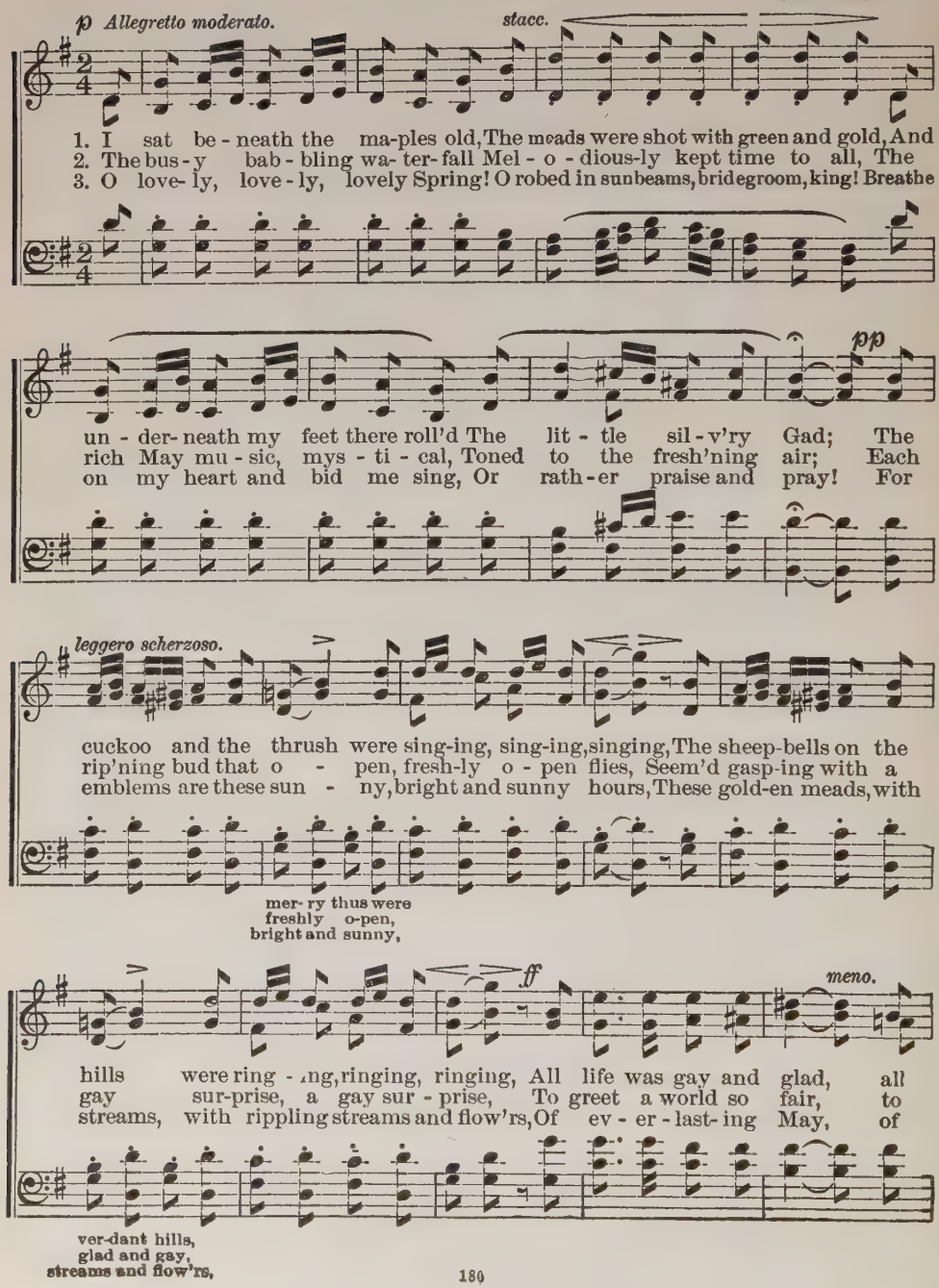
No. 197. The Quiet Night.

FRANZ ABT.

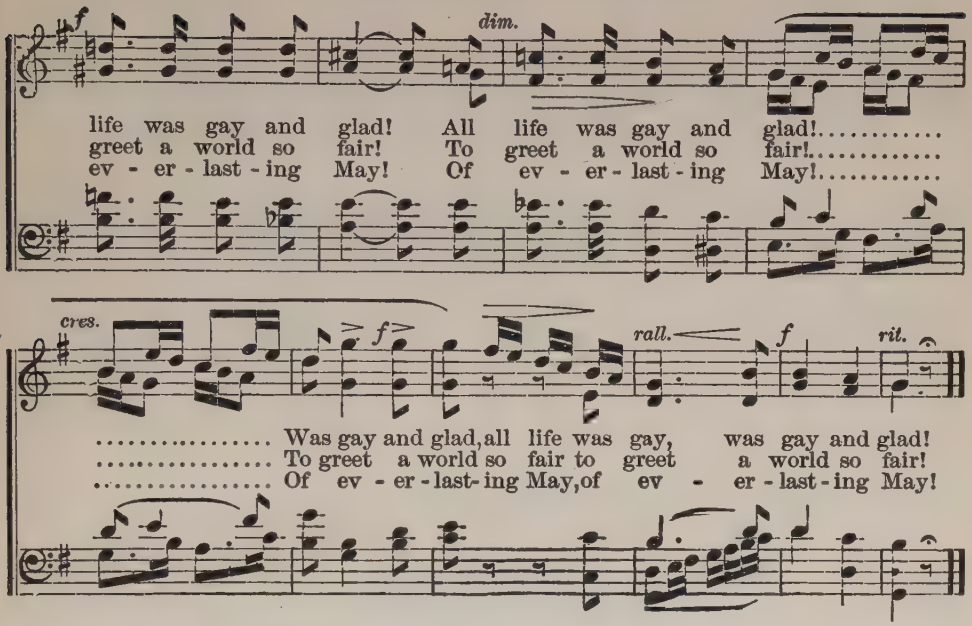
pp Andante sostenuto.
1. The eve - ning bells sound clear - ly, They call the vale to rest; A -
2. The moon goes soft - ly glid - ing, Her heav'n-ly path a - long; The
pp
round falls night's soft stillness, The sun sinks in the west; A ho - ly si - lence
plan - ets pass her greet-ing, But si - lent is their song, As rapt in ser - aph
keep - ing, The stars watch na - ture sleep - ing; She's come in soft, red
num - bers Be - low the sweet earth slum - bers; She's come in soft, red
ff
pp
light, She's come in soft, red light, The qui - et night, The qui - et night!

No. 198. A Spring Song.

CIRO PINSUTI.

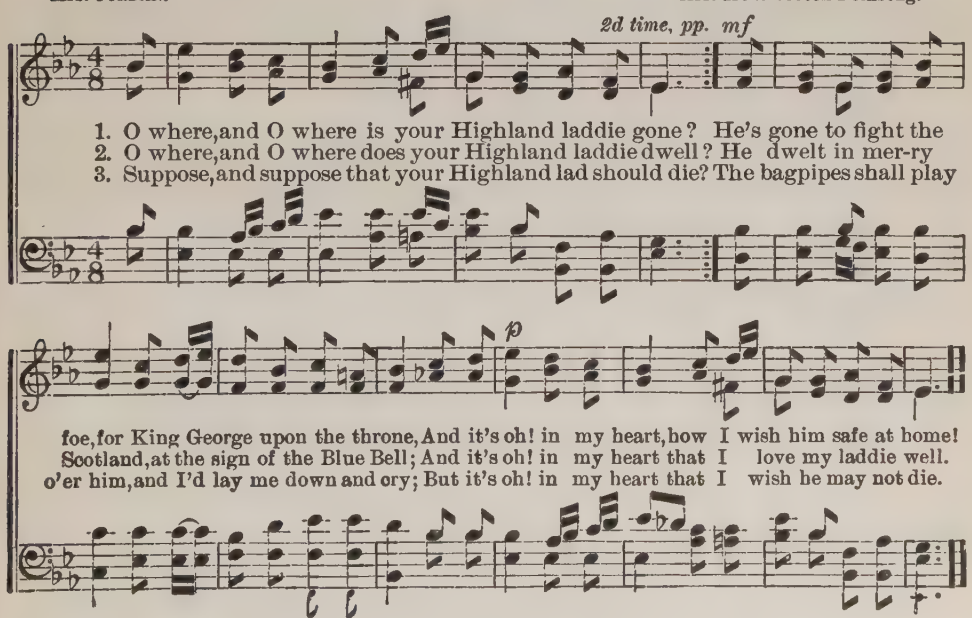

p Allegretto moderato.
stacc.
1. I sat be - neath the ma-ples old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bus - y bab - bling wa- ter- fall Mel - o - dious-ly kept time to all, The
3. O love- ly, love - ly, lovely Spring! O robed in sunbeams, bridegroom, king! Breathe
pp
un - der- neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The
rich May mu - sic, mys - ti - cal, Toned to the fresh'ning air; Each
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray! For
leggero scherzoso.
cuckoo and the thrush were sing-ing, sing-ing, singing, The sheep-bells on the
rip'ning bud that o - pen, fresh-ly o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a
emblems are these sun - ny, bright and sunny hours, These gold-en meads, with
mer- ry thus were
freshly o-pen,
bright and sunny,
ff
meno.
hills were ring - ing, ringing, ringing, All life was gay and glad, all
gay sur-prise, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to
streams, with rippling streams and flow'rs, Of ev - er - last- ing May, of
ver-dant hills,
glad and gay,
streams and flow'rs,

A Spring Song.—Concluded.


f
dim.
life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad!.....
greet a world so fair! To greet a world so fair!.....
ev - er - last - ing May! Of ev - er - last - ing May!.....
cres.
f
rall.
f
rit.
..... Was gay and glad, all life was gay, was gay and glad!
..... To greet a world so fair to greet a world so fair!
..... Of ev - er - last - ing May, of ev - er - last - ing May!

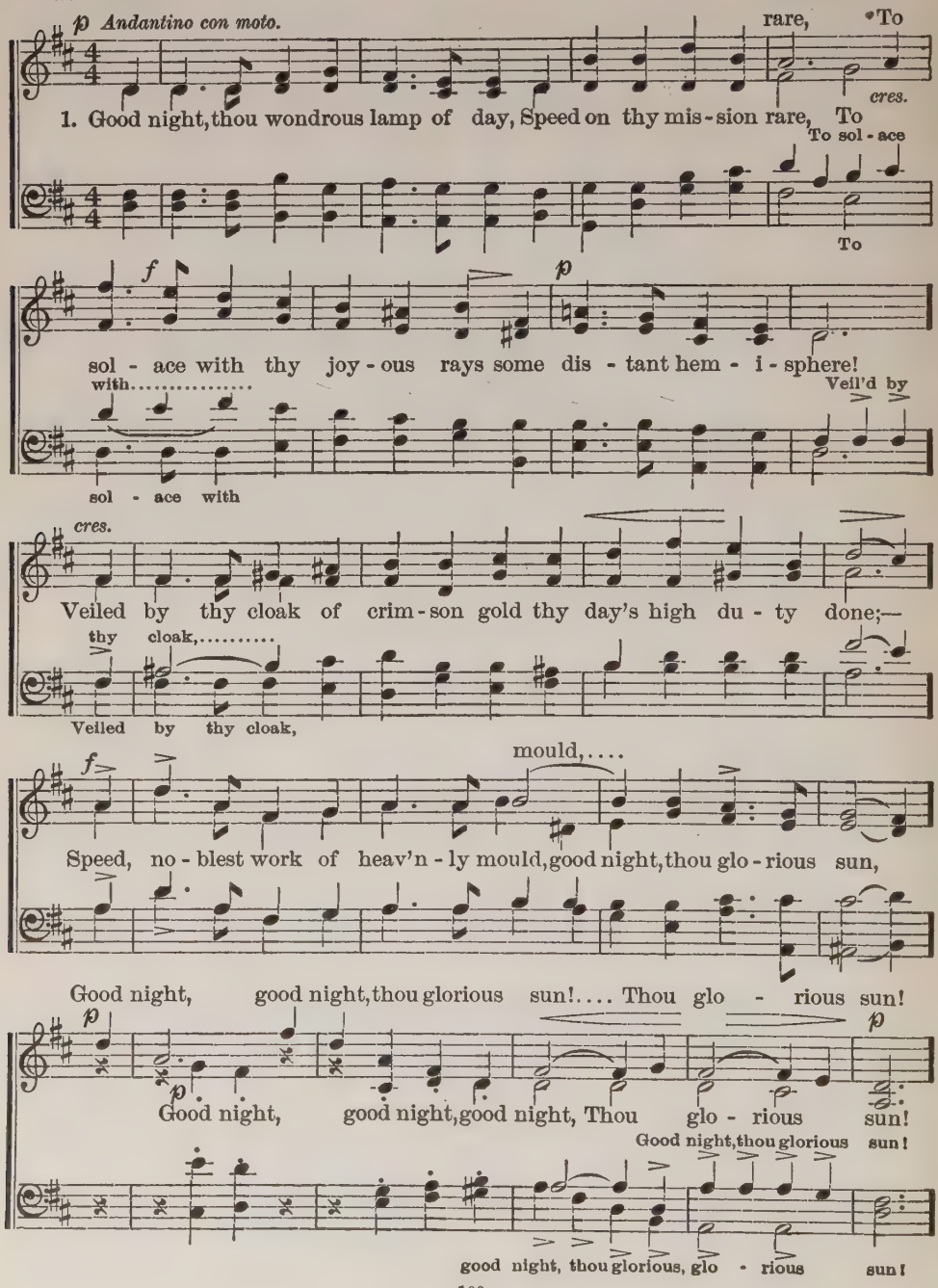
No. 199. Blue Bells of Scotland.

Mrs. JORDAN. Arr. from Scotch Folksong.

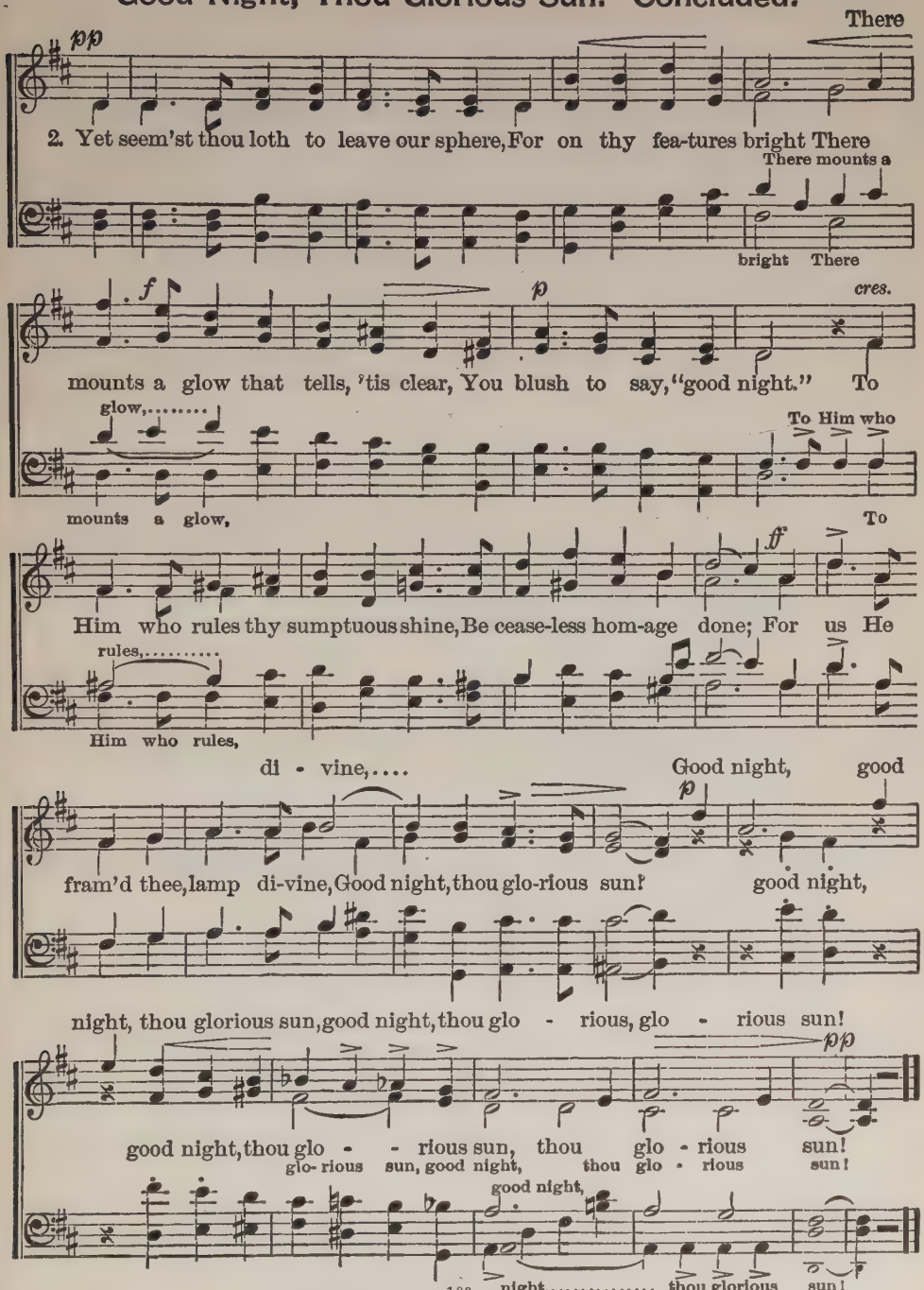

2d time, pp. mf
1. O where, and O where is your Highland laddie gone? He's gone to fight the
2. O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry
3. Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play
p
foe, for King George upon the throne, And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.
o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

No. 200. Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun.

W. S. PASSMORE. HENRY SMART.

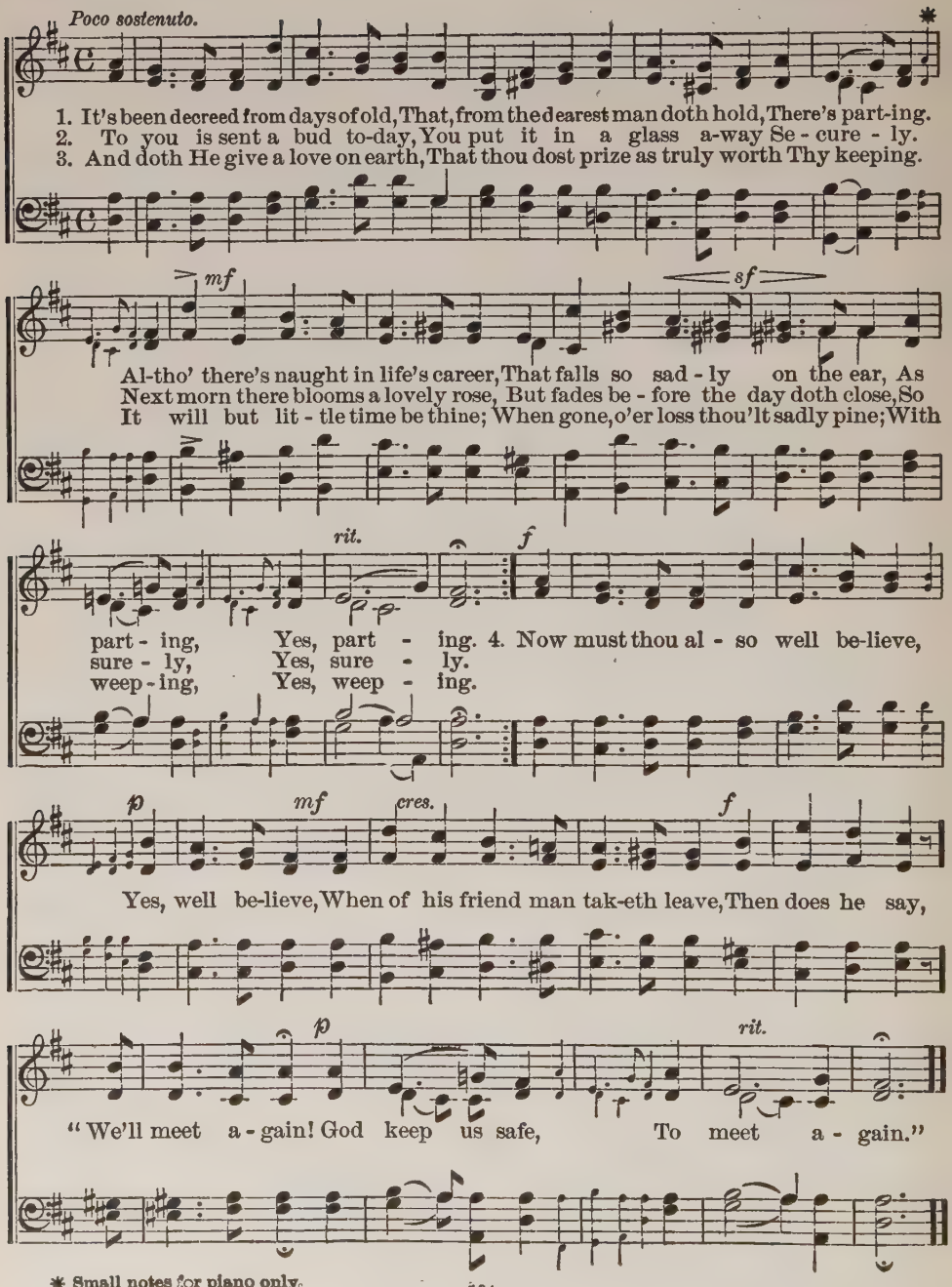

p Andantino con moto.
rare, To
cres.
1. Good night, thou wondrous lamp of day, Speed on thy mis-sion rare, To
To sol-ace
To
f
p
sol-ace with thy joy-ous rays some dis-tant hem-i-sphere!
with.....
Veil'd by
sol-ace with
cres.
Veiled by thy cloak of crim-son gold thy day's high du-ty done;—
thy cloak,.....
Veiled by thy cloak,
f
mould,....
Speed, no-blest work of heav'n-ly mould, good night, thou glo-rious sun,
Good night, good night, thou glorious sun!.... Thou glo - rious sun!
p
p
Good night, good night, good night, Thou glo-rious sun!
Good night, thou glorious sun!
good night, thou glorious, glo - rious sun!

Good Night, Thou Glorious Sun.—Concluded.


There
pp
2. Yet seem'st thou loth to leave our sphere, For on thy fea-tures bright There
There mounts a
bright There
f
p
cres.
mounts a glow that tells, 'tis clear, You blush to say, "good night." To
glow,.....
To Him who
mounts a glow,
To
ff
Him who rules thy sumptuous shine, Be cease-less hom-age done; For us He
rules,.....
Him who rules,
di - vine,....
Good night, good
p
fram'd thee, lamp di-vine, Good night, thou glo-rious sun! good night,
night, thou glorious sun, good night, thou glo - rious, glo - rious sun!
pp
good night, thou glo - - rious sun, thou glo - rious sun!
glo- rious sun, good night, thou glo - rious sun!
good night,
night,..... thou glorious sun!

No. 201. To Meet Again.

F. MENDELSSOHN.


Poco sostenuto.
1. It's been decreed from days of old, That, from the dearest man doth hold, There's part-ing.
2. To you is sent a bud to-day, You put it in a glass a-way Se - cure - ly.
3. And doth He give a love on earth, That thou dost prize as truly worth Thy keeping.
mf
sf
Al-tho' there's naught in life's career, That falls so sad - ly on the ear, As
Next morn there blooms a lovely rose, But fades be - fore the day doth close, So
It will but lit - tle time be thine; When gone, o'er loss thou'lt sadly pine; With
rit.
f
part - ing, Yes, part - ing. 4. Now must thou al - so well be-lieve,
sure - ly, Yes, sure - ly.
weep - ing, Yes, weep - ing.
p
mf
cres.
f
Yes, well be-lieve, When of his friend man tak-eth leave, Then does he say,
p
rit.
"We'll meet a - gain! God keep us safe, To meet a - gain."

* Small notes for piano only.

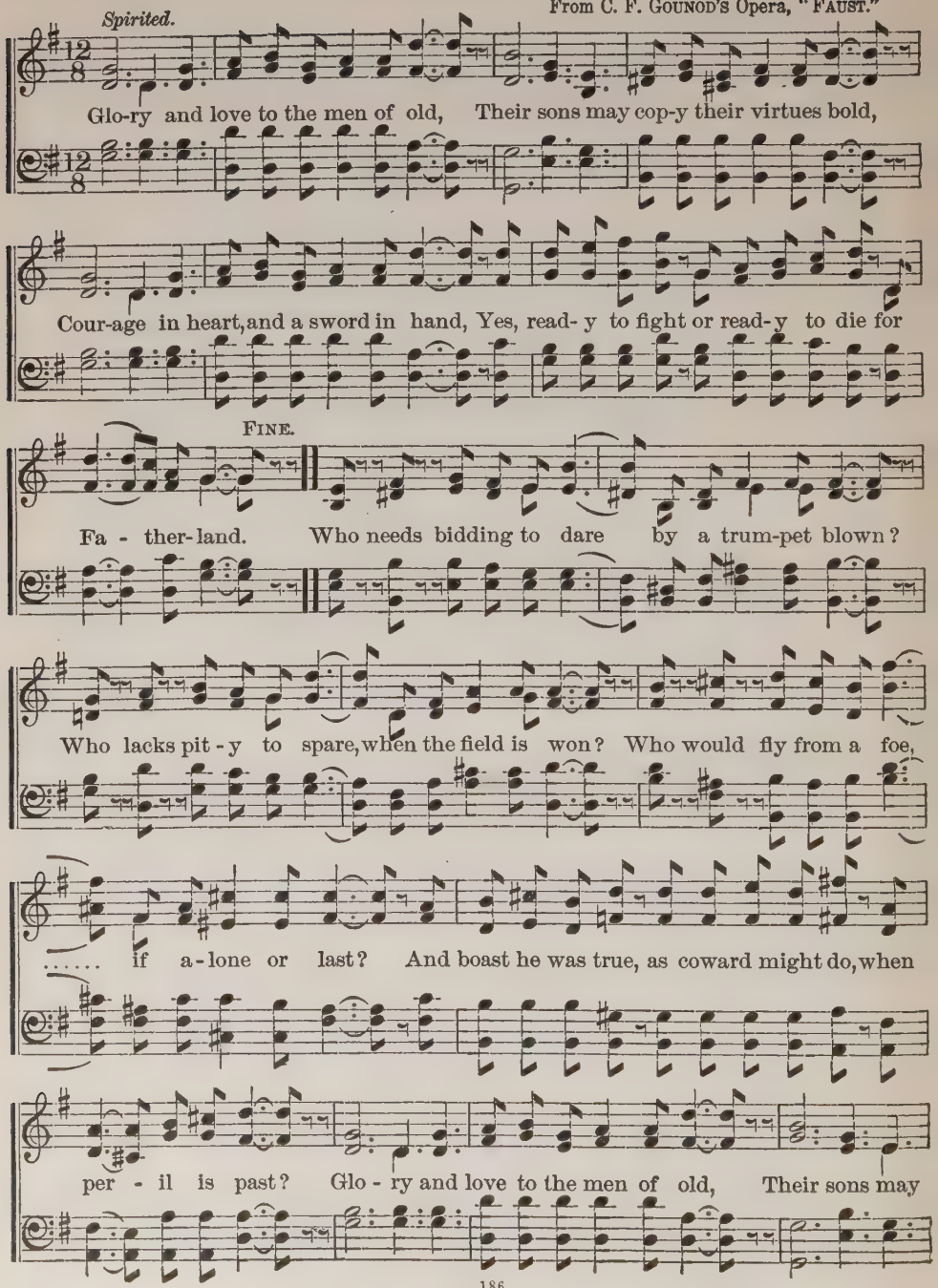
No. 202. The Sea-King's Bride.

ARTHUR MATTHISON. HENRY LESLIE. Arranged.

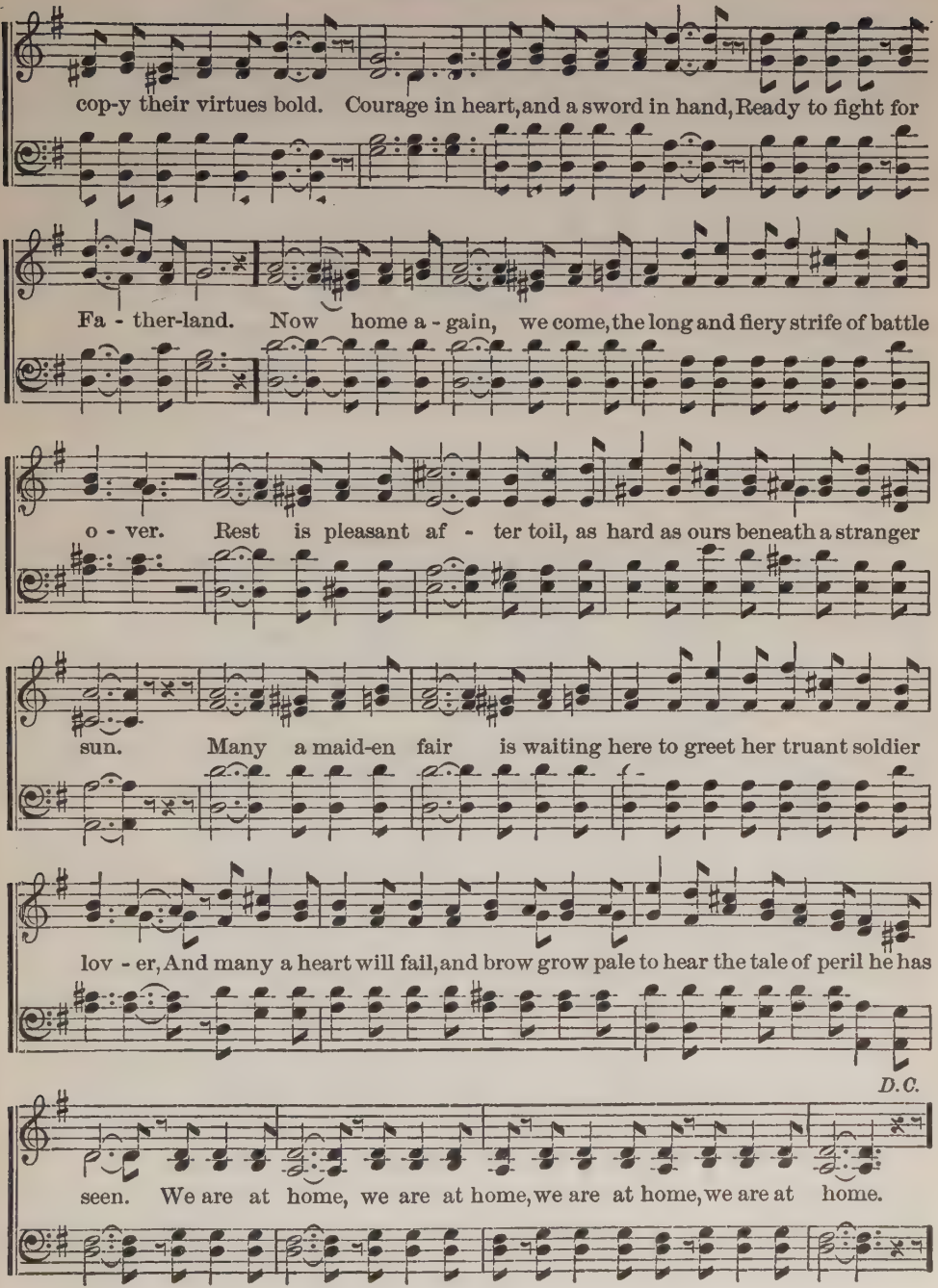
Allegretto. mf
1. From your cor - al cham - bers speed ye, Gold-hair'd daughters of the sea;
2. From the lakes and leaf - y cov - erts, Where ye nymphs and dry - ads dwell,
3. Lo! she comes, the beau-teous maid - en, Bright-ly beam her az - ure eyes;
Bear your wealth of pearl and am - ber, Bring the gift and bend the knee!
Cull the fresh wild flow'rs of na - ture, Leaf and bud from dale to dell;
Gleams like gold, her soft hair flow - ing, Love's sweet blush her young cheek dyes;
Come ye o'er the sil - v'ry tide, Hom - age pay the Sea-King's Bride, Come ye
From the haunts wherein ye hide, Come sa - lute the Sea-King's Bride, From the
Sea-maids, wood nymphs, blend your songs, To your race the Bride be-longs, Lov'd and
cres.
f
o'er the sil - v'ry tide, Homage pay the Sea - - - King's Bride.
haunts where-in ye hide, Come sa - lute the Sea - - - King's Bride.
lov - ing O - cean's pride! Is the fair young Sea - - - King's Bride.

No. 208. Soldiers' Chorus.

From C. F. GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST."


Spirited.
Glo-ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold,
Cour-age in heart, and a sword in hand, Yes, read- y to fight or read-y to die for
FINE.
Fa - ther-land. Who needs bidding to dare by a trum-pet blown?
Who lacks pit - y to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,
..... if a-lone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when
per - il is past? Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may

Soldiers' Chorus.—Concluded.

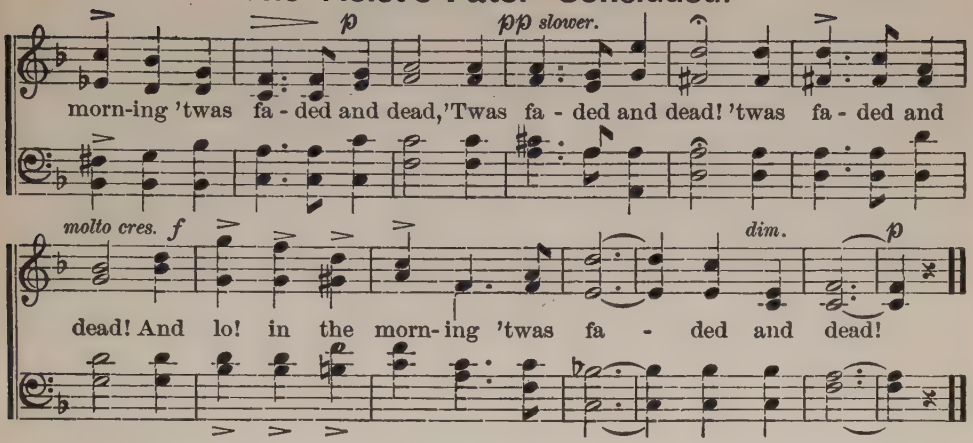

cop-y their virtues bold. Courage in heart, and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for
Fa - ther-land. Now home a - gain, we come, the long and fiery strife of battle
o - ver. Rest is pleasant af - ter toil, as hard as ours beneath a stranger
sun. Many a maid-en fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier
lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of peril he has
D.C.
seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.

No. 204. The Violet's Fate.

EDWARD OXENFORD. Arr. from FRANZ ABT.

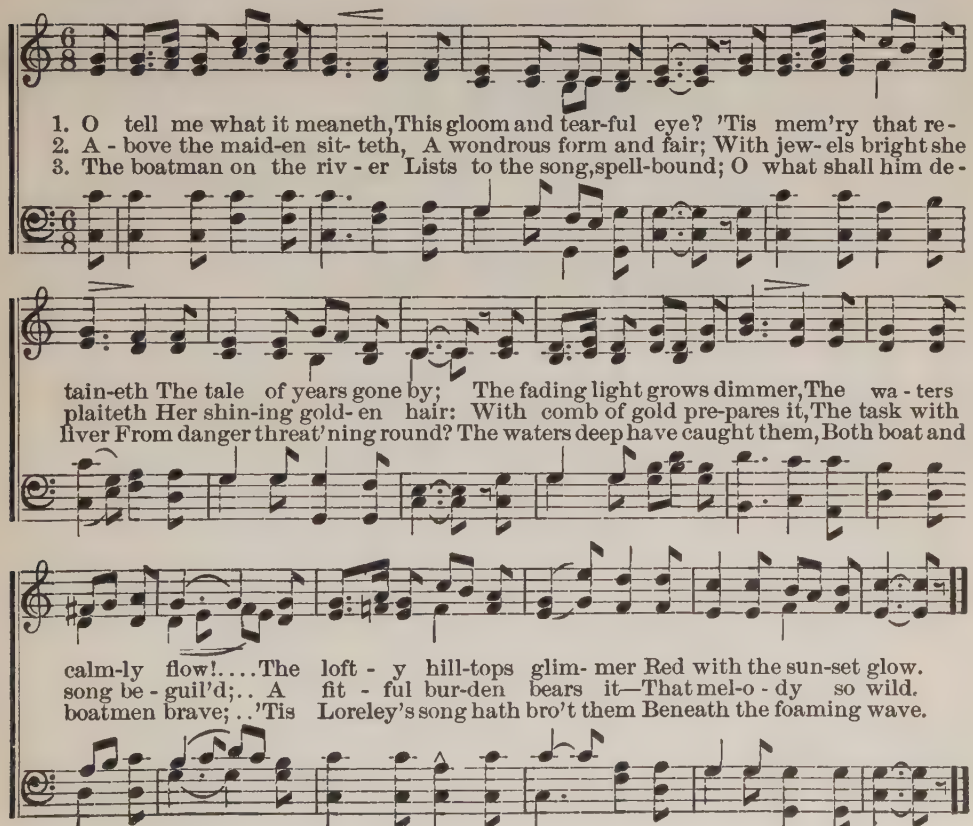
p Allegretto.
crescendo.. .....
1. 'Neath a woodstack a-lone, a-mid man-y a thorn, A vi - o-let fair in the
2. Its soft voice it would raise, and full sweet was its lay, It sang of the sun and its
f
spring was born; It smil'd on its home so co - sy and sweet, And dreamt all the
gold - en ray; It sang of the flow'rs that near to it grew, And play'd with the
p
dim. p
pp
day in its cool re-treat, And dreamt all the day in its cool re - treat.
drops of the crys-tal dew, And play'd with the drops of the crys - tal dew.
mf
poco rit.
3. But night at last came with winds sharp and bleak; More shelter the vi - o - let
p slower.
piu rit.
fain would seek; With pain it bow'd down its del - i - cate head, And lo! in the

The Violet's Fate.—Concluded.


p
pp slower.
morn-ing 'twas fa - ded and dead,'Twas fa - ded and dead! 'twas fa - ded and
molto cres. f
dim.
p
dead! And lo! in the morn-ing 'twas fa - ded and dead!

No. 205. The Loreley.

HENRICH HEINE. F. SILCHER.


1. O tell me what it meaneth, This gloom and tear-ful eye? 'Tis mem'ry that re-
2. A - bove the maid-en sit- teth, A wondrous form and fair; With jew-els bright she
3. The boatman on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell-bound; O what shall him de-
tain-eth The tale of years gone by; The fading light grows dimmer, The wa - ters
plaiteth Her shin-ing gold- en hair: With comb of gold pre-pares it, The task with
liver From danger threat'ning round? The waters deep have caught them, Both boat and
calm-ly flow!.... The loft - y hill-tops glim- mer Red with the sun-set glow.
song be - guil'd;.. A fit - ful bur-den bears it—That mel-o - dy so wild.
boatmen brave;..'Tis Loreley's song hath bro't them Beneath the foaming wave.

No. 206. Night and Morning.

Moderato. Arr. from Trio of CHAS. GOUNOD.

p
1. The sun high in heav'n now is sail - ing, His gold - en glo - ry
2. Yet oh! how fades the pur - ple splen- dor, As falls the sun in -
fills the skies, Now swarth- y night's be - fore him pal - ing,
to the deep, And now the sil - v'ry moonbeam ten - der,
crescendo.
Now swarthy night's be-fore him pal - ing, Moth-er, up - on me ope thine
And now the silv-'ry moonbeam ten - der, Tells to the world the hour of
dim.
eyes! .... Kiss me, dar - ling moth - er pray! Kiss me, dar - ling
sleep; ... Ah! be still thy vis - ions bright, Ah! be still thy
O kiss me, kiss me dar - ling,
Be still thy vis - ions bright, thy
p
moth- er pray! Heav'n grant to thee a hap- py day, a hap-py day.
a hap - py day.
vis - ions bright! Fold me once more in those dear arms, Good night, good night.
Good night, good night.
Heav'n grant to thee,
Fold me once more,

No. 207. The Boat Song.

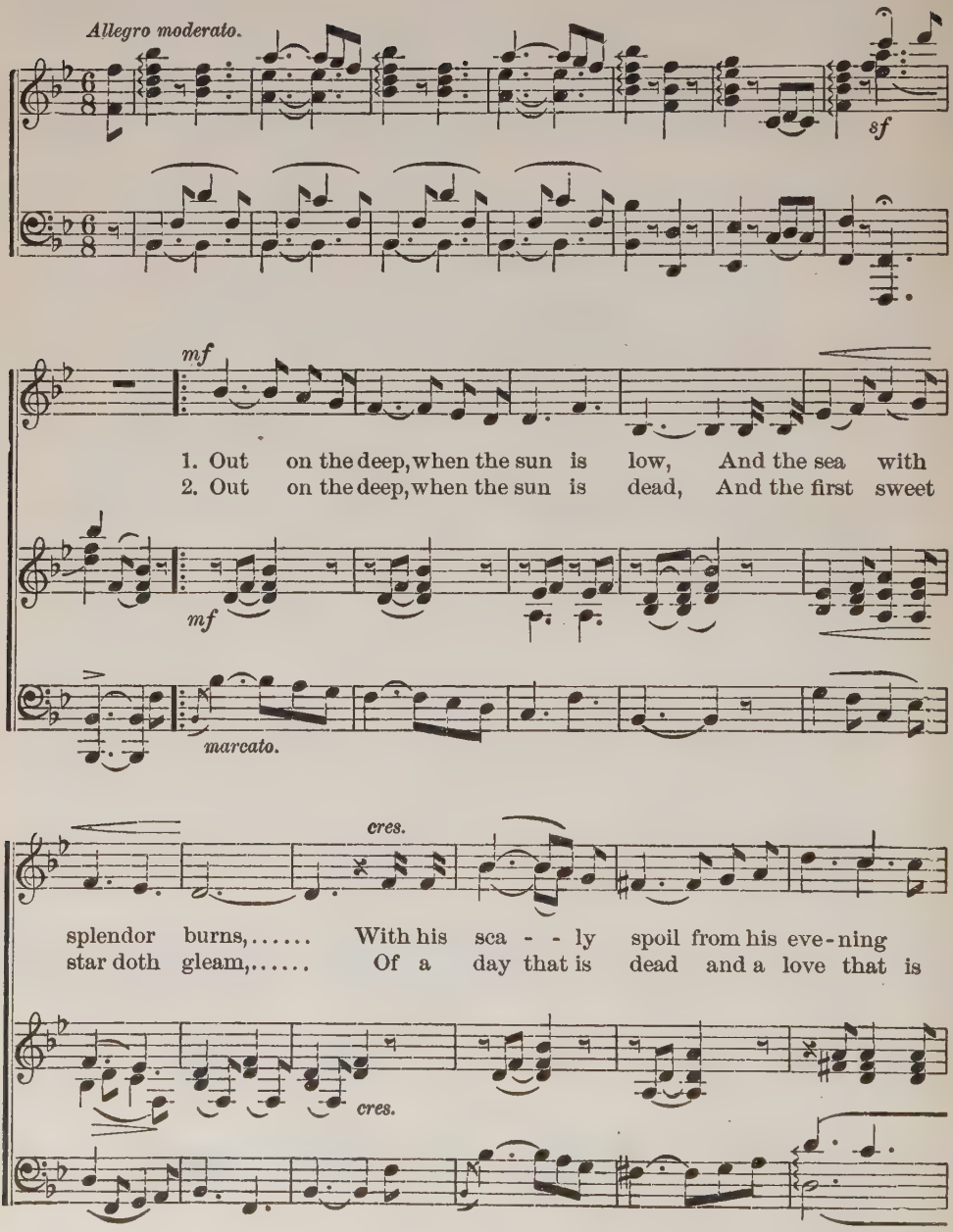
C. M. VON WEBER. Arr.

Moderato.
1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow,
2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing,
3. Soon will the man - tle of eve - ning fall o'er us,
1. On we float in sun and shad - ow,
2. Light our boat the wa - ter swinging,
3. Soon the eve - ning man - tle o'er us,
Soft are the rip - ples that sing as we go,
On - ward she floats while the swift oars we ply,
Soon will the day - light fade out from the sky,
Soft the rip - ples as we go.
On she floats while oars we ply.
Soon day light fades from the sky.
Soft - ly they break on the edge of the mead - ow,
Gay are our hearts as the songs we are sing - ing,
Then will the thought of a wel - come be - fore us,
Soft they break on edge of mead - ow,
Gay our hearts as songs we're sing - ing,
Then the thought of wel - come for us,
Woo - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low.
Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky.
Back thro' the twi - light we'll cheer - ful - ly hie.
Woo - ing grass - es, sing - ing low.
Bright our hopes as ra - diant sky.
Back thro' twi - light we will hie.

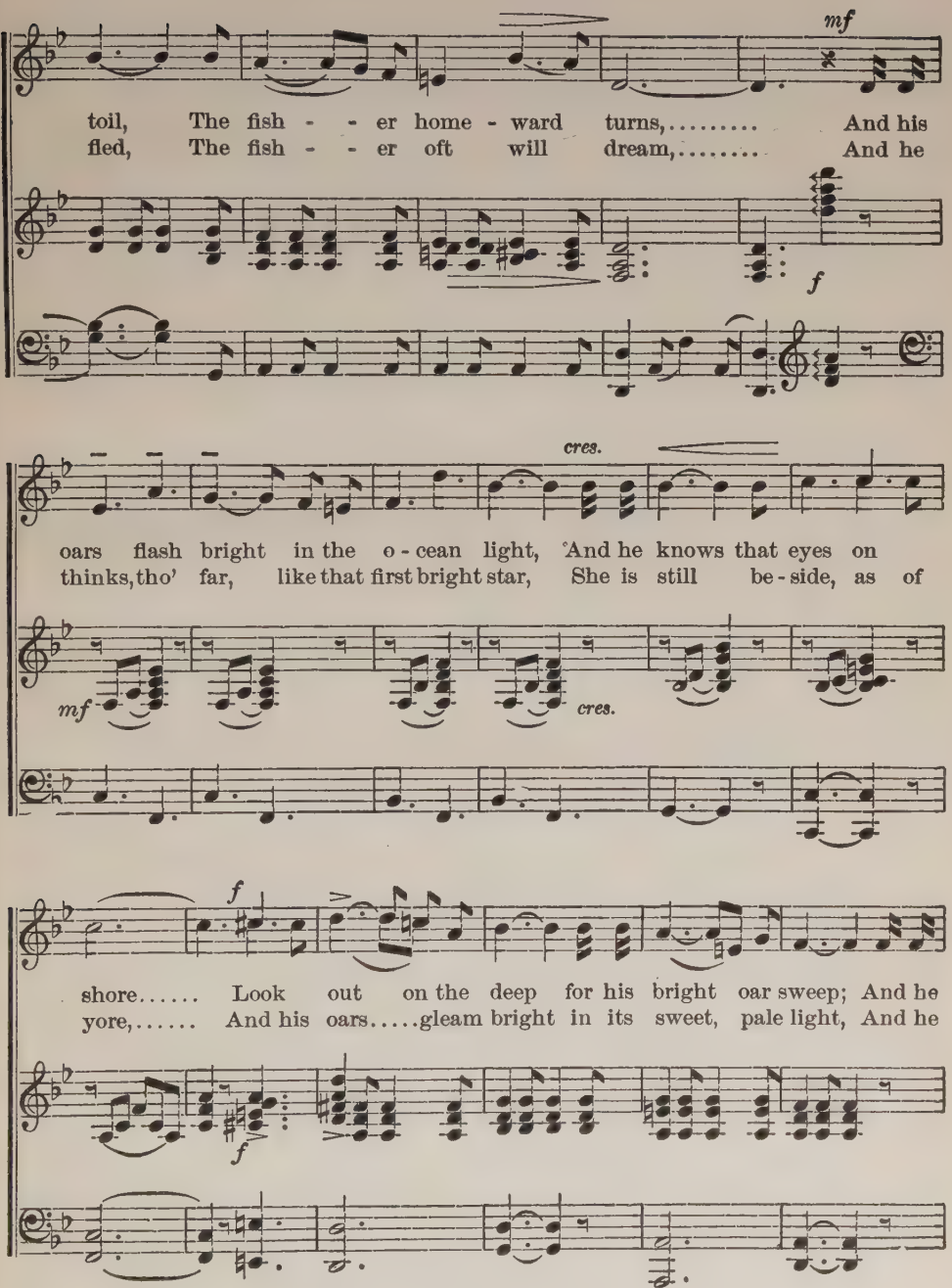
No. 208. Out On the Deep.

Unison Song.

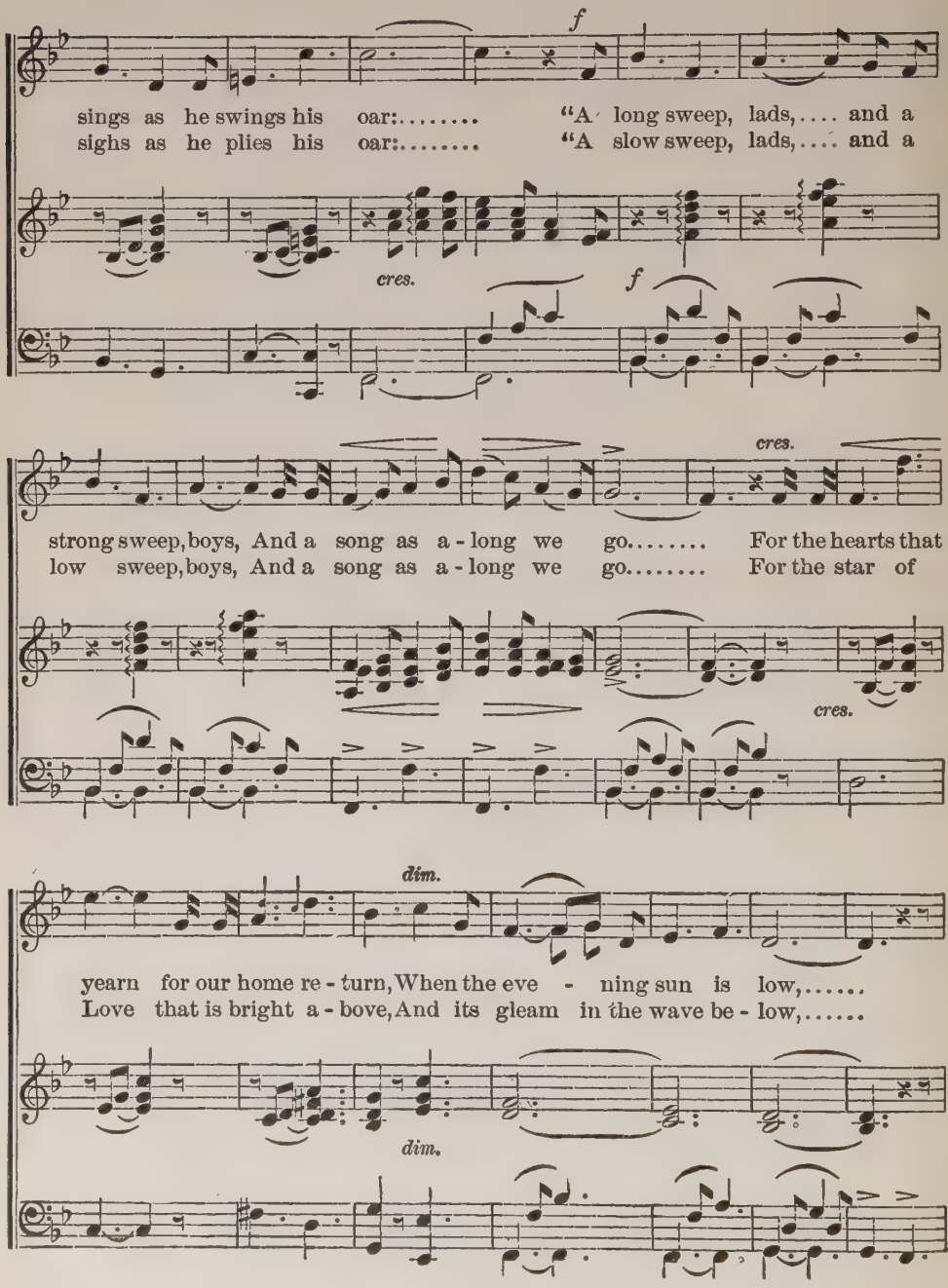
SAMUEL K. COWAN. FREDERIC N. LÖHR.


Allegro moderato.
sf
mf
1. Out on the deep, when the sun is low, And the sea with
2. Out on the deep, when the sun is dead, And the first sweet
mf
marcato.
cres.
splendor burns,..... With his sca - - ly spoil from his eve-ning
star doth gleam,..... Of a day that is dead and a love that is
cres.

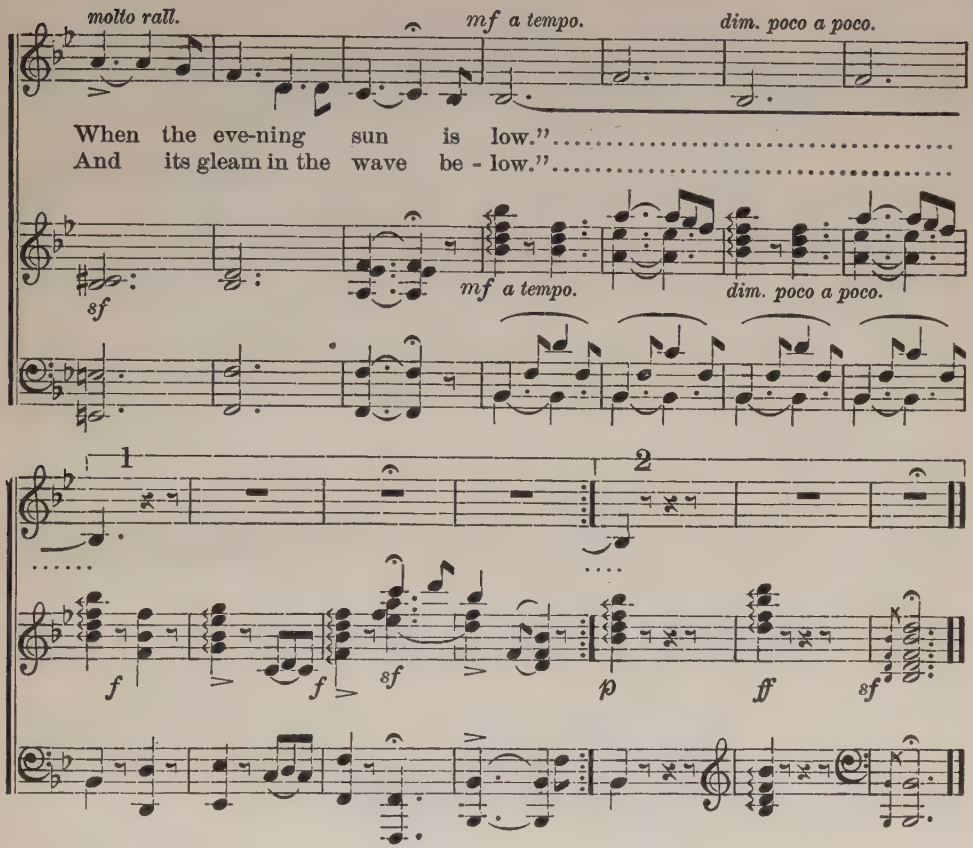
Out On the Deep.—Continued.


mf
toil, The fish - - er home - ward turns,..... And his
fied, The fish - - er oft will dream,..... And he
f
cres.
oars flash bright in the o - cean light, And he knows that eyes on
thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star, She is still be - side, as of
mf
cres.
f
shore..... Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep; And he
yore,..... And his oars.....gleam bright in its sweet, pale light, And he
f

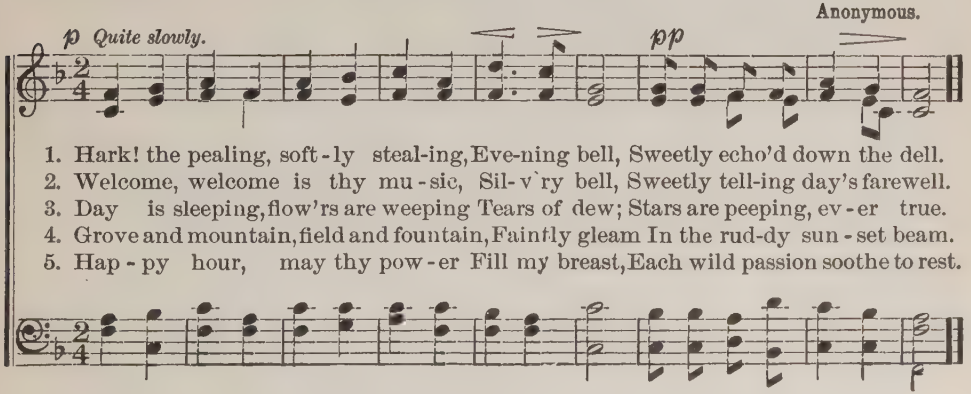
Out On the Deep.—Continued.


f
sings as he swings his oar:..... "A long sweep, lads,.... and a
sighs as he plies his oar:..... "A slow sweep, lads,.... and a
cres.
f
cres.
strong sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we go..... For the hearts that
low sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we go..... For the star of
cres.
dim.
yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning sun is low,.....
Love that is bright a - bove, And its gleam in the wave be - low,.....
dim.

Out On the Deep.—Concluded.



No. 209. The Evening Bell.


Anonymous.
p Quite slowly.
pp
1. Hark! the pealing, soft - ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweetly echo'd down the dell.
2. Welcome, welcome is thy mu - sic, Sil- v`ry bell, Sweetly tell-ing day's farewell.
3. Day is sleeping, flow'rs are weeping Tears of dew; Stars are peeping, ev - er true.
4. Grove and mountain, field and fountain, Faintly gleam In the rud-dy sun - set beam.
5. Hap - py hour, may thy pow - er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

No. 210. I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls.

From BALFE'S "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls With vas- sals and
all who as - sem-bled with - in those walls That I was the
2. I dreamt that sui - tors sought my hand; That knights up-on
vows no maid-en heart could withstand, They pledg-ed their
serfs at my side, And of
hope and the pride. I had rich - es too great to count, could boast
bend - ed knee, And with
faith to me. And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host
of a high an - ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
came forth my hand to claim; But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me
poco rit.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

No. 211. Eventide.

Tr. from VON FALLERSLEBEN. FRANZ ABT.

Andantino legato.

1. The sun is down, the eve - ning come, The wea - ry toil - ers all at
2. E'en now descends the cool - ing dew, Each blade and leaf to bless a -

home; And grateful calmness, peace and rest, Suc- ceed to-day's dis- tract-ing haste.
new; A- mid the flow'rs light breezes play, And steal their rich-est scents a - way.

p *pp rit.* *a tempo.*

The birds ac - cus-tomed voic - es fail; the
Be - holds the si - lent world a - far, and

mf *p*

The woods are hush'd, and hush'd the vale,
With glist'ning eye, the eve-ning star,

p

ver - y flow'rs are fall'n a - sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep;
bids thee watch no lon - ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep;

p sostenuto. *dim.* *pp*

The ver - y flow'rs are fall'n a - sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep.
And bids thee watch no lon - ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep.

No. 212. The Crusaders.

WILLIAM DUTHIE. CIRO PINSUTI. Arr.

p Tempo marziale e stacc.

1. On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the
2. Tho' bleach - ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris - tian men have

p *f*

Ho - ly Land; Our mail - clad warriors throng beneath, 'Gainst Moslem foe fore -
marched be - fore, We'll smite in death the heath-en brood, And plant the cross in

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! We lift our
2. Je - ru - sa - lem! Thou city

f *p* *pp*

arm'd to death; Je - ru - sa - lem!
Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem!

Je - ru - sa - lem!
Je - ru - sa - lem!

Je-ru - sa-lem!
Je-ru - sa-lem!

eyes To where thy sa-cred tow-ers rise,
blest! Thy tem - ple is our place of rest!

We lift our eyes To where thy sa - cred, thy towers rise,
Thou cit - y blest! Thy tem - ple is our place of rest!

The Crusaders.—Concluded.

cres. e animando.
While braz - en trump-ets mar - tial sound Pro-claims the vow that
And as we scale thy ram - parts high, The heav'n's shall ech - o
ff
rall e dim.
p a tempo.
pp
swells a - round, "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!
to our cry, "Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!
cres.
pp
Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!
Save! save!..... the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre!
f
pp
pp
Save! save! save! the Ho-ly Sep-ul - chre!
p Save!.....
pp
sotto voce e molto rall.
Save! save! the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!

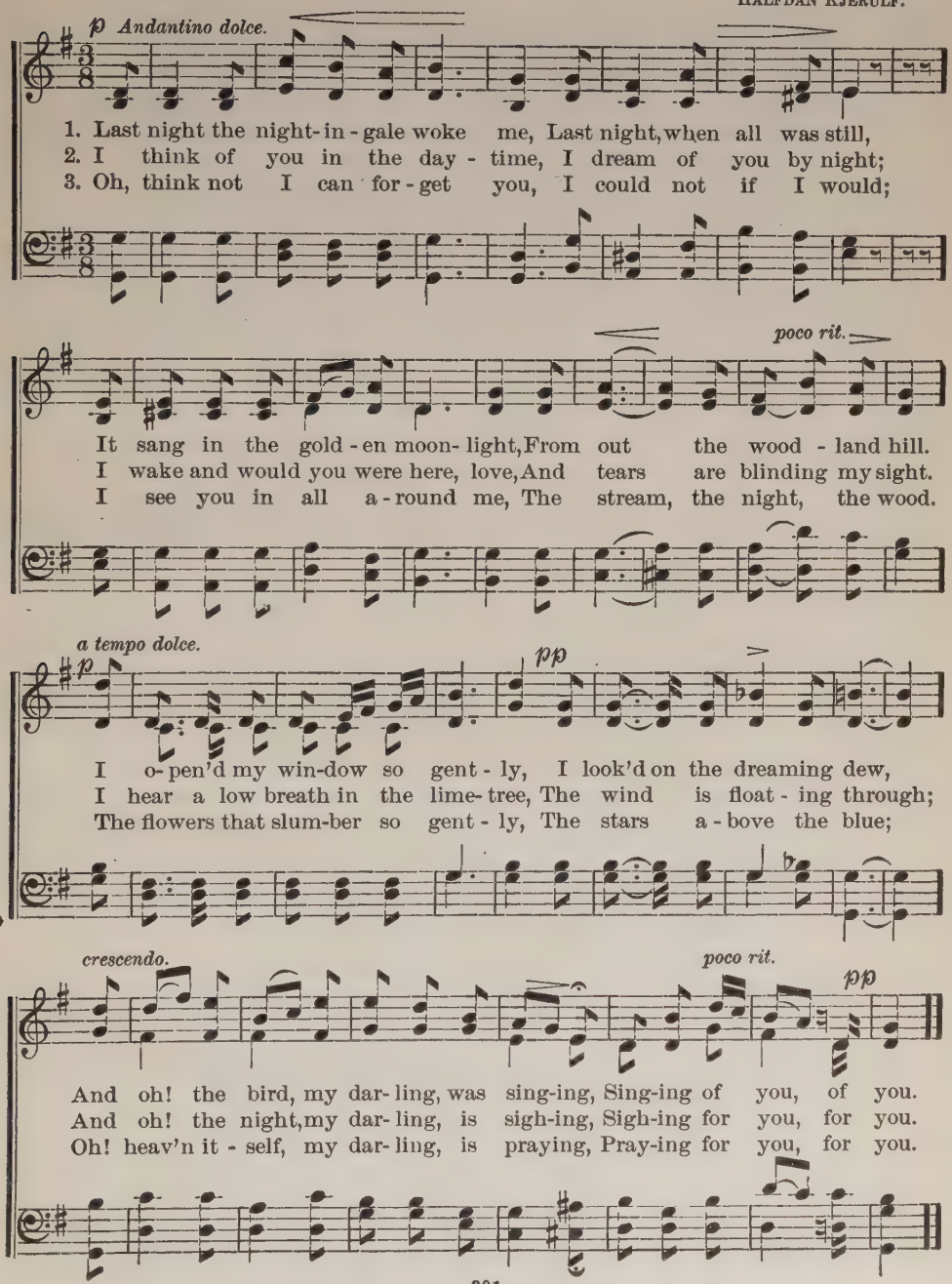
No. 213. Far Away.

Miss M. LINDSAY. Mrs. J. W. BLISS.

1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty, I re - mem - ber long a - go;
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with strangers made their home;
3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who re - mind us of the past,
Laughing round the Christmas fire - side, Brighten'd by its rud - dy glow:
Some up - on the world of wa - ters, All their lives are forc'd to roam;
But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last;
Or in summer's balm - y eve - nings, In the field up - on the hay?
Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Lon-ger here they might not stay,—
Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com-ing, who can say?
They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, far a - way,
They have reach'd a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way,
Ere this clos - es man - y may be Far a - way, far a - way,
They have all dis-pers'd, and wan- der'd Far a - way, far a - way.
They have reach'd a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.
Ere this clos - es man - y may be Far a - way, far a - way.

No. 214. Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me.

HALFDAN KJERULF.


p Andantino dolce.
1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night, when all was still,
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night;
3. Oh, think not I can for-get you, I could not if I would;
poco rit.
It sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out the wood-land hill.
I wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight.
I see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood.
a tempo dolce.
p
pp
I o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-ly, I look'd on the dreaming dew,
I hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing through;
The flowers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue;
crescendo.
poco rit.
pp
And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, Sing-ing of you, of you.
And oh! the night, my dar-ling, is sigh-ing, Sigh-ing for you, for you.
Oh! heav'n it-self, my dar-ling, is praying, Pray-ing for you, for you.

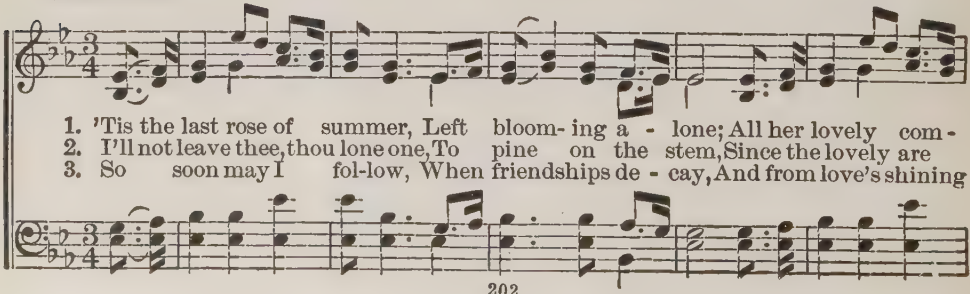
No. 215. Pull Away, Brave Boys.

Arr. from ROSSINI'S "WILLIAM TELL."

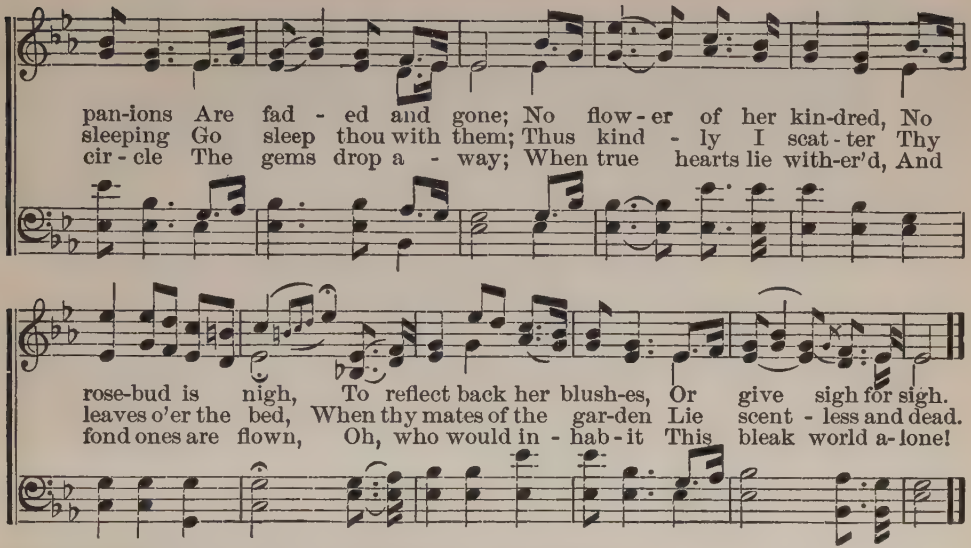
p Animato.
cres.
1. Pull a-way, pull a-way, pull away, brave boys, Pull away, pull away, our hearts are
2. Pull a-way, pull a-way, pull away, brave boys, Pull away, pull away, to the bending
f
FINE.
gay; Pull a-way, pull away thro' the dashing spray, On this glo - rious summer day.
oar; Pull a-way, pull away, let us heed no more, The mu - sic from the shore.
Pull away, pull away, while with joy we're singing, And our hearts beat high with glee; Pull a-
Pull away, pull away, while our pulse is dancing, And our hearts are light and free; Pull a-
way, pull a-way, while our songs are ringing, Gai - ly o'er the sounding sea.
way, pull a-way, thro' the wa - ters glancing, Swift we go o'er the sounding sea.

No. 216. The Last Rose of Summer.

THOMAS MOORE.

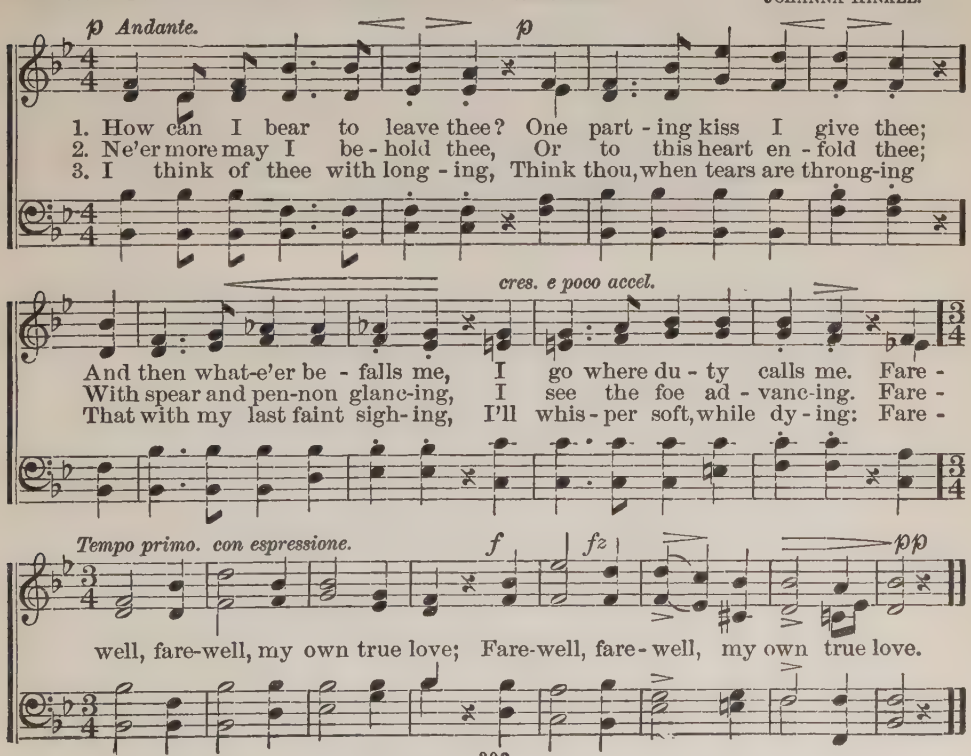

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom- ing a - lone; All her lovely com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the lovely are
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shining

The Last Rose of Summer.—Concluded.


pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin-dred, No
sleeping Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with-er'd, And
rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, When thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a-lone!

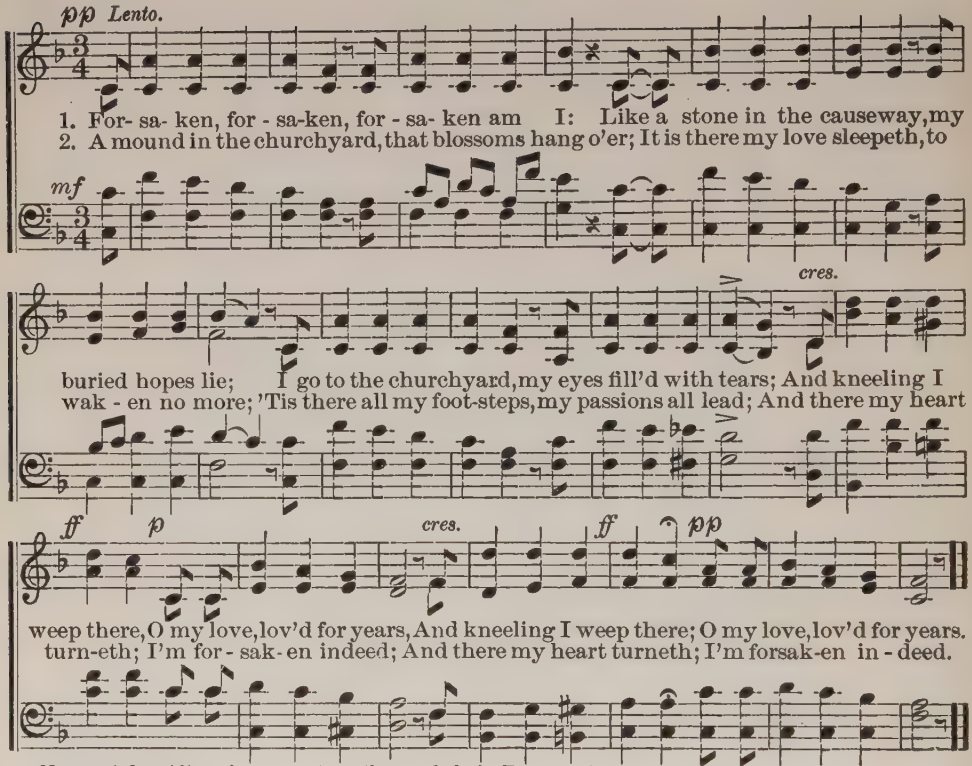
No. 217. Soldier's Farewell.

JOHANNA KINKEL.


p Andante.
p
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing
cres. e poco accel.
And then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where du - ty calls me. Fare -
With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad - vanc-ing. Fare -
That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing: Fare -
Tempo primo. con espressione.
f
fz
pp
well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.

No. 218. Forsaken.

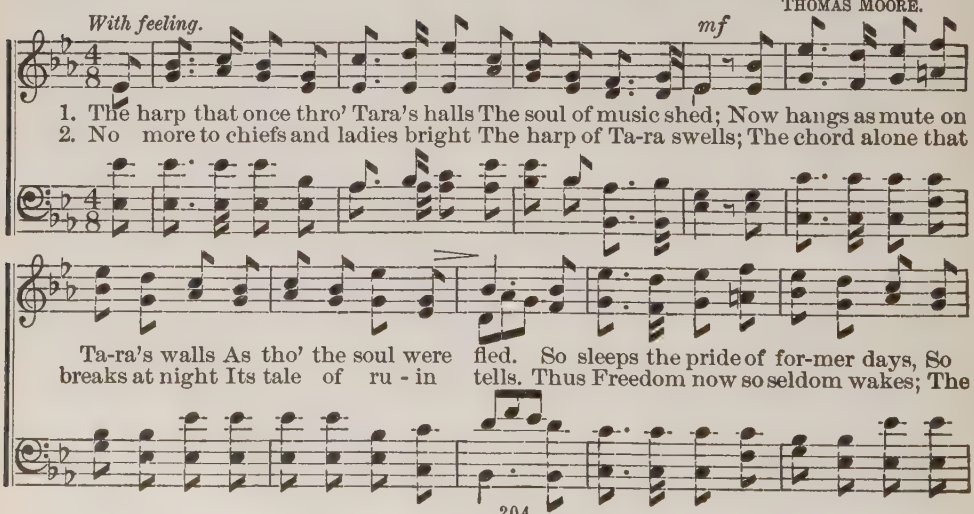
KOSCHAT.


pp Lento.
1. For- sa- ken, for - sa-ken, for - sa- ken am I: Like a stone in the causeway, my
2. A mound in the churchyard, that blossoms hang o'er; It is there my love sleepeth, to
mf
cres.
buried hopes lie; I go to the churchyard, my eyes fill'd with tears; And kneeling I
wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my foot-steps, my passions all lead; And there my heart
ff p cres. ff pp
weep there, O my love, lov'd for years, And kneeling I weep there; O my love, lov'd for years.
turn-eth; I'm for - sak- en indeed; And there my heart turneth; I'm forsak-en in - deed.

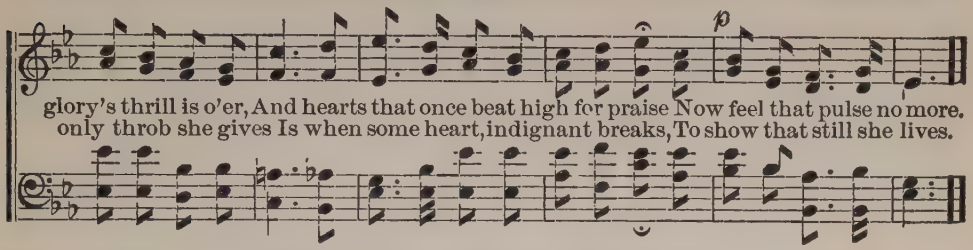
NOTE.—A few Alto voices may strengthen melody in Tenor part.

No. 219. The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.

THOMAS MOORE.


With feeling.
mf
1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord alone that
Ta-ra's walls As tho' the soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes; The

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.—Concluded.


glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
only throb she gives Is when some heart, indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

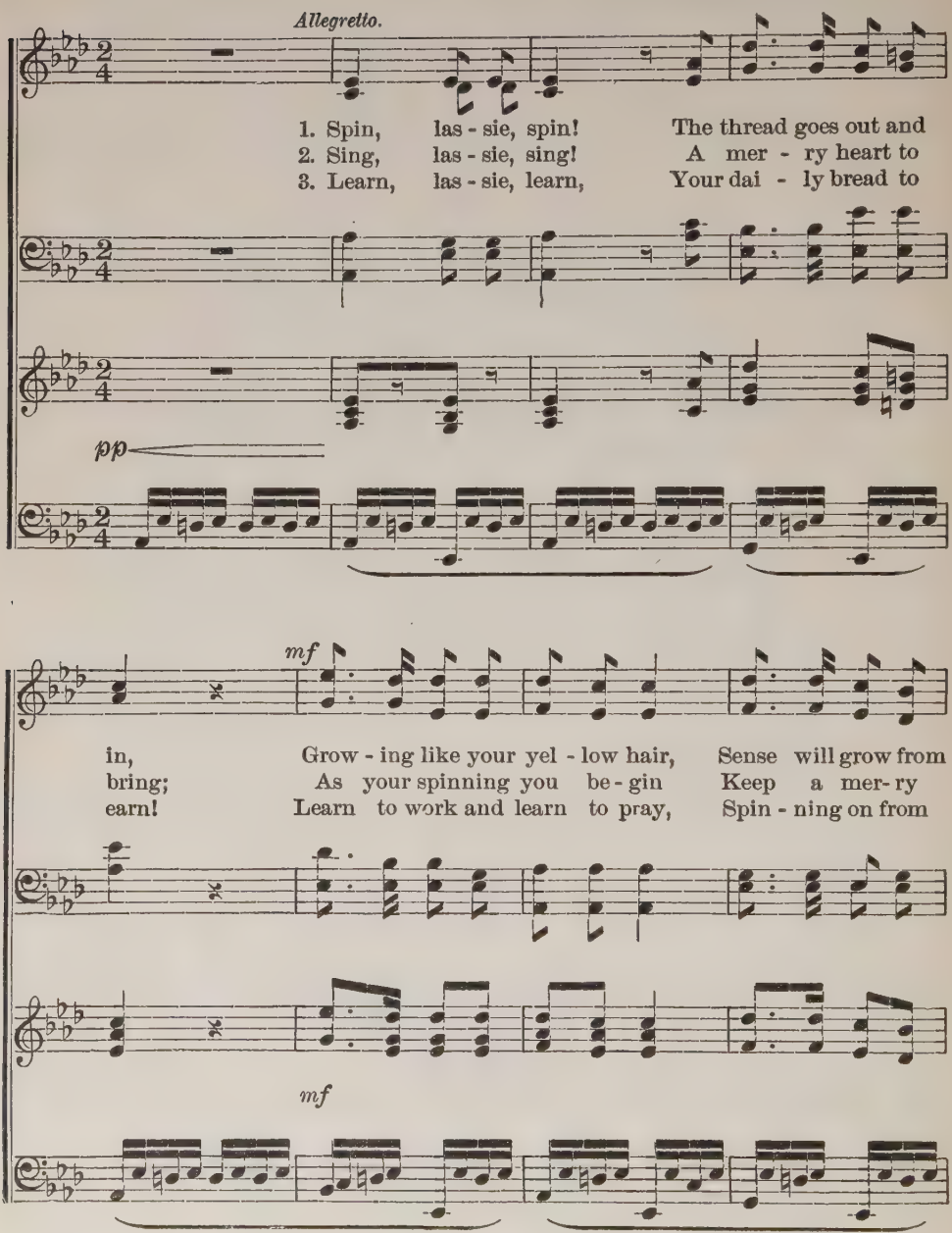
No. 220. The World is Full of Beauty.

G. DONIZETTI.

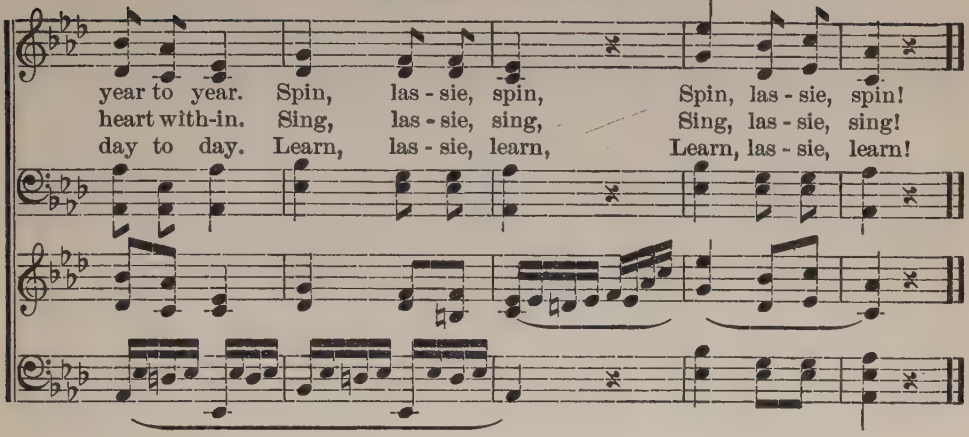
1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, Where the trees are green and fair,
3. There is beau - ty in the foun-tain, Toss-ing gai - ly in its play,
3. There is beau - ty in the moonlight When it falls up - on the sea,
4. There is beau - ty in the brightness Beam-ing from a lov - ing eye,
There is beau - ty in the mead - ow, Where wild flow'rs scent the air;
While the rain - bow hues are glit-t'ring On its sil - v'ry shin - ing spray.
While the blue foam-crest - ed bil - lows Dance and frol - ic joy - ous - ly.
In the warm blush of af - fec - tion In the tear of sym - pa - thy!
There is beau - ty in the sun - light, And the soft, blue beams a - bove,
There is beau - ty in the stream - let Murm'ring soft - ly thro' the grove,
There is beau - ty in the light'ning gleam That fit - ful shines, a - bove,
In the sweet, low voice whose ac - cents The spir - it's glad-ness prove,
O the world is full of beau-ty..... When the heart is full, the heart is full of love.

No. 221. Spinning Song.

CARL REINECKE. Arr. by C. G. H.


Allegretto.
1. Spin, las - sie, spin! The thread goes out and
2. Sing, las - sie, sing! A mer - ry heart to
3. Learn, las - sie, learn, Your dai - ly bread to
pp
mf
in, Grow - ing like your yel - low hair, Sense will grow from
bring; As your spinning you be - gin Keep a mer- ry
earn! Learn to work and learn to pray, Spin - ning on from
mf

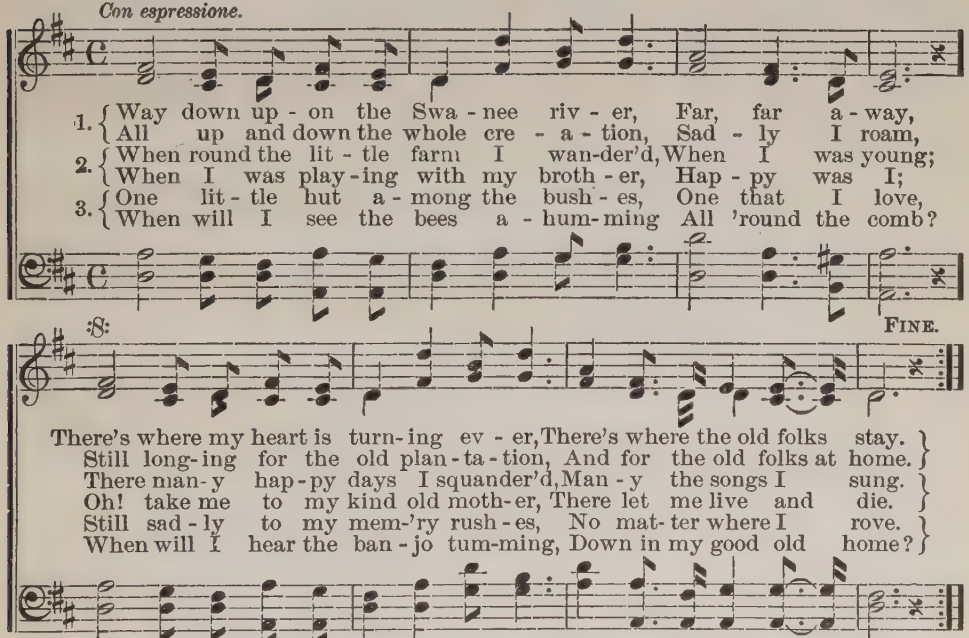
Spinning Song.—Concluded.


year to year. Spin, las - sie, spin, Spin, las - sie, spin!
heart with-in. Sing, las - sie, sing, Sing, las - sie, sing!
day to day. Learn, las - sie, learn, Learn, las - sie, learn!

No. 222. Old Folks at Home.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Con espressione.

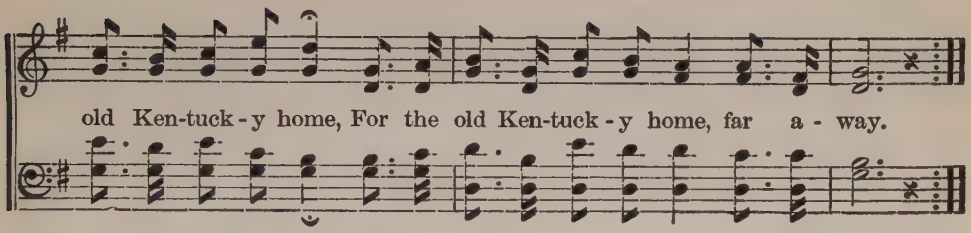

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. When round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young;
When I was play-ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,
When will I see the bees a - hum-ming All 'round the comb?
FINE.
There's where my heart is turn-ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
There man-y hap-py days I squander'd, Man - y the songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear the ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?
D.C.—Oh! dar- kies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam;

No. 223. My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Rather slow.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the dar-kies are
2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the darkey may
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the
shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes
day, The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
door, The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight;
grow; A few more days for to tote the weary load, —No matter, 'twill never be light;
By'm-by hard times come a-knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road. Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!
CHORUS.
Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the

My Old Kentucky Home.—Concluded.



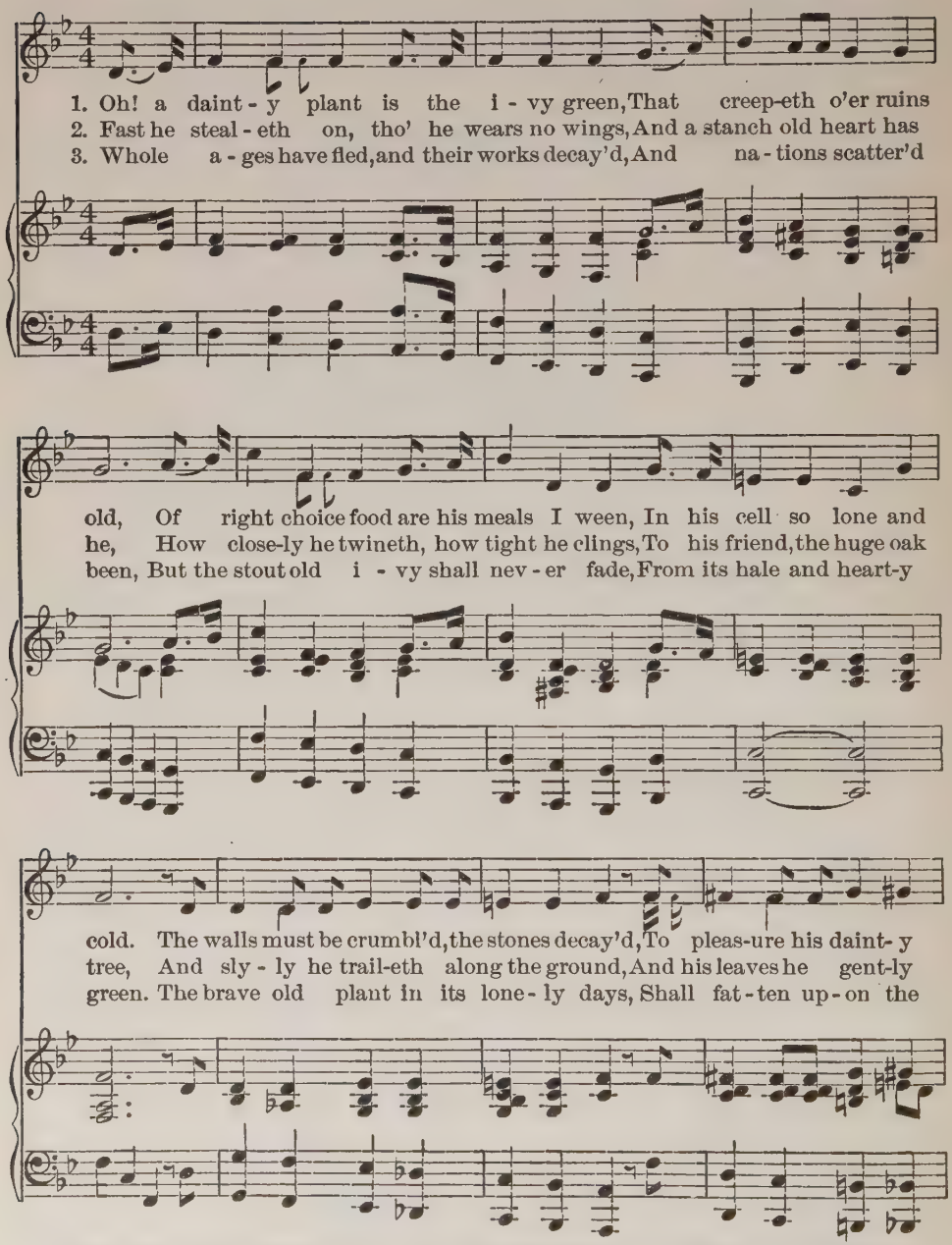
No. 224. Old Black Joe.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are the friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I
cot - ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I
friends come not a-gain? Grieving for forms now de-part-ed long a-go, I
held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I
mf CHORUS. pp mf
hear their gentle voices call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm coming, I'm coming, For my
poco rit.
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gentle voic-es call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

No. 225. The Ivy Green.

CHAS. DICKENS. HERBERT GRIGGS.


1. Oh! a daint - y plant is the i - vy green, That creep-eth o'er ruins
2. Fast he steal - eth on, tho' he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has
3. Whole a - ges have fled, and their works decay'd, And na - tions scatter'd
old, Of right choice food are his meals I ween, In his cell so lone and
he, How close-ly he twineth, how tight he clings, To his friend, the huge oak
been, But the stout old i - vy shall nev - er fade, From its hale and heart-y
cold. The walls must be crumbl'd, the stones decay'd, To pleas-ure his daint- y
tree, And sly - ly he trail-eth along the ground, And his leaves he gent-ly
green. The brave old plant in its lone - ly days, Shall fat - ten up - on the

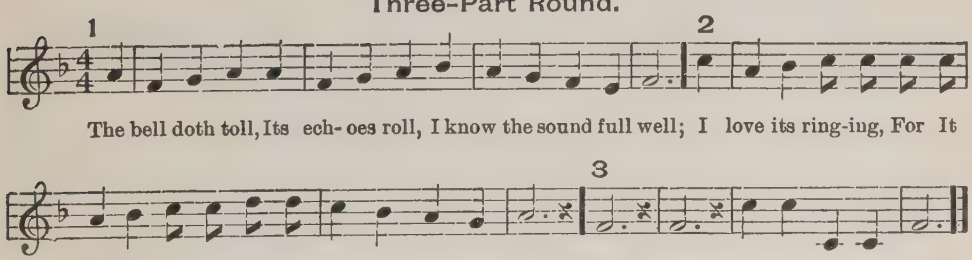
From "Beacon Song Collection," No. 2. By arrangement with Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.

The Ivy Green.—Concluded.

whim, And the mould'ring dust that years have made, Is a mer - ry meal for him.
waves, And he joyously twines and hugs a-round The rich mould of dead men's graves.
past; For the stat-li-est building man may raise, Is the i - vy's food at last.
Chorus.
Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green,
Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green.

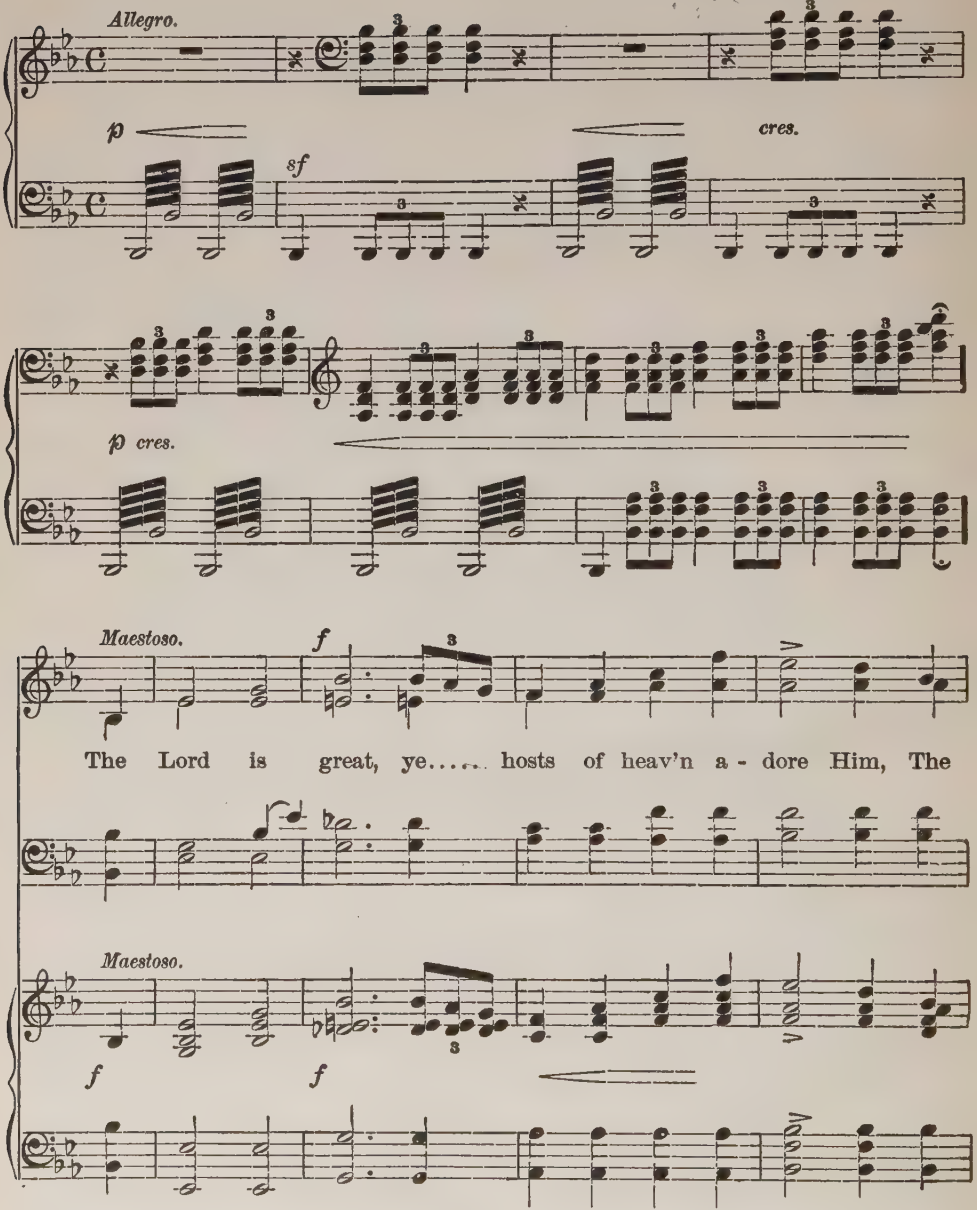
No. 226. The Bell Doth Toll.

Three-Part Round.


1
2
The bell doth toll, Its ech- oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ring-ing, For It
3
calls to singing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bim, bim, bome bell.

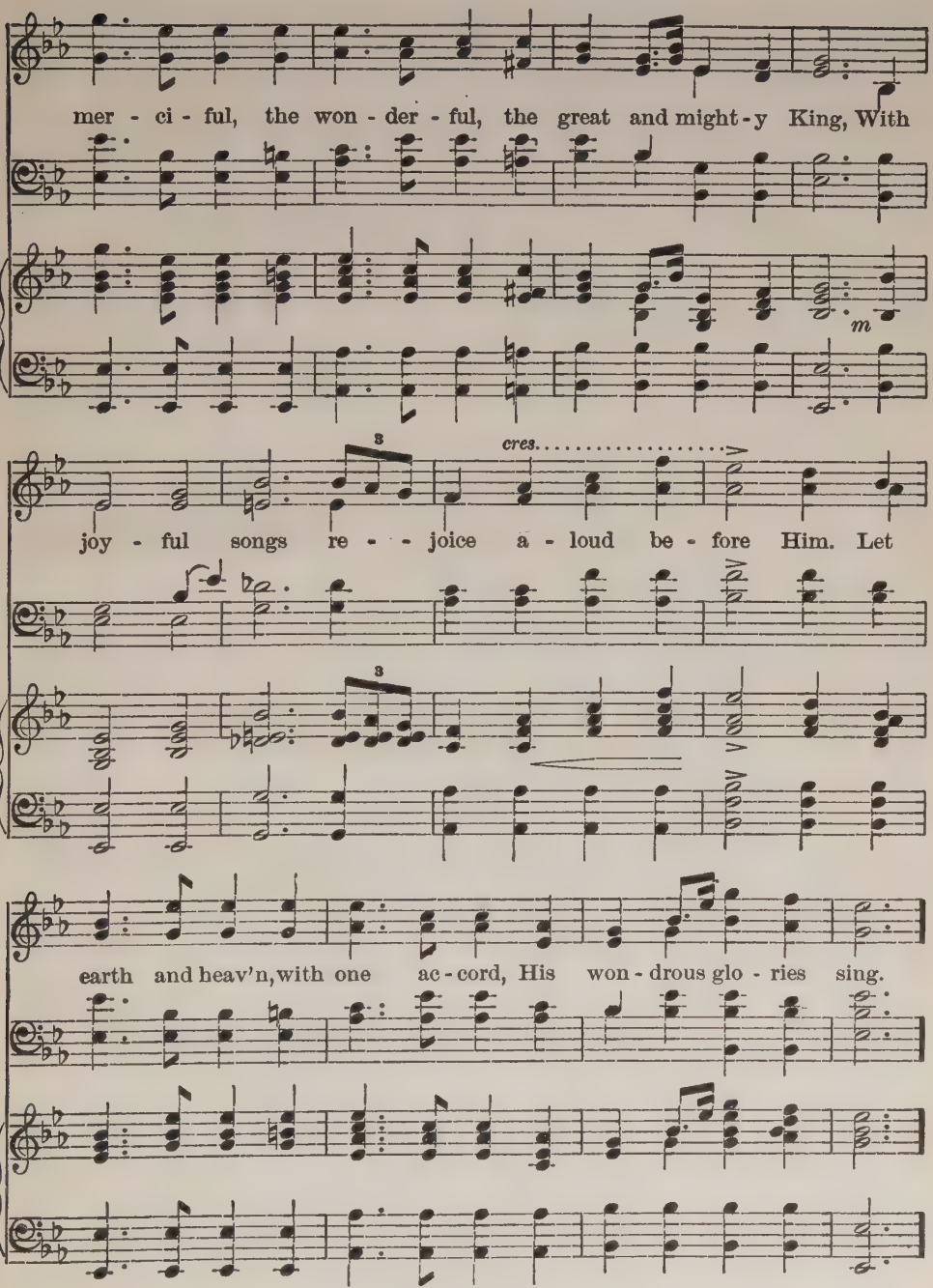
No. 227. The Lord Is Great.

Arr. from Priest's March of MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIE."
By G. F. WILSON.

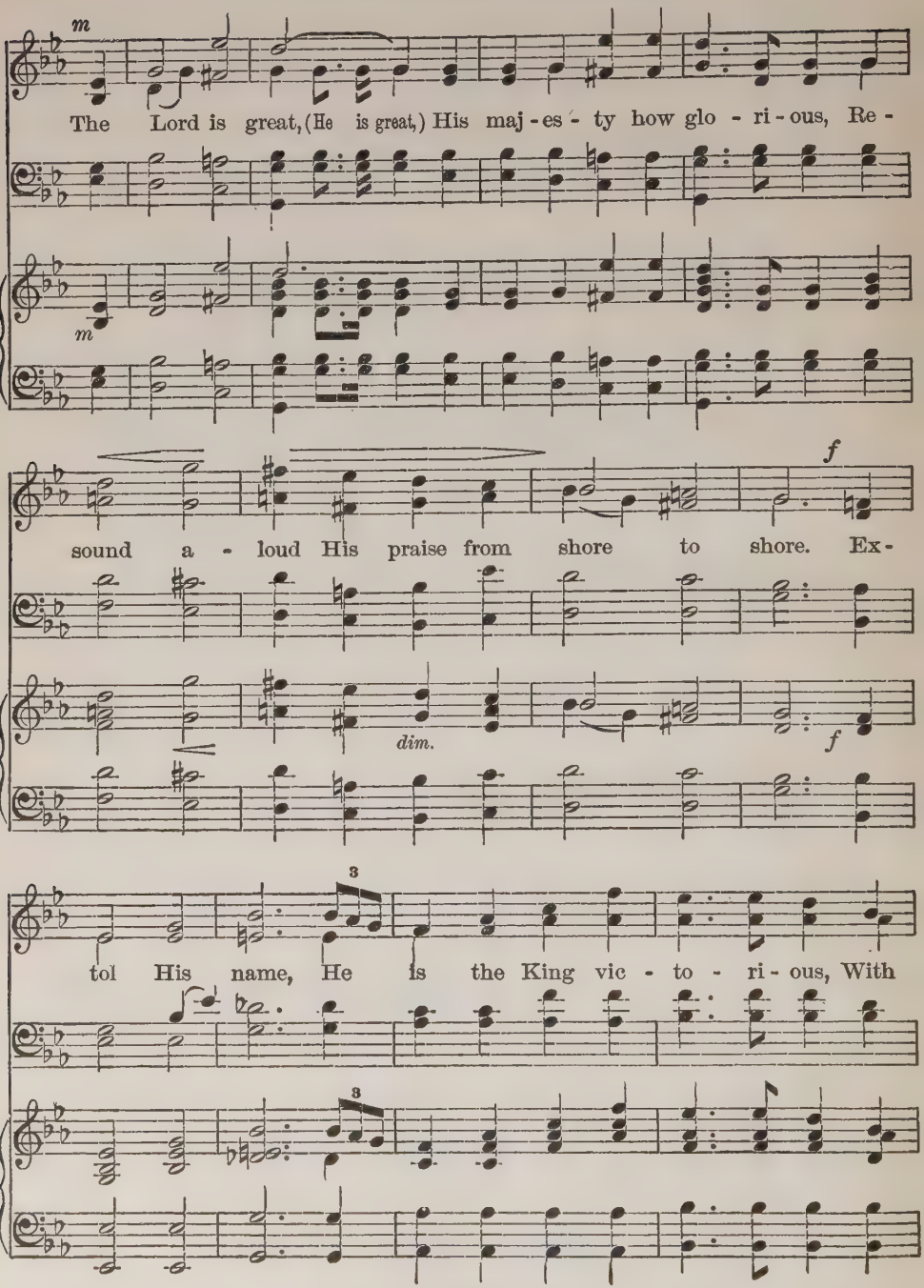


From "Beacon Song Collection," No. 2. By arrangement with Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers.

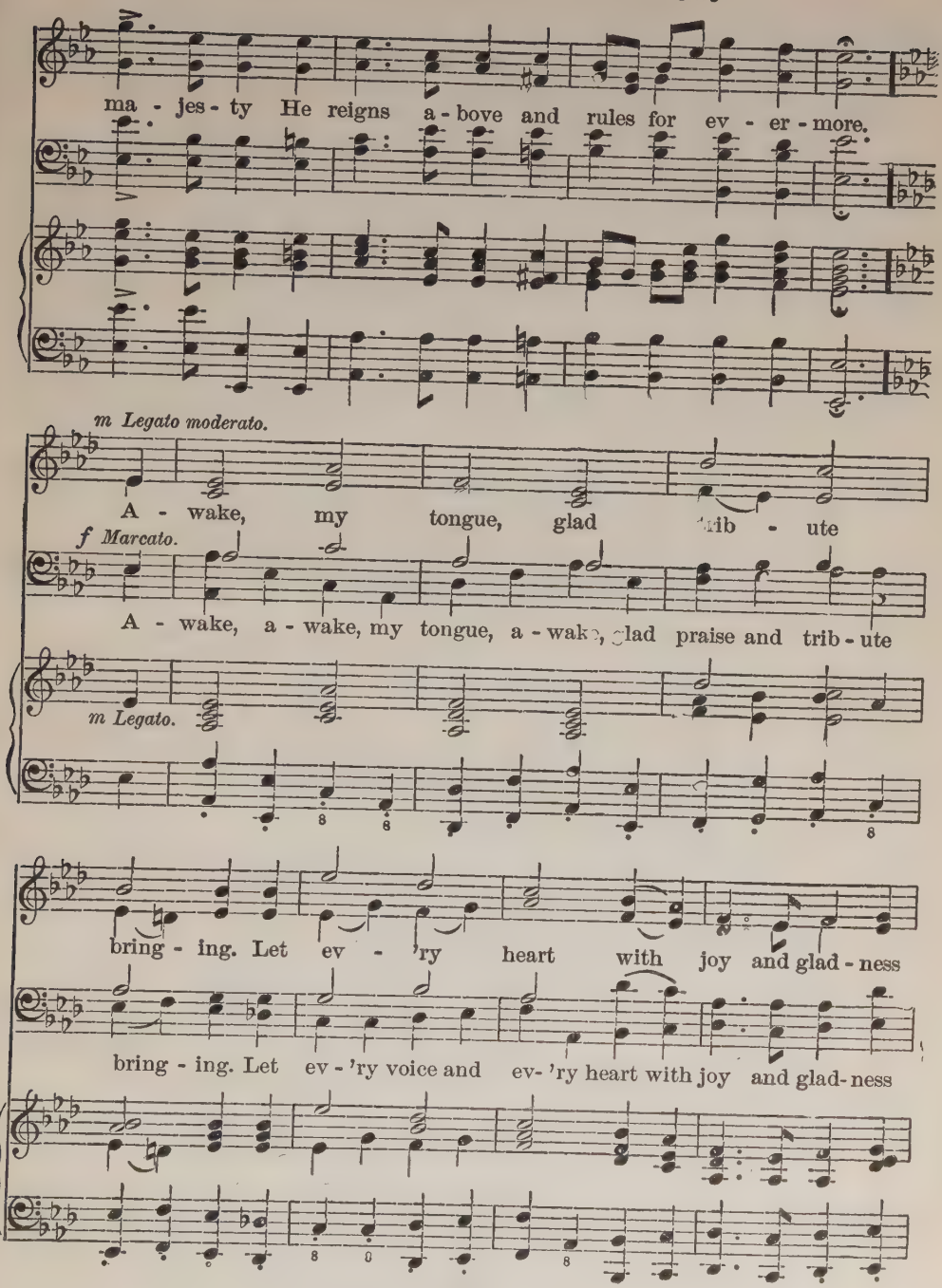
The Lord Is Great.—Continued.


mer - ci - ful, the won - der - ful, the great and might - y King, With
joy - ful songs re - - joice a - loud be - fore Him. Let
cres.
earth and heav'n, with one ac - cord, His won - drous glo - ries sing.

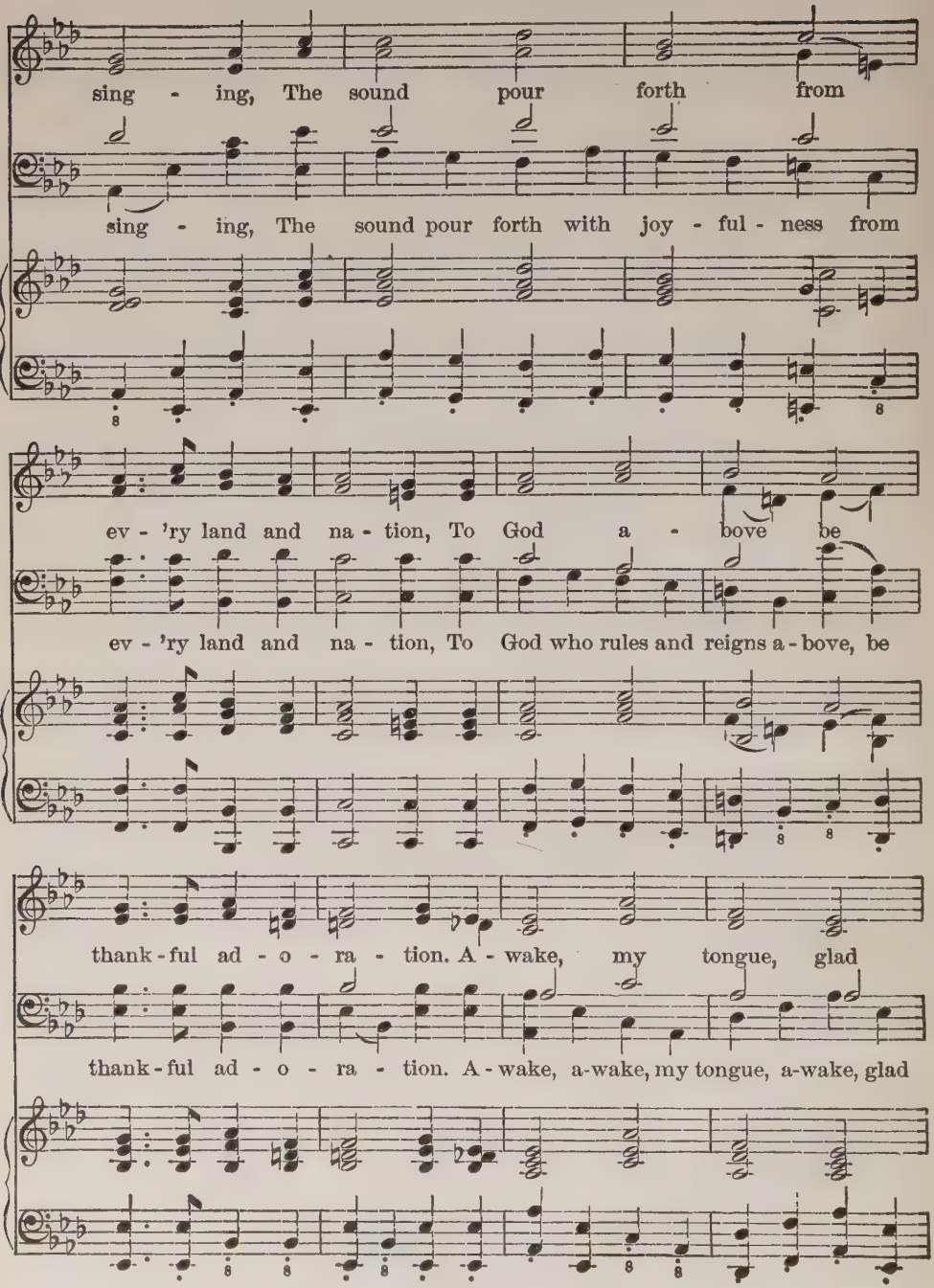
The Lord Is Great.—Continued.


m
The Lord is great, (He is great,) His maj - es - ty how glo - ri - ous, Re -
m
f
sound a - loud His praise from shore to shore. Ex -
dim.
f
3
tol His name, He is the King vic - to - ri - ous, With
3

The Lord Is Great.—Continued.


ma - jes - ty He reigns a - bove and rules for ev - er - more.
m Legato moderato.
A - wake, my tongue, glad trib - ute
f Marcato.
A - wake, a - wake, my tongue, a - wake, glad praise and trib - ute
m Legato.
bring - ing. Let ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness
bring - ing. Let ev - 'ry voice and ev- 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness

The Lord Is Great.—Continued.


sing - ing, The sound pour forth from
sing - ing, The sound pour forth with joy - ful - ness from
ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To God a - bove be
ev - 'ry land and na - tion, To God who rules and reigns a - bove, be
thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion. A - wake, my tongue, glad
thank - ful ad - o - ra - tion. A - wake, a-wake, my tongue, a-wake, glad

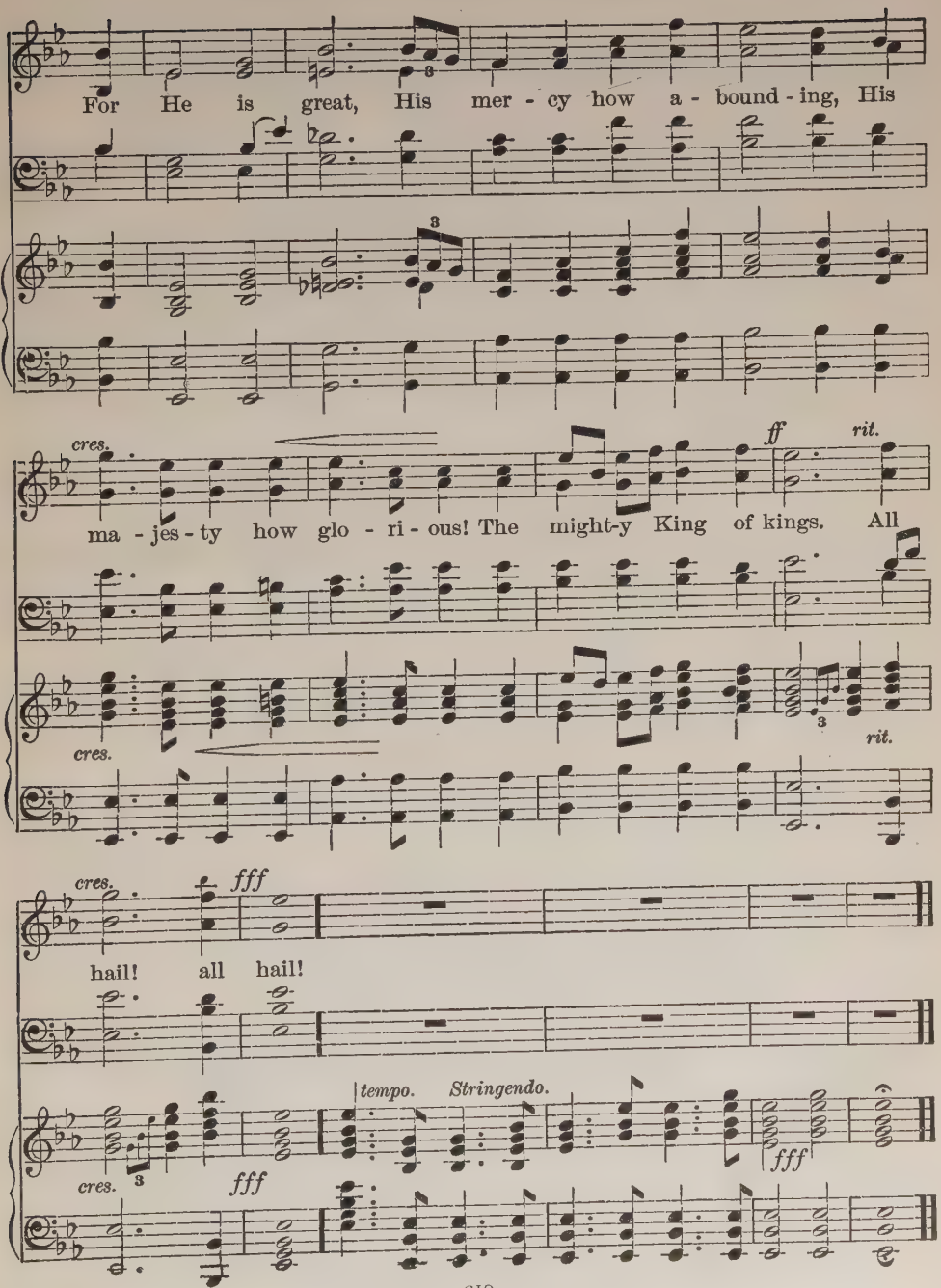
The Lord Is Great.—Continued.

trib - ute bring - ing, Let ev - - 'ry
praise and trib - ute bring - ing, Let ev - 'ry voice and
heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing.
ev - 'ry heart with joy and glad - ness sing - ing.
m
mf
Sound forth His praise from ev - 'ry land and na - tion, O
Sound forth His praise, sound His praise from ev-'ry land and na-tion, O praise Him
m
mf

The Lord Is Great—Continued.

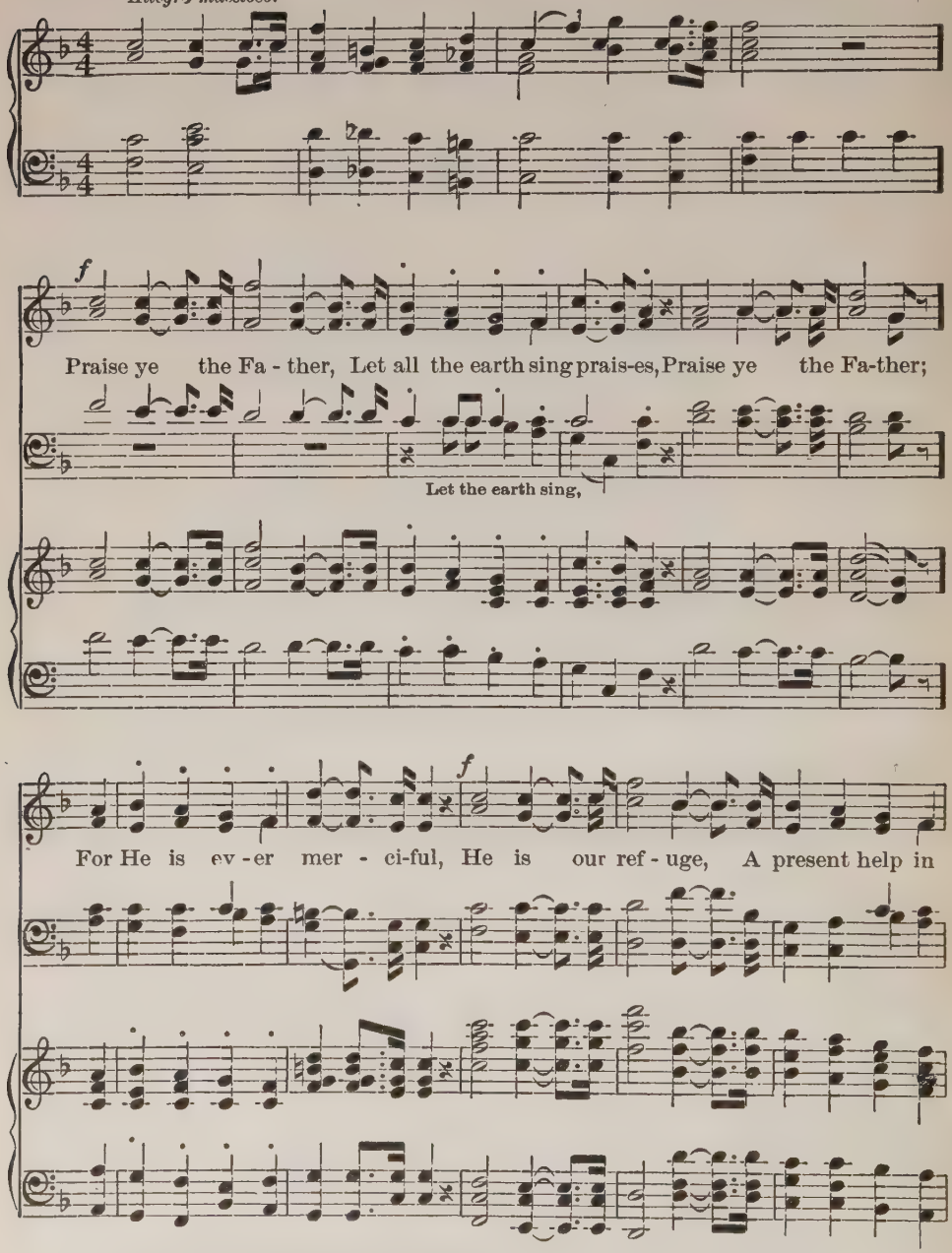
fz
fz
ff
praise Him, O praise Him with thank-ful ad - o - ra - tion, O
praise ye Him, O praise ye Him with thank-ful ad - o - ra - tion,
cres.
8va lower
sing His praise with harp and voice re - sound - ing Till
heav'n a - bove and earth be - low with heav'n-ly mu - sic rings.

The Lord Is Great.—Concluded.



No. 228. Praise Ye the Father.

Allegro maestoso. Arr. from CHARLES GOUNOD.


f
Praise ye the Fa - ther, Let all the earth sing prais-es, Praise ye the Fa-ther;
Let the earth sing,
f
For He is ev - er mer - ci-ful, He is our ref - uge, A present help in

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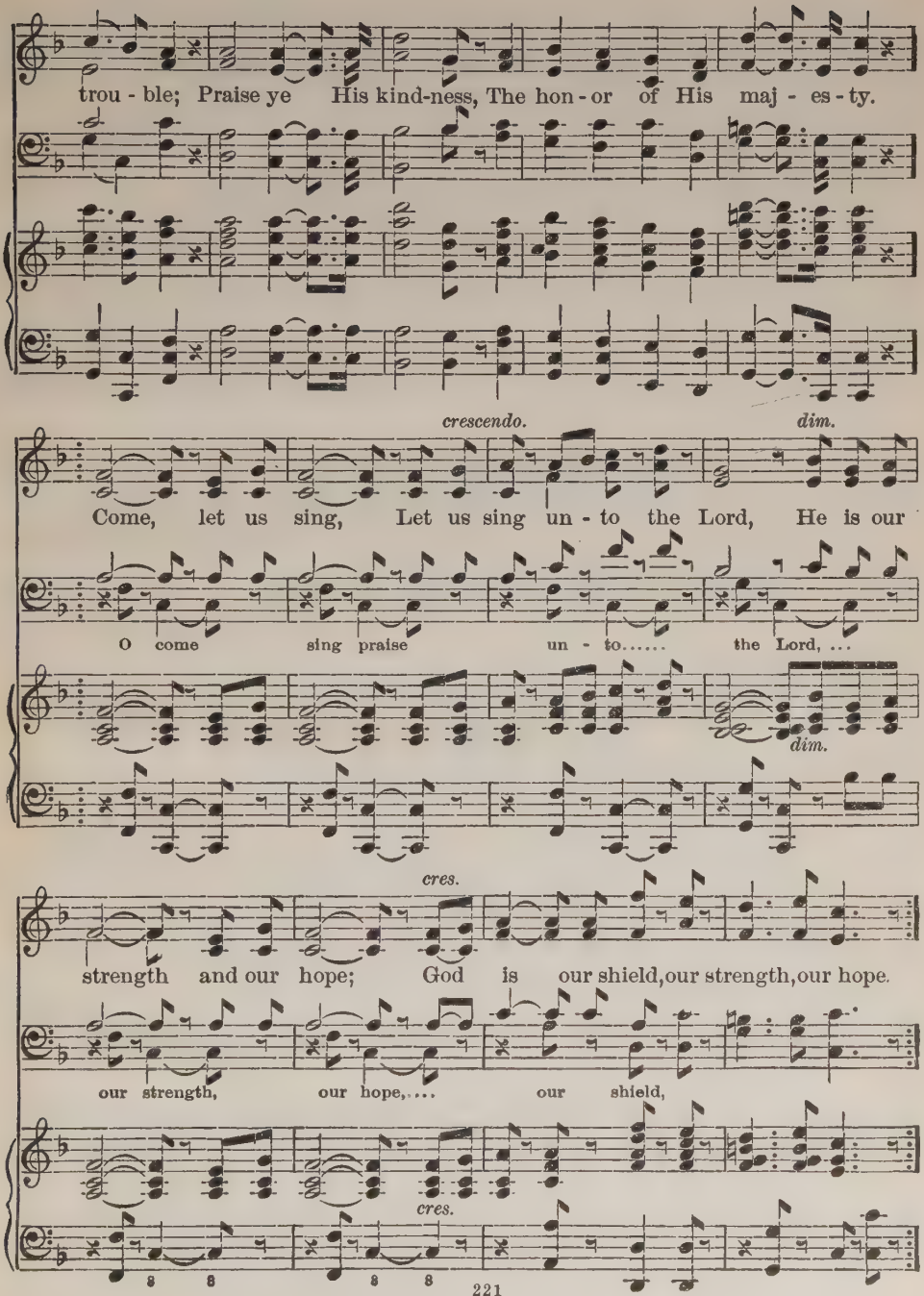
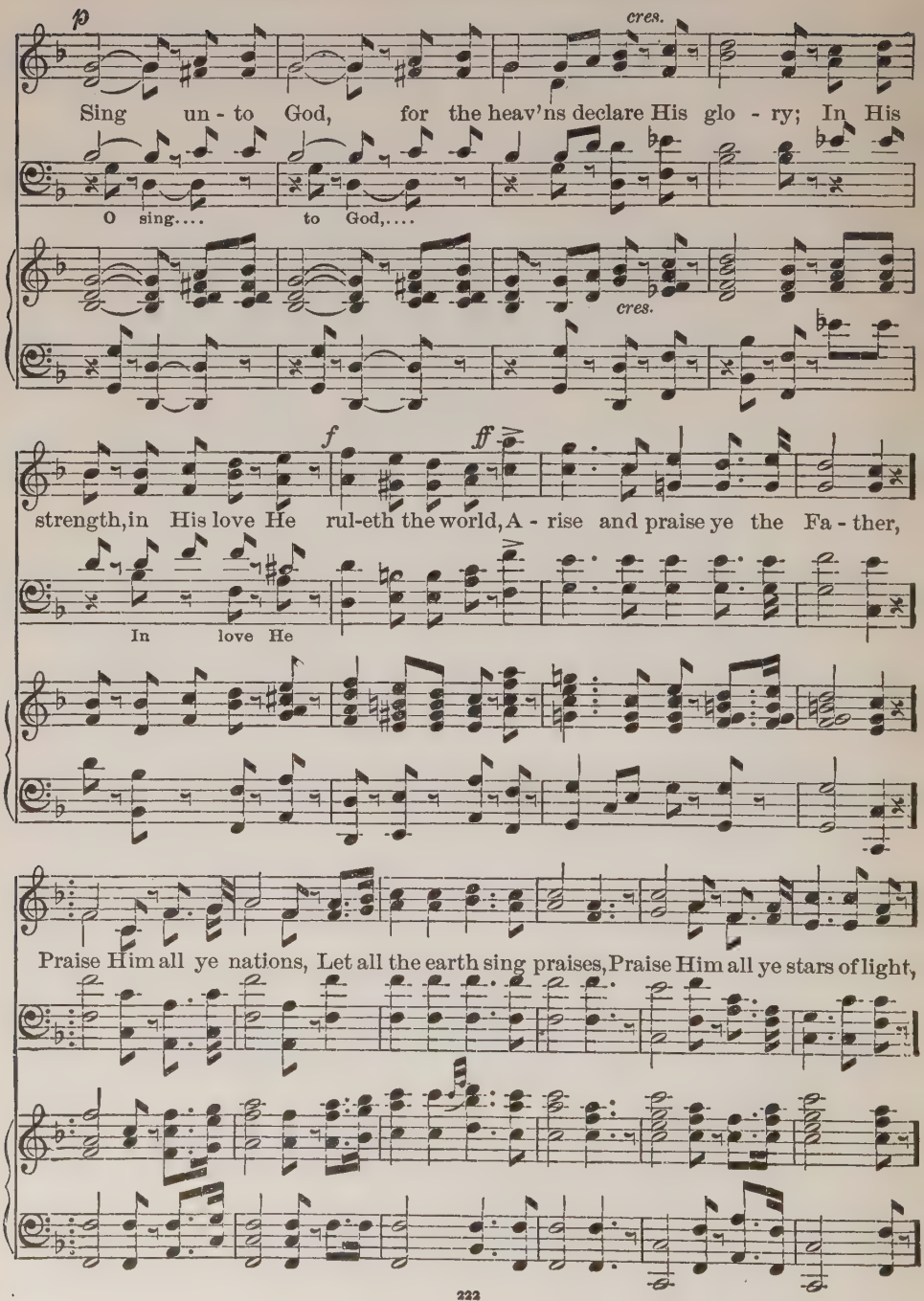
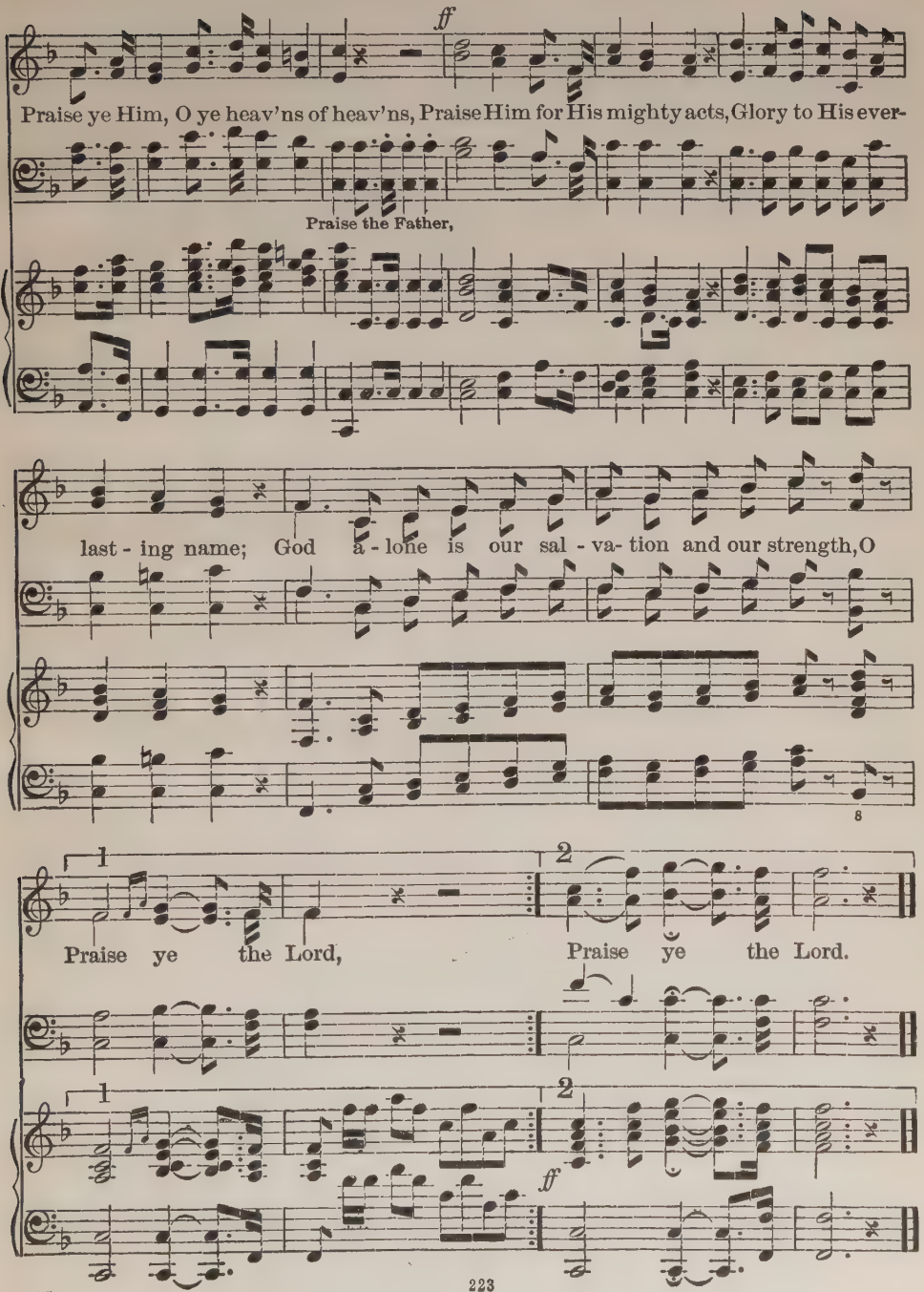
Praise Ye the Father.--Continued.


trou - ble; Praise ye His kind-ness, The hon - or of His maj - es - ty.
crescendo.
dim.
Come, let us sing, Let us sing un - to the Lord, He is our
O come sing praise un - to..... the Lord, ...
dim.
cres.
strength and our hope; God is our shield, our strength, our hope.
our strength, our hope,.... our shield,
cres.

Praise Ye the Father.—Continued.


p
cres.
Sing un - to God, for the heav'ns declare His glo - ry; In His
O sing.... to God,....
cres.
f
ff
strength, in His love He rul-eth the world, A - rise and praise ye the Fa - ther,
In love He
Praise Him all ye nations, Let all the earth sing praises, Praise Him all ye stars of light,

Praise Ye the Father.—Concluded.


ff
Praise ye Him, O ye heav'ns of heav'ns, Praise Him for His mighty acts, Glory to His ever-
Praise the Father,
last - ing name; God a - lone is our sal - va- tion and our strength, O
8
1
2
Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord.
1
2
ff

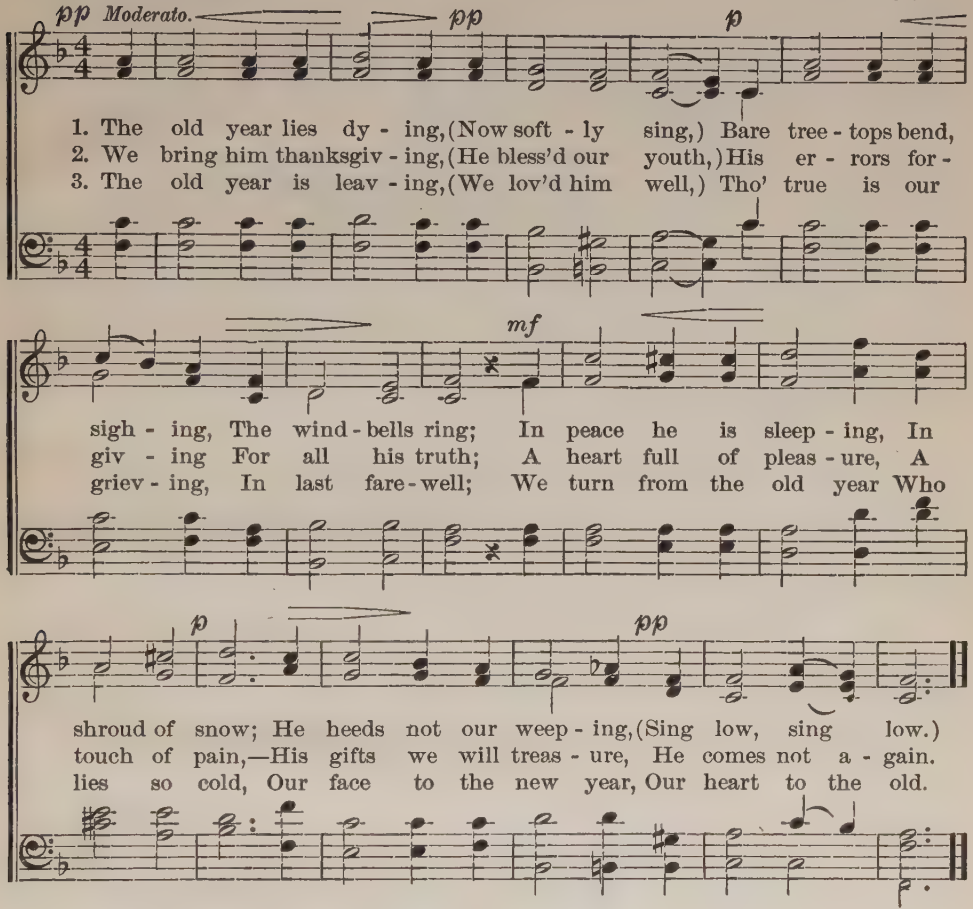
No. 229. The Red Sun Is Sinking.

A Lullaby. HENRY LESLIE.

mp Andantino.
1. The red sun is sink - ing, and fa - ther at sea Is
2. While fa - ther is keep - ing his watch in the storm, And
p
sure to be think-ing of ba - by and me; The south-west is
moth- er is weep - ing, our ba - by keeps warm; When win - ter is
blow - ing, the break - ers are high; May God guard his go - ing if
o - ver, and spring decks the lea, May winds waft our ro - ver to
f
dan - ger be nigh, May God guard his go - ing if dan - ger be
ba - by and me, May winds waft our ro - ver to ba - by and
rit. e dim.
pp
nigh, May God guard his go - ing if dan - ger be nigh.
me, May winds waft our ro - ver to ba - by and me.

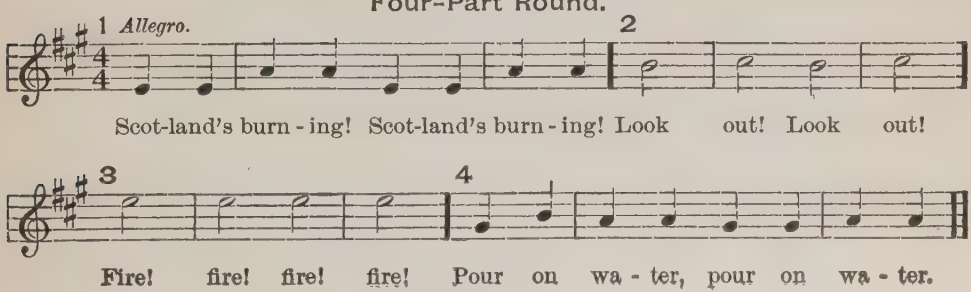
No. 230. The Old Year.

MABEL HAY BARROWS. KLOSS.


pp Moderato.
pp
p
1. The old year lies dy - ing,(Now soft - ly sing,) Bare tree - tops bend,
2. We bring him thanksgiv - ing,(He bless'd our youth,)His er - rors for -
3. The old year is leav - ing,(We lov'd him well,) Tho' true is our
mf
sigh - ing, The wind - bells ring; In peace he is sleep - ing, In
giv - ing For all his truth; A heart full of pleas - ure, A
griev - ing, In last fare - well; We turn from the old year Who
p
pp
shroud of snow; He heeds not our weep - ing,(Sing low, sing low.)
touch of pain,—His gifts we will treas - ure, He comes not a - gain.
lies so cold, Our face to the new year, Our heart to the old.

No. 231. Scotland's Burning.

Four-Part Round.



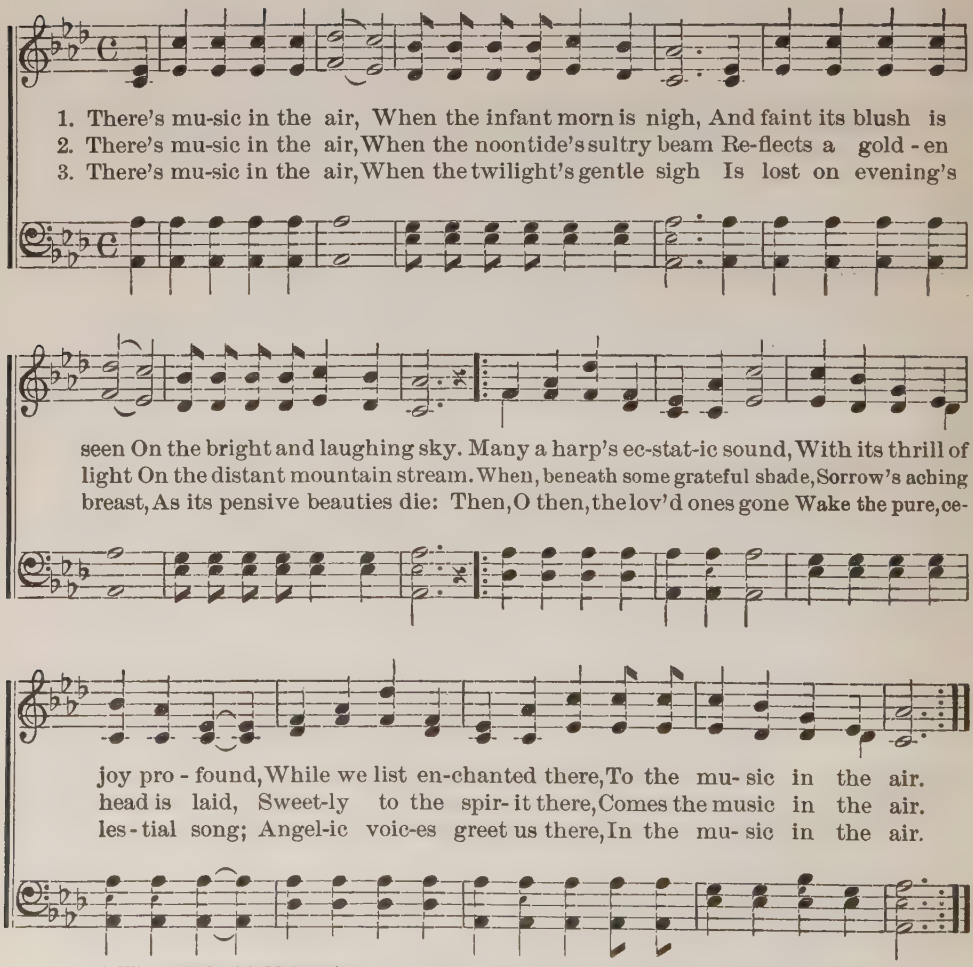
The Assembly Hymn and Song Collection.

Part V.

School and College Songs.

No. 232. There's Music in the Air.

(Arranged for Mixed or Male Voices.)*


1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sultry beam Re-flects a gold-en
3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's
seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of
light On the distant mountain stream. When, beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching
breast, As its pensive beauties die: Then, O then, the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure, ce-
joy pro-found, While we list en-chanted there, To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir-it there, Comes the music in the air.
les-tial song; Angel-ic voic-es greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

* When used with Male voices, 1st Tenor sing Alto part, *8va*. Baritone, the small notes.

No. 233. Never a Care I Know.

"Mandolinata." Arr. from Spanish Air.

Allegro.

1. Oh, I'm a hap - py crea-ture, Mer-ry from morn till night; I love a gay and
2. Tho' cloud-y be the morning, Sun-ny may be the noon; But mu-sic ne'er can
3. I wish there was no fighting, Nev - er a speck of war; That weak and strong could

joy - ful way, And song is my de - light; The world is all be - fore me,
charm the ear, If strings are out of tune; Then sing in cheer-ful meas - ure
get a - long With-out a wound or scar; I wish there was no sor - row

Nev-er a care I know, Then why should I despond or sigh. When pleasures freely
Mer-ri - ly all the day, And with a smile for- get a while, Your sorrows while you
Nev-er a cause of woe, If on - ly we could all a-gree, How jolly times would

(*Omit first time.*)

Go to Refrain. 2 FINE. REFRAIN.

flow. pleas- ures free - ly flow.
may. sor - rows while you may.
go. jol - ly times would go.

For the days roll on in the

D.S.

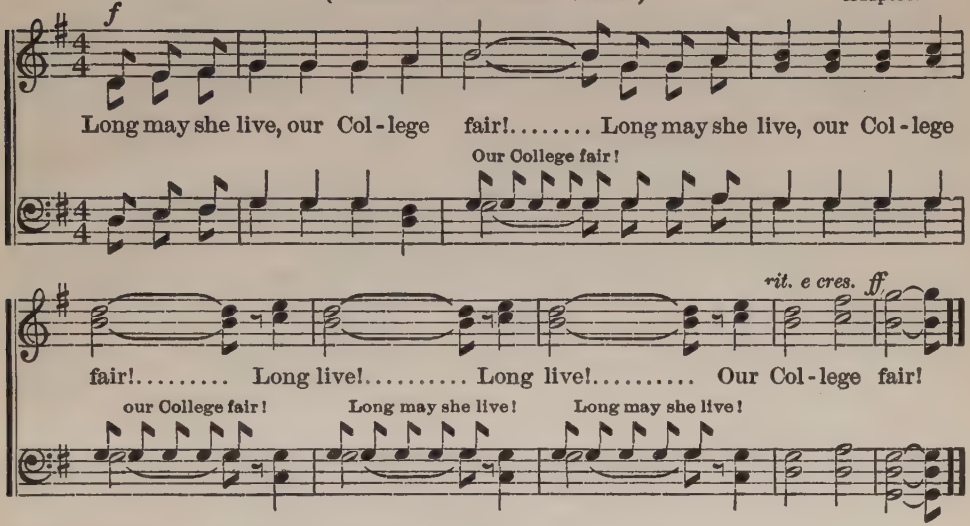
same old.... way; Oh, give me then a.... heart that is gay; The Oh, I

No. 234. 'Neath the Elms.

Moderato.
1. Winds of night, a - round us sigh - ing, In the elm trees murmur low, In the
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn-ing, Pure and soft as maiden's eyes, Pure and
elm trees murmur low; Let no ru - der sounds re - ply - ing, Break our hap-py voic-es'
soft as maiden's eyes, Sweet the hour when your return-ing, Bids our mer - ry songs a -
flow. 'Tis the jol - ly life we lead, Care and trouble we de - fy; Let the short-lived
rise! See the full moon rising, weaves Robes of light o'er tow'r and hall; Thro' the slowly
hours speed, Running smootly, quickly by; Till the darkness fades a-way, And the
lift- ing leaves, Sil-ver lan-ces flash and fall! Loud-er yet the chorus raise, Friendship
morning light we hail, We will sing with cheerful hearts, Songs of home and dear old Yale.
lasts when youth must fail–Jolly, jolly are the days, 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale.

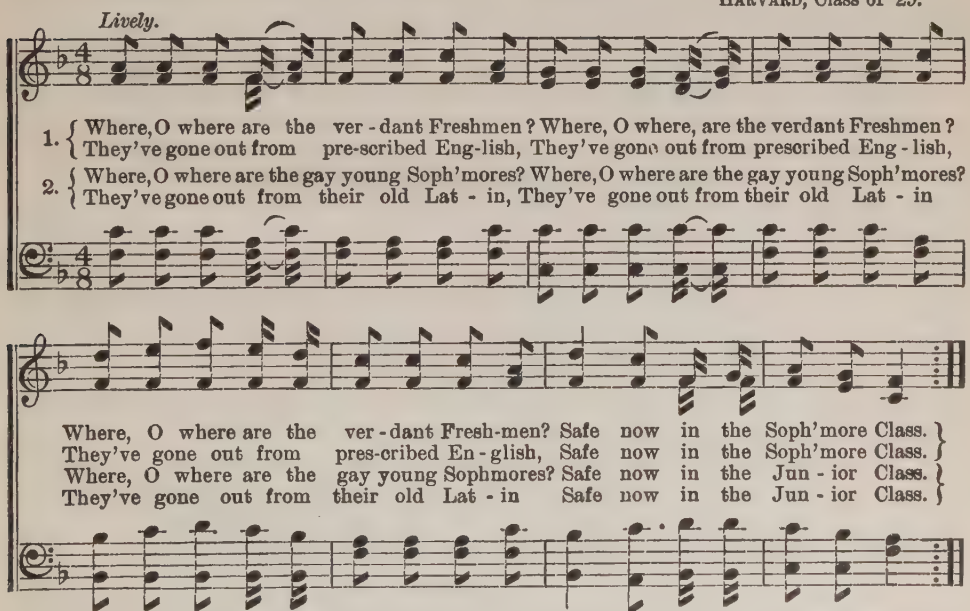
No. 235. Long Live Our College.

(For either Male or Mixed Voices.) Adapted.


f
Long may she live, our Col-lege fair!..... Long may she live, our Col-lege
Our College fair!
rit. e cres.
ff
fair!..... Long live!..... Long live!..... Our Col-lege fair!
our College fair!
Long may she live!
Long may she live!

No. 236. Where, O Where?

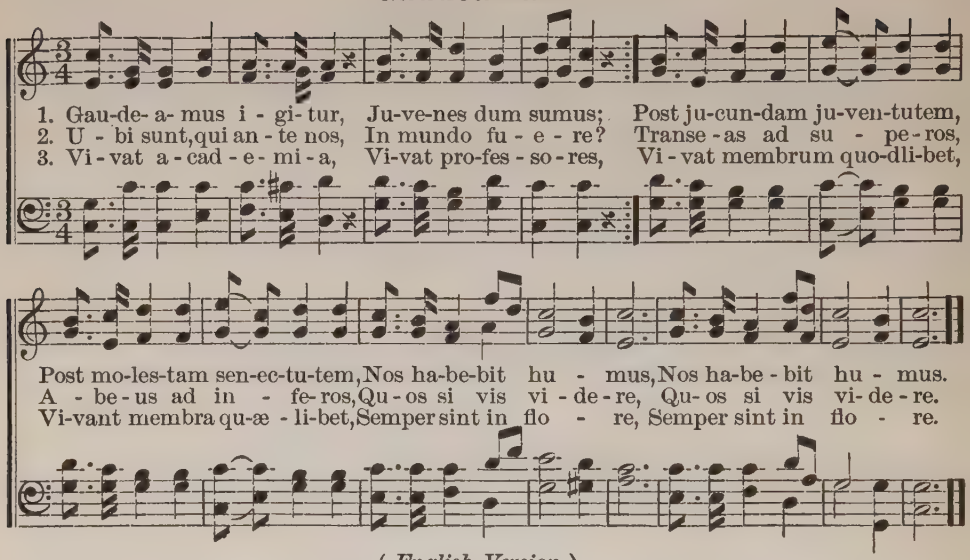
HARVARD, Class of '29.


Lively.
1. Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Where, O where, are the verdant Freshmen?
They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, They've gone out from prescribed Eng-lish,
2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in
Where, O where are the ver-dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
They've gone out from pres-cribed En-glish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
Where, O where are the gay young Sophmores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
They've gone out from their old Lat-in Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.

3. ‖: Where, O where are the jolly Juniors :‖
Safe now in the Senior Class.
‖: They've gone out from their tough Mathematics. :‖
Safe now in the Senior Class.

4. ‖: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

No. 237. Gaudeamaus.


1. Gau-de- a- mus i - gi- tur, Ju-ve-nes dum sumus; Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tutem,
2. U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos, In mundo fu - e - re? Transe - as ad su - pe - ros,
3. Vi - vat a - cad - e - mi - a, Vi-vat pro-fes - so - res, Vi - vat membrum quo-dli-bet,
Post mo-les-tam sen-ec-tu-tem, Nos ha-be-bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be - bit hu - mus.
A - be - us ad in - fe-ros, Qu - os si vis vi - de - re, Qu - os si vis vi-de - re.
Vi-vant membra qu-æ - li-bet, Semper sint in flo - re, Semper sint in flo - re.

(*English Version.*)

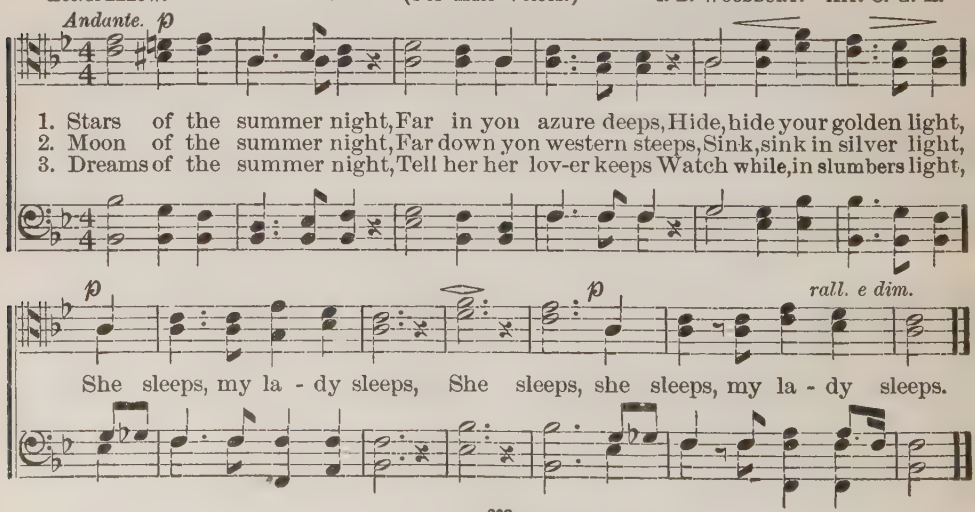
1 ‖: Let us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us; :‖
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
‖: Then the dust doth claim us. :‖

2 ‖: Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never; :‖
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dol'rous Stygian flood;
There they dwell forever. :‖

3 ‖: Raise we, then, the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater! :‖
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
‖: May they leave us never. :‖

No. 238. Stars of the Summer Night.

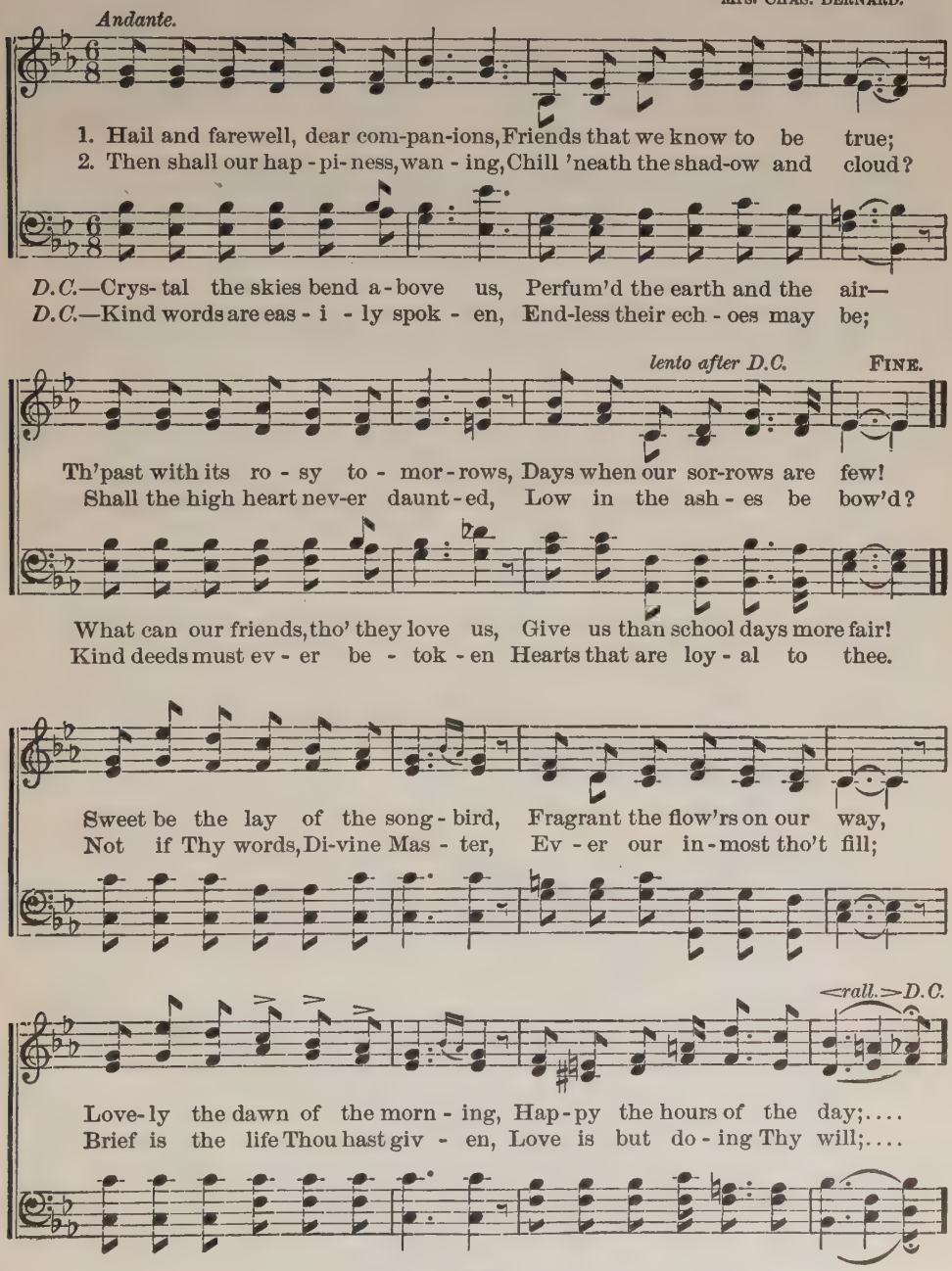
LONGFELLOW. (For Male Voices.) I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. C. G. H.


Andante. p
1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light,
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in silver light,
3. Dreams of the summer night, Tell her her lov-er keeps Watch while, in slumbers light,
p
p
rall. e dim.
She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

No. 239. Hail and Farewell!

(Parting Song for Graduation.)

Mrs. CHAS. BERNARD.


Andante.
1. Hail and farewell, dear com-pan-ions, Friends that we know to be true;
2. Then shall our hap-pi-ness, wan-ing, Chill 'neath the shad-ow and cloud?
D.C.—Crys-tal the skies bend a-bove us, Perfum'd the earth and the air—
D.C.—Kind words are eas-i-ly spok-en, End-less their ech-oes may be;
lento after D.C.
FINE.
Th'past with its ro-sy to-mor-rows, Days when our sor-rows are few!
Shall the high heart nev-er daunt-ed, Low in the ash-es be bow'd?
What can our friends, tho' they love us, Give us than school days more fair!
Kind deeds must ev-er be-tok-en Hearts that are loy-al to thee.
Sweet be the lay of the song-bird, Fragrant the flow'rs on our way,
Not if Thy words, Di-vine Mas-ter, Ev-er our in-most tho't fill;
<rall.>D.C.
Love-ly the dawn of the morn-ing, Hap-py the hours of the day;....
Brief is the life Thou hast giv-en, Love is but do-ing Thy will;....

No. 240. Litoria.

YALE SONG. Adapted.

Allegretto vivace.
SOLO.
1. Our Col-lege is a jol - ly home,
2. As Freshman first we come to school,
3. In Sen- ior year we act our parts,
4. And then in - to the world we come,
p
CHO.
SOLO.
CHO.
Swe-de - le- we-dum bum, We love it still where'er we roam, Swe-de-le-we-dum
Swe-de - le- we-dum bum, Ex- ams and tests and haz-ing rules, Swe-de-le-we-dum
Swe-de - le- we-dum bum, In making love and winning hearts, Swe-de-le-we-dum
Swe-de - le- we-dum bum, We've made good friends and studied some, Swe-de-le-we-dum
mf DUET.
CHO.
bum, The ver - y songs we used to sing, Swe- de - le - we- tchu -
bum, But when we reach our Sen - ior year, Swe- de - le - we- tchu -
bum, The sad-dest tale we have to tell, Swe- de - le - we- tchu -
bum, And till the sun and moon shall pale, Swe- de - le - we- tchu -

Used by permission.

Litoria.—Concluded.

DUET.
CHO.
hi - ra - sa,'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de - le - we - dum-bum.
hi - ra - sa, Of such things we have lost our fear, Swe - de - le - we - dum-bum.
hi - ra - sa, Is when we bid our friends farewell, Swe - de - le - we - dum-bum.
hi - ra - sa, Our Al - ma Ma - ter we will hail, Swe - de - le - we - dum-bum.
f
REFRAIN.
Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
hi - ra - sa, Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - dum-bum.

No. 241. Help It On.

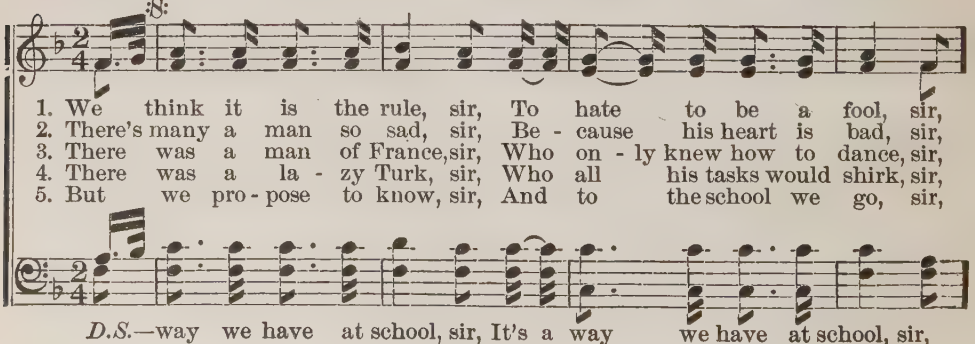
E. R. SILL. (Arr. for either Mixed or Male Voices.)* Old Air.

1. There's a good time com-ing, Help it on, (Help it on,) There's a good
2. There's a fu - ture on the way, Help it on, (Help it on,) There's a fu-ture
3. When you find a no - ble cause, Help it on, (Help it on,) When you find a
4. When the right shall win, Help it on, (Help it on,) When the right
time com-ing, Help it on, (Help it on,) Ev - 'ry heart its tune is drumming,
on the way, Help it on, (Help it on,) When the night shall turn to day,
no - ble cause, Help it on, (Help it on,) Nev - er wait for man's ap - plause,
shall win, Help it on, (Help it on,) There will be no want or sin,
All the air with it is humming, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
For the right shall have the way— Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
Nev-er count the cost, or pause, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!
And the good time shall be-gin, Help it on, Help it on, Help it on, on, on!

* When used for Male Voices, the 1st Tenor sings the Alto part, *8va.*

No. 242. The Students' Way.

E. R. SILL. (To Drive Dull Care Away.) Anonymous

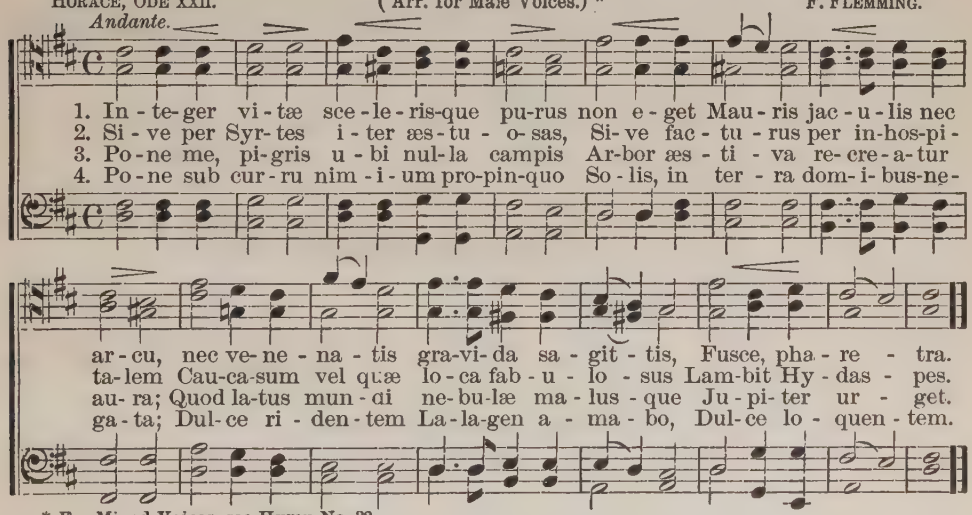

1. We think it is the rule, sir, To hate to be a fool, sir,
2. There's many a man so sad, sir, Be - cause his heart is bad, sir,
3. There was a man of France, sir, Who on - ly knew how to dance, sir,
4. There was a la - zy Turk, sir, Who all his tasks would shirk, sir,
5. But we pro - pose to know, sir, And to the school we go, sir,
D.S.—way we have at school, sir, It's a way we have at school, sir,

The Students' Way.—Concluded.

FINE.
And so we come to school, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
He nev - er can be glad, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
And that gave lit - tle chance, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
He had no hon - est work, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
To grow from head to toe, sir, And drive dull care a - way.
It's a way we have at school, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
D.S.
To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a - way; It's a

No. 243. Integer Vitæ.

HORACE, ODE XXII. (Arr. for Male Voices.) * F. FLEMMING.


Andante.
1. In - te-ger vi - tæ sce - le - ris-que pu-rus non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis nec
2. Si - ve per Syr-tes i - ter æs-tu - o- sas, Si-ve fac - tu - rus per in-hos-pi -
3. Po - ne me, pi-gris u - bi nul-la campis Ar-bor æs - ti - va re- cre - a-tur
4. Po - ne sub cur - ru nim - i - um pro-pin-quo So - lis, in ter - ra dom- i- bus-ne-
ar - cu, nec ve- ne - na - tis gra-vi-da sa - git - tis, Fusce, pha - re - tra.
ta-lem Cau-ca-sum vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam-bit Hy - das - pes.
au- ra; Quod la-tus mun - di ne- bu-læ ma - lus - que Ju - pi- ter ur - get.
ga - ta; Dul-ce ri - den - tem La-la-gen a - ma - bo, Dul-ce lo - quen - tem.

* For Mixed Voices, see Hymn No. 32.

Tr. by W. N. EAYRS. (*English Version.*)

1 He who is upright, kind, and free from error, [him;
Needs not the aid of arms of men to guard
Safely he moves, a child to guilty terrors,
Strong in his virtues.

2 What though he journey o'er the burning desert, [mountains,
Or climb alone the dreadful, dangerous
Or taste the waters of the famed Hydaspes,
Gods will attend him.

3 If fate should take me where the summer breezes [flowers,
Ne'er warmed the earth or sported with the
Where darkness reigns, and angry Jove oppresses
Faint, toiling mortals.

4 Place me where fate denies to man a dwelling,
Conscious of right, all other cares neglecting,
There could I live, thy charms and virtues telling,
Sweet, smiling maiden.

No. 244. Co-Education.

R. M. HAINES. (Male Voices.) R. G. COLE.

Allegretto. (*Not too fast.*)

mf (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

1. In for - mer days, which man-y praise, When peo-ple want-ed knowledge,
2. For out in the West we made the test, And tried the frog's sug- ges - tion;
3. To - geth - er there, or foul or fair, In ev - 'ry kind of wea- ther,

The girls were sent to board-ing school, The boys they went to col - lege;
And East and West, we've found it best, Be- yond the least of ques - tion.
At work or play, on ev - 'ry day, We have good times to - geth - er.

A frog in the marsh, tho' his voice was harsh, Took in the sit - u - a - tion;
When young folks now at wheel or plow, Be - gin to thirst for knowledge,
On ten - nis court we have the sport, When "love and love" 's the tal - ly.

"Co - ed, co- ed, co - ed," he said, He meant co - ed - u - ca - tion.
At once they show their sense and go For it to I - o - wa Col-lege.
On bikes we ride out, side by side, O'er hill and plain or val - ley.

CHORUS. *f*

Hur - rah for the frog that sat in the bog And solv'd for this great na - tion,

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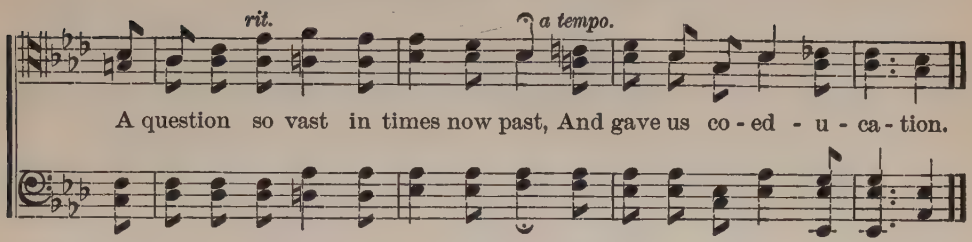
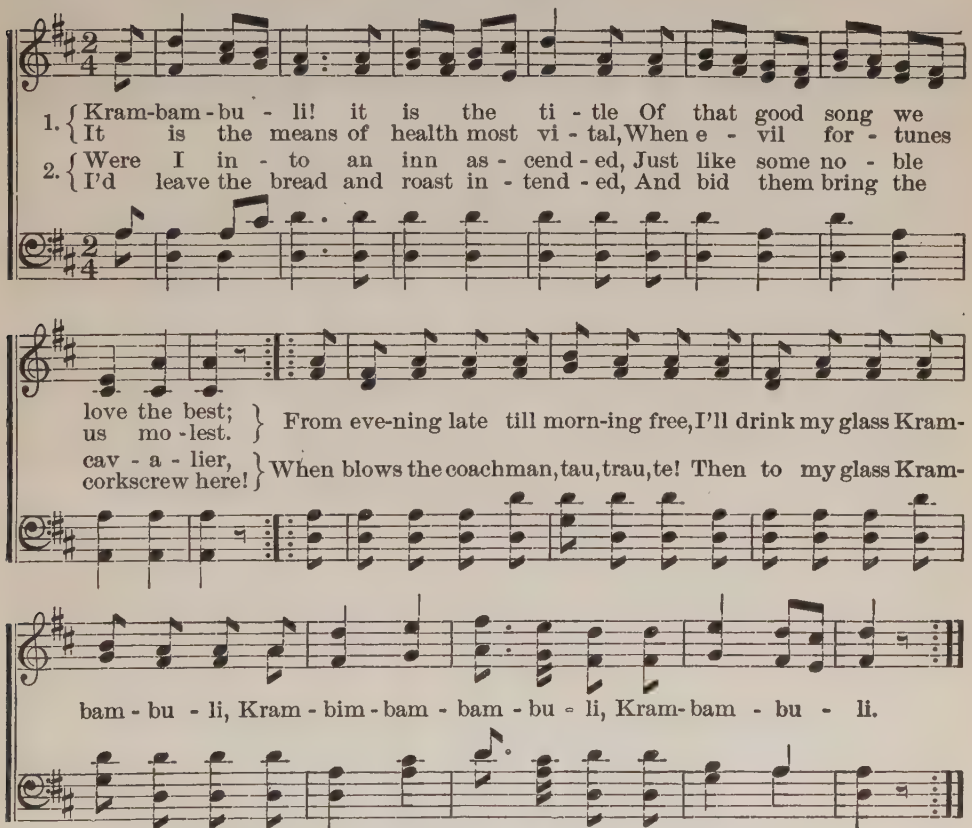
Co-Education.—Concluded.



No. 245. Krambambuli.

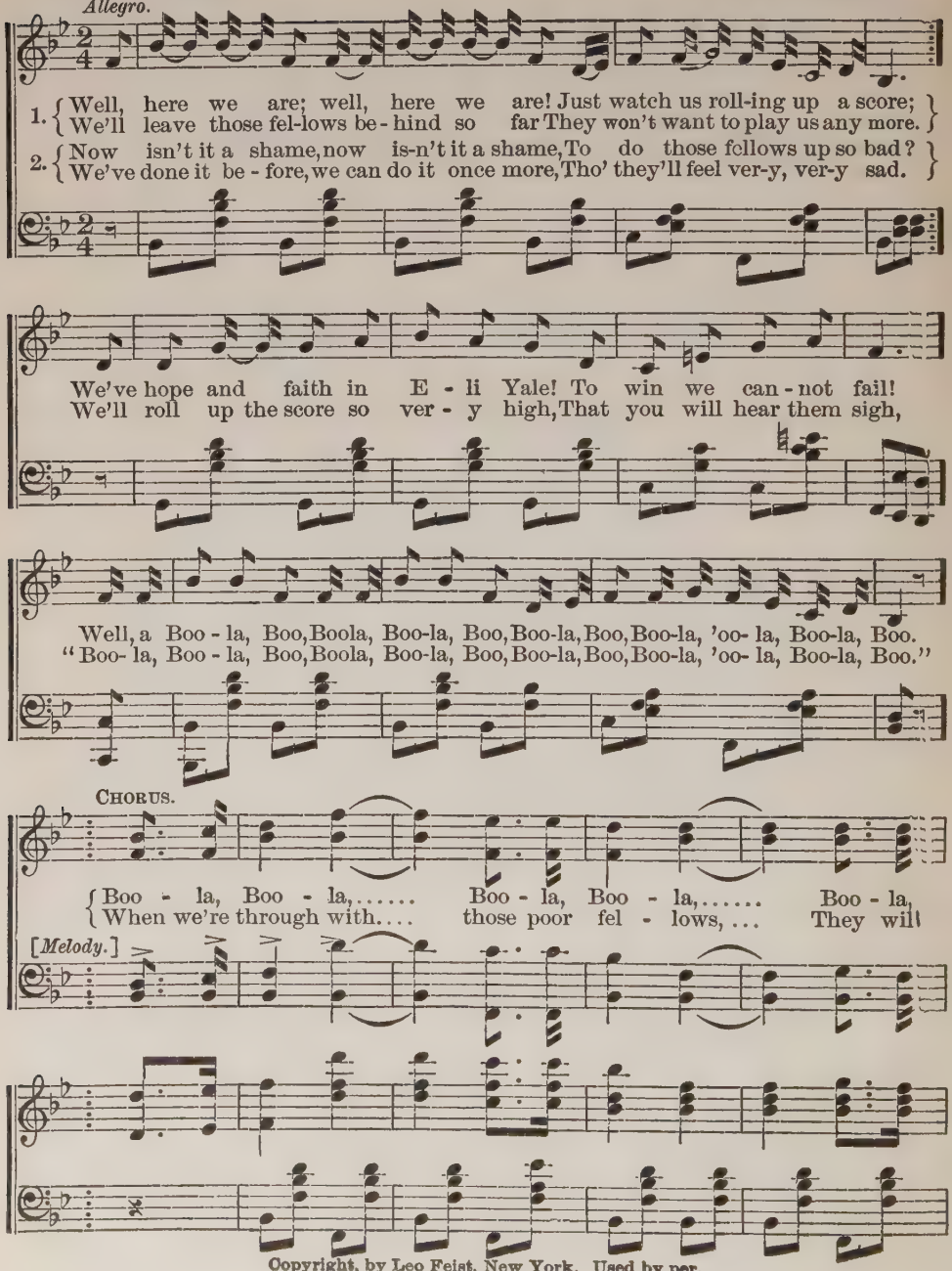

1. Kram-bam - bu - li! it is the ti - tle Of that good song we
It is the means of health most vi - tal, When e - vil for - tunes
2. Were I in - to an inn as - cend - ed, Just like some no - ble
I'd leave the bread and roast in - tend - ed, And bid them bring the
love the best; us mo - lest. From eve-ning late till morn-ing free, I'll drink my glass Kram-
cav - a - lier, corkscrew here! When blows the coachman, tau, trau, te! Then to my glass Kram-
bam - bu - li, Kram - bim - bam - bam - bu - li, Kram - bam - bu - li.

3 Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian;
For me were there an order founded,
'Tis this device I'd hang thereon,
"Toujours, fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du Krambambuli,"
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krambambuli.

4 Krambambuli! it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past, [near me,
Where o'er the glass, friend death, draws
To mar my pleasure at the last,
'Tis then we'll drink in company
The last glass of Krambambuli,
Kram-bim-bam-bambuli, Krimbambuli

No. 246. Yale Boola Song.

Music by A. M. HIRSH. Arr. by THOMAS SHEPHERD.


Allegro.
1. Well, here we are; well, here we are! Just watch us roll-ing up a score;
We'll leave those fel-lows be-hind so far They won't want to play us any more.
2. Now isn't it a shame, now is-n't it a shame, To do those fellows up so bad?
We've done it be-fore, we can do it once more, Tho' they'll feel ver-y, ver-y sad.
We've hope and faith in E - li Yale! To win we can-not fail!
We'll roll up the score so ver - y high, That you will hear them sigh,
Well, a Boo - la, Boo, Boola, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, 'oo- la, Boo-la, Boo.
"Boo- la, Boo - la, Boo, Boola, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, 'oo- la, Boo-la, Boo."
CHORUS.
Boo - la, Boo - la,..... Boo - la, Boo - la,..... Boo - la,
When we're through with.... those poor fel - lows, ... They will
[Melody.]

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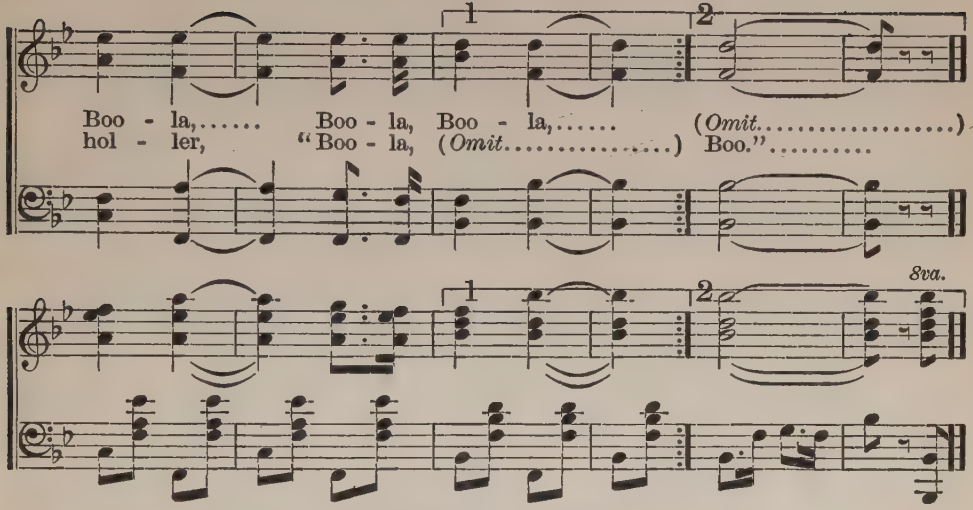
Yale Boola Song.—Concluded.



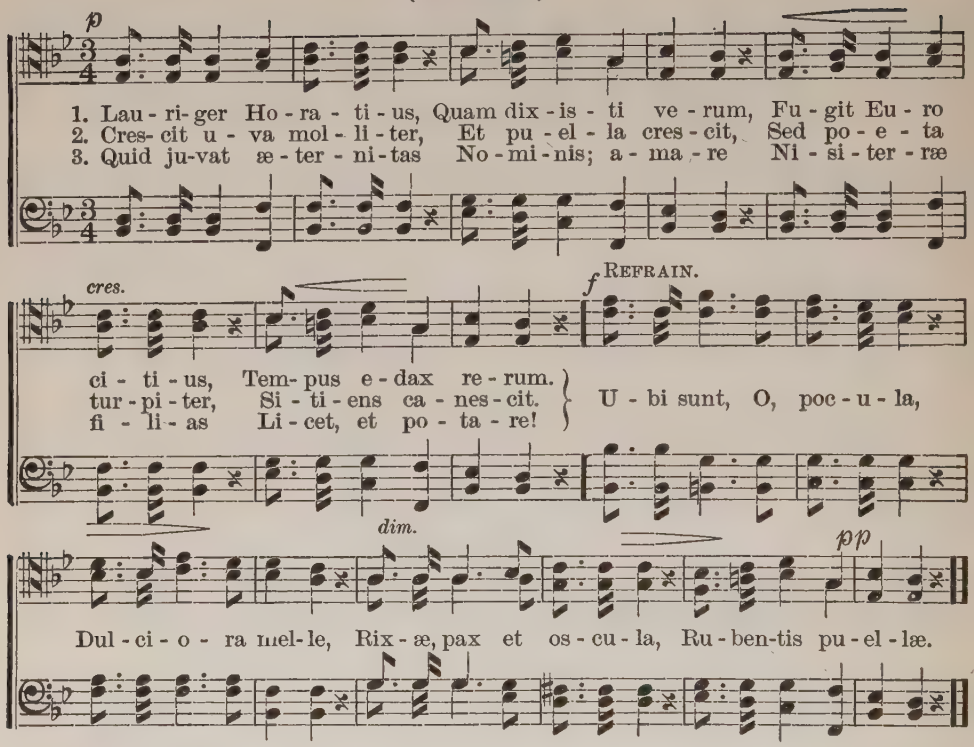
No. 247. Good-Night, Ladies.

(Male Voices.)

f Sostenuto.
1. Good-night, la - dies! good-night, la - dies, Good-night la - dies!
2. Fare - well, la - dies! fare - well, la - dies, Fare - well, la - dies!
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies, Sweet dreams, la - dies!
Allegro.
We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long,
roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the deep blue sea.

No. 248. Lauriger Horatius.

(Male Voices.) *


p
1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta
3. Quid ju-vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re Ni - si - ter - ræ
cres.
f REFRAIN.
ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.
tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!
U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
dim.
pp
Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

* For mixed voices see No. 127.

(*English Version.*)

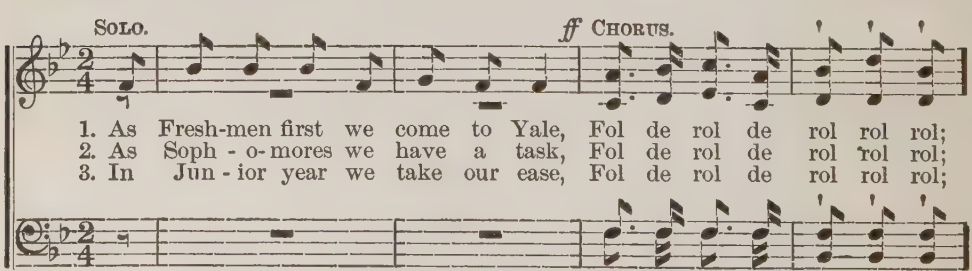
1 Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying,
Time outstrips the tempests breath,
For no mortal staying.

REF.—Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups our mirth attending,
Give me blushing maiden's frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

2 Sweetly grows the grape and maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless.—REF.

3 Though enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me, then, in love and wine,
Find exhaustless treasure.—REF.

No. 249. Eli Yale.


SOLO.
ff CHORUS.
1. As Fresh-men first we come to Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol;
2. As Soph - o - mores we have a task, Fol de rol de rol rol rol;
3. In Jun - ior year we take our ease, Fol de rol de rol rol rol;

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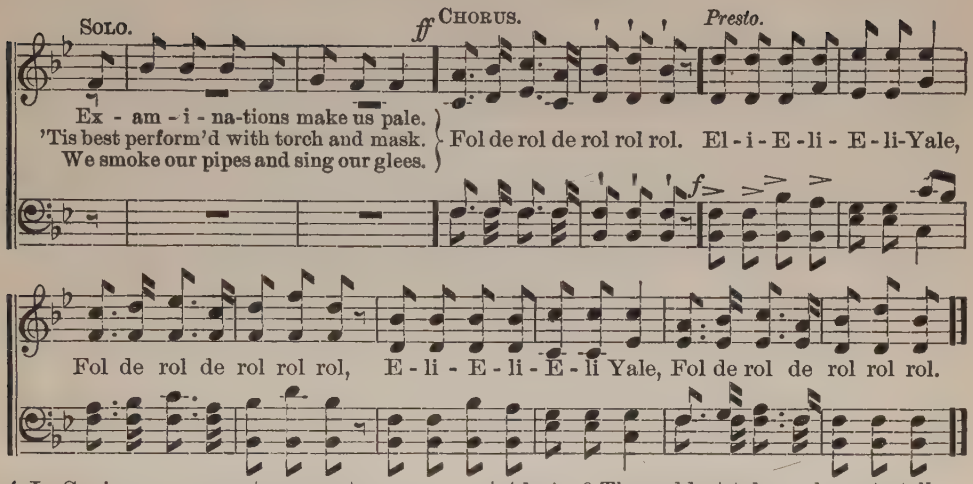
Eli Yale.—Concluded.


Solo.
ff Chorus.
Presto.
Ex - am - i - na-tions make us pale.
'Tis best perform'd with torch and mask.
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol. El - i - E - li - E - li-Yale,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol, E - li - E - li - E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

4 In Senior year we act our parts,
In making love and winning hearts.

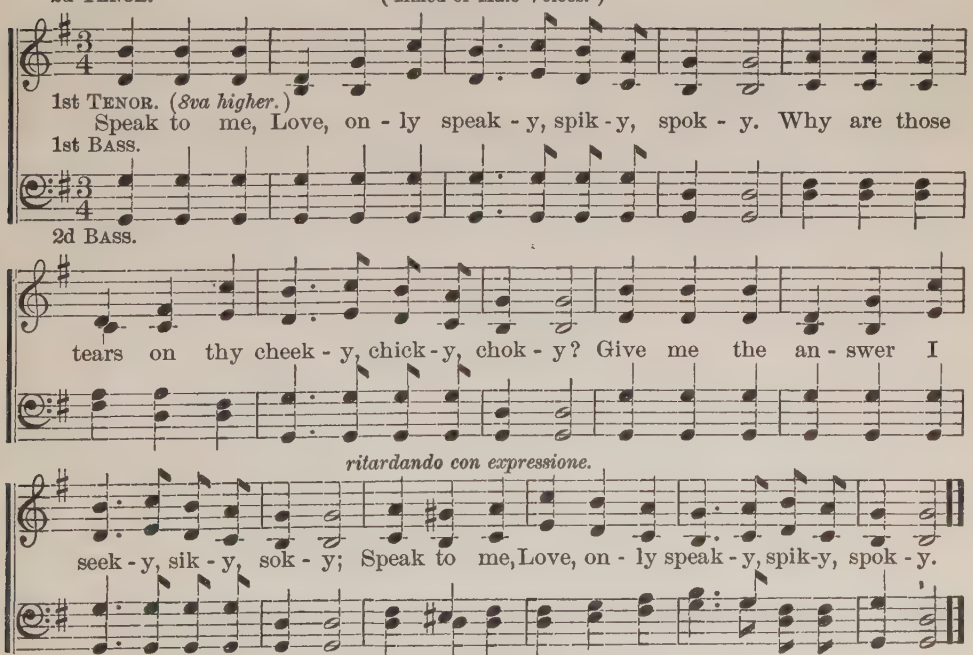
5 And then into the world we come; [some.
We've made good friends and studied

Adagio. 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

A tempo. 7 And till the sun and moon shall pale,
We'll love and rev'rence Mother Yale.

No. 250. Speaky, Spiky, Spoky.

(Mixed or Male Voices.)

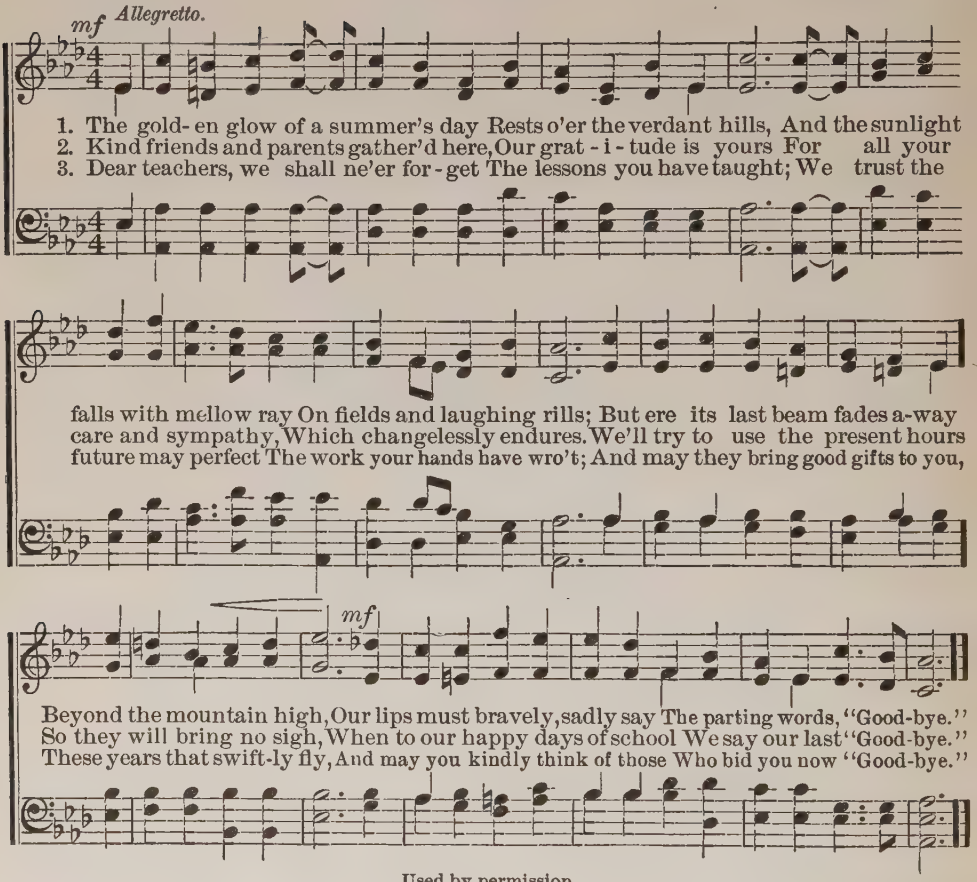

2d Tenor.
1st Tenor. (*8va higher.*)
Speak to me, Love, on - ly speak - y, spik - y, spok - y. Why are those
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
tears on thy cheek - y, chick - y, chok - y? Give me the an - swer I
ritardando con expressione.
seek - y, sik - y, sok - y; Speak to me, Love, on - ly speak - y, spik-y, spok - y.

Note.—When sung by three mixed voices omit 1st Bass, and let 2d Bass sing upper G.

By per. of the Mercersburg Academy Song Book.

No. 251. Valedictory.

A. F. SHOALS. H. C. KING.


mf Allegretto.
1. The gold-en glow of a summer's day Rests o'er the verdant hills, And the sunlight
2. Kind friends and parents gather'd here, Our grat-i-tude is yours For all your
3. Dear teachers, we shall ne'er for-get The lessons you have taught; We trust the
falls with mellow ray On fields and laughing rills; But ere its last beam fades a-way
care and sympathy, Which changelessly endures. We'll try to use the present hours
future may perfect The work your hands have wro't; And may they bring good gifts to you,
mf
Beyond the mountain high, Our lips must bravely, sadly say The parting words, "Good-bye."
So they will bring no sigh, When to our happy days of school We say our last "Good-bye."
These years that swift-ly fly, And may you kindly think of those Who bid you now "Good-bye."

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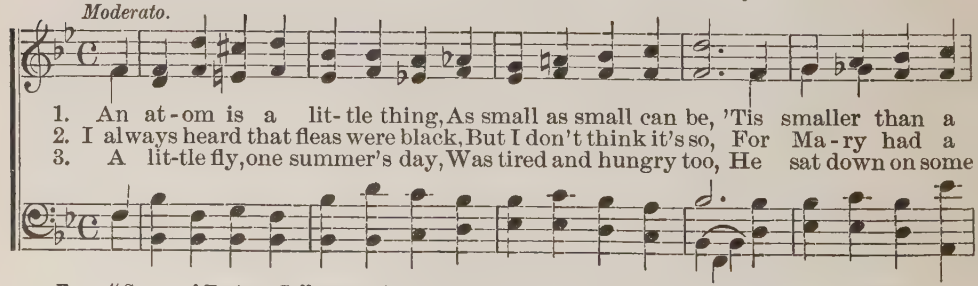
No. 252. A Parody Song.

L. E. BALDWIN. Arr. by E. J. BIEDERMANN.


Moderato.
1. An at-om is a lit-tle thing, As small as small can be, 'Tis smaller than a
2. I always heard that fleas were black, But I don't think it's so, For Ma-ry had a
3. A lit-tle fly, one summer's day, Was tired and hungry too, He sat down on some

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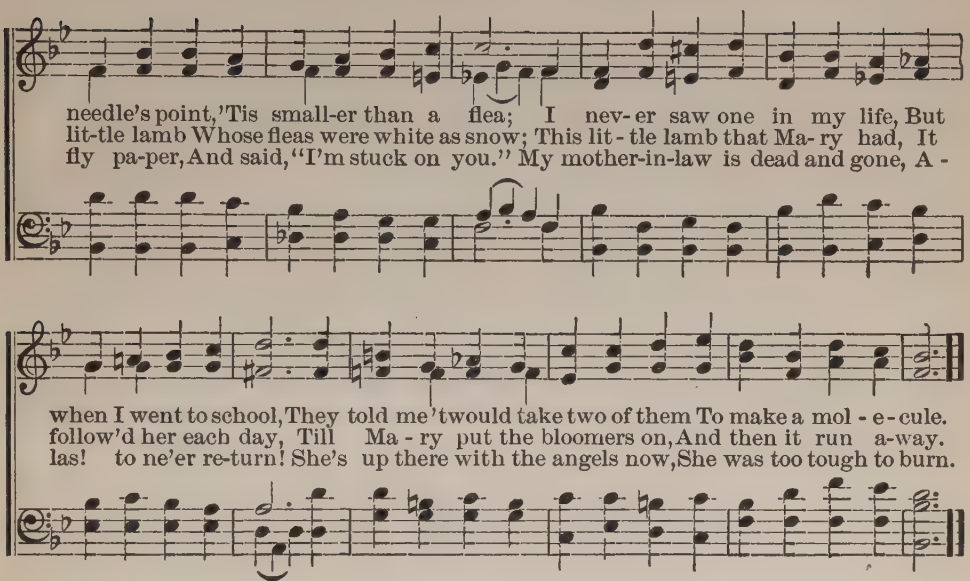
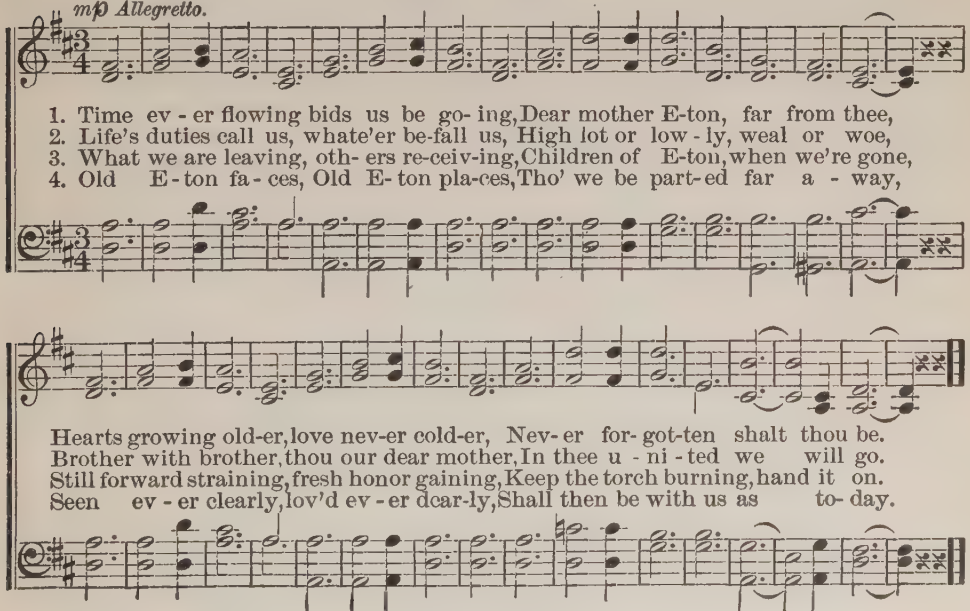
A Parody Song.—Concluded.


needle's point,'Tis small-er than a flea; I nev-er saw one in my life, But
lit-tle lamb Whose fleas were white as snow; This lit-tle lamb that Ma-ry had, It
fly pa-per, And said, "I'm stuck on you." My mother-in-law is dead and gone, A-
when I went to school, They told me 'twould take two of them To make a mol-e-cule.
follow'd her each day, Till Ma-ry put the bloomers on, And then it run a-way.
las! to ne'er re-turn! She's up there with the angels now, She was too tough to burn.

No. 253. Vale.

A. C. AINGER. (Eton Song.) J. BARNBY.


mp Allegretto.
1. Time ev-er flowing bids us be go-ing, Dear mother E-ton, far from thee,
2. Life's duties call us, whate'er be-fall us, High lot or low-ly, weal or woe,
3. What we are leaving, oth-ers re-ceiv-ing, Children of E-ton, when we're gone,
4. Old E-ton fa-ces, Old E-ton pla-ces, Tho' we be part-ed far a-way,
Hearts growing old-er, love nev-er cold-er, Nev-er for-got-ten shalt thou be.
Brother with brother, thou our dear mother, In thee u-ni-ted we will go.
Still forward straining, fresh honor gaining, Keep the torch burning, hand it on.
Seen ev-er clearly, lov'd ev-er dear-ly, Shall then be with us as to-day.

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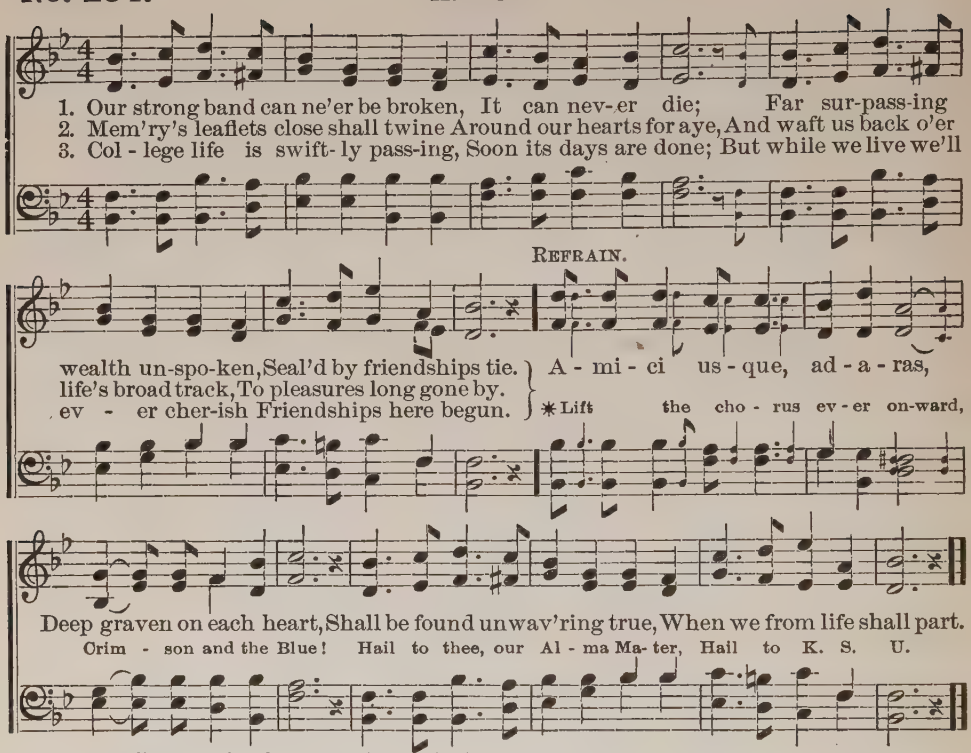
No. 254. Amici.


1. Our strong band can ne'er be broken, It can nev-er die; Far sur-pass-ing
2. Mem'ry's leaflets close shall twine Around our hearts for aye, And waft us back o'er
3. Col - lege life is swift- ly pass-ing, Soon its days are done; But while we live we'll
REFRAIN.
wealth un-spo-ken, Seal'd by friendships tie.
life's broad track, To pleasures long gone by.
ev - er cher-ish Friendships here begun.
A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras,
* Lift the cho - rus ev - er on-ward,
Deep graven on each heart, Shall be found unwav'ring true, When we from life shall part.
Crim - son and the Blue! Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma- ter, Hail to K. S. U.

* Use small notes only when sung with words given below.

No. 255. The Crimson and the Blue.

(K. S. U. Song. Tune—"Amici.")

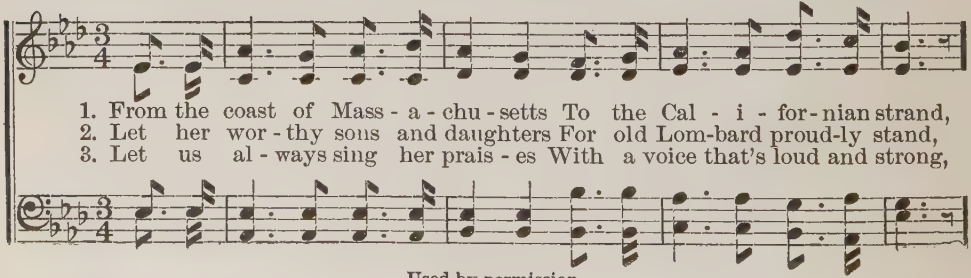
1 Far above the golden valley,
Glorious to the view,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Towering toward the blue.—CHO.

2 Far above the distant humming
Of the busy town;
Reared against the dome of heaven
Looks she proudly down.—CHO.

3 Greet we then our foster mother,
Noble friend so true;
We will ever sing her praises,
Dear old K. S. U.—CHO.

No. 256. The Gold and Olive.

F. F. STACY. (Lombard University.) H. W. DUBEE.


1. From the coast of Mass - a - chu - setts To the Cal - i - for - nian strand,
2. Let her wor - thy sons and daughters For old Lom-bard proud-ly stand,
3. Let us al - ways sing her prais - es With a voice that's loud and strong,

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The Gold and Olive.—Concluded.

From the land of Man - i - to - ba, To the fair gulf's burning sand; In all
Shielding jeal - ous - ly her hon - or In one brave, un-bro- ken band; Let them
Fill - ing all the air a-round us With the mel - o - dy of song; Let us
sec-tions of our country, From the cen-ter to the sea, May the honor'd name of
hold a-loft her ban-ner With a stout and steady arm, Ral - ly - ing her children
give to her the homage Which is due from you and me, And hold sa-cred in our
REFRAIN.
Lombard Stand for tru - est lib-er - ty.
round it From the cit-y, town and farm.
mem-'ry Lombard U - ni - ver - si - ty.
Let us greet the Gold and Ol-ive With a
strong and cordial cheer, Let our hearts be ev-er loy- al To our Al-ma Ma-ter dear.

No. 257. The Gold and Crimson.

(As adapted by S. M. T. N. of Kansas. Tune—"The Gold and Olive.")

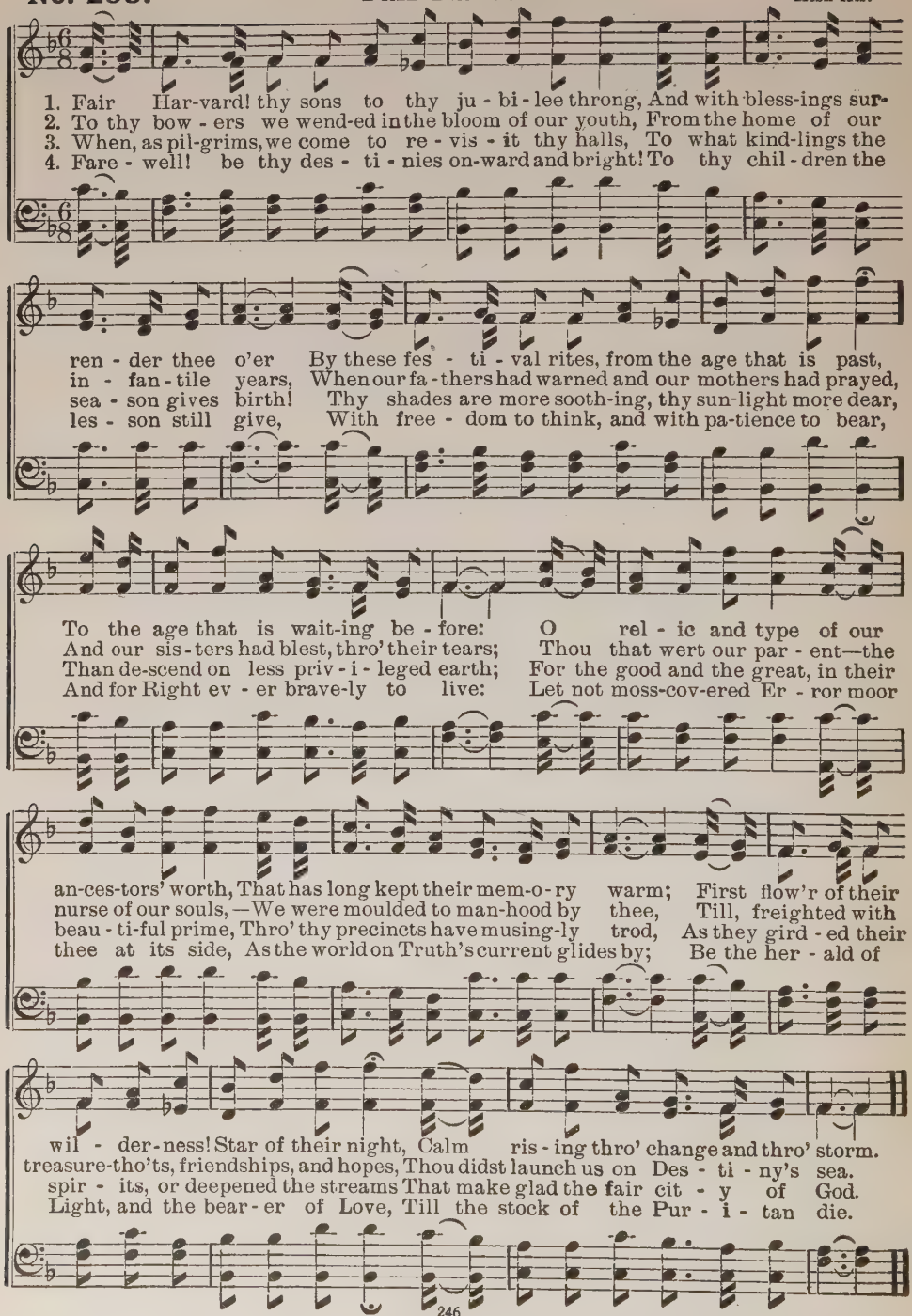
1 On the plains of Southeast Kansas,
'Neath an ever cloudless sky,
Far away from surging ocean,
And the storm-bird's plaintive cry;
With her prairies rolling Westward,
Where the Redmen once have been,
And her ensign proudly waving,
Stands our S. M. T. N.

CHO.—Let us greet the Gold and Crimson,
With a strong and cordial cheer,
Let our hearts be ever loyal
To our Alma Mater dear.

2 Let her worthy sons and daughters
For "Our Normal" proudly stand,
Shielding zealously her honor
In one brave, unbroken band;
Let them hold aloft her banner
With a stout and steady arm;
Rallying her children 'round it,
From the city, town and farm.—CHO.

No. 258. Fair Harvard.

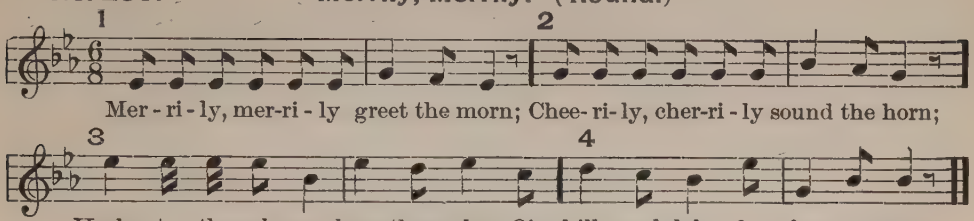
Irish Air.


1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless-ings sur-
2. To thy bow - ers we wend-ed in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our
3. When, as pil-grims, we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what kind-lings the
4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on-ward and bright! To thy chil - dren the
ren - der thee o'er By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past,
in - fan - tile years, When our fa - thers had warned and our mothers had prayed,
sea - son gives birth! Thy shades are more sooth-ing, thy sun-light more dear,
les - son still give, With free - dom to think, and with pa-tience to bear,
To the age that is wait-ing be - fore: O rel - ic and type of our
And our sis - ters had blest, thro' their tears; Thou that wert our par - ent—the
Than de-scend on less priv - i - leged earth; For the good and the great, in their
And for Right ev - er brave-ly to live: Let not moss-cov-ered Er - ror moor
an-ces-tors' worth, That has long kept their mem-o - ry warm; First flow'r of their
nurse of our souls,—We were moulded to man-hood by thee, Till, freighted with
beau - ti-ful prime, Thro' thy precincts have musing-ly trod, As they gird - ed their
thee at its side, As the world on Truth's current glides by; Be the her - ald of
wil - der-ness! Star of their night, Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm.
treasure-tho'ts, friendships, and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.
spir - its, or deepened the streams That make glad the fair cit - y of God.
Light, and the bear - er of Love, Till the stock of the Pur - i - tan die.

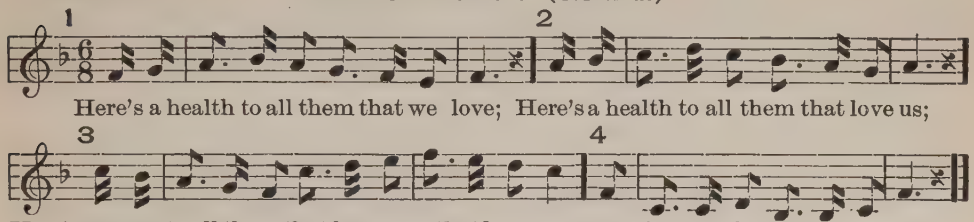
Rounds, Toasts and Singing Yells.

(See also, Nos. 163-a, 189-a, 226 and 231.)

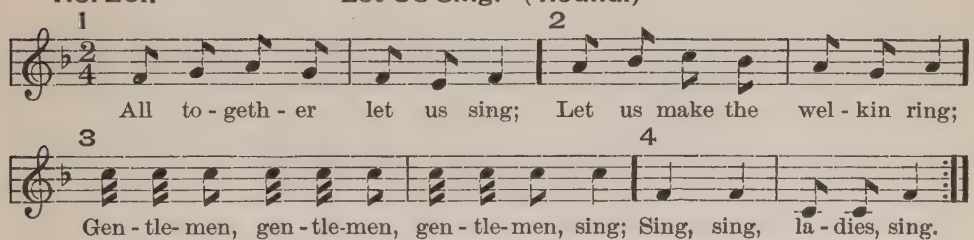
No. 259. Merrily, Merrily. (Round.)


1
2
Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly greet the morn; Chee- ri- ly, cher-ri - ly sound the horn;
3
4
Hark, to the ech- oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

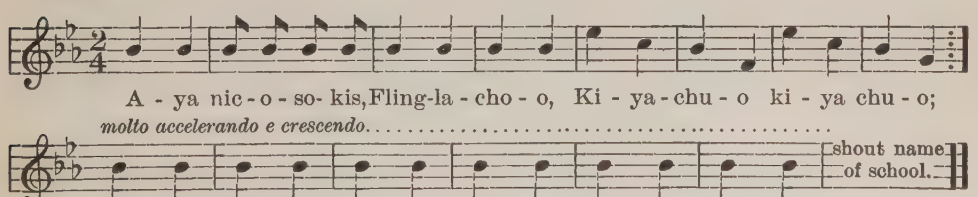
No. 260. Here's a Health. (Round.)


1
2
Here's a health to all them that we love; Here's a health to all them that love us;
3
4
Here's a health to all them that love those that love them, Love those that love them that love us.

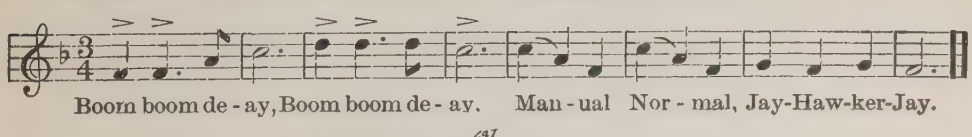
No. 261. Let Us Sing. (Round.)



No. 262. Ki-Ya Chuo.

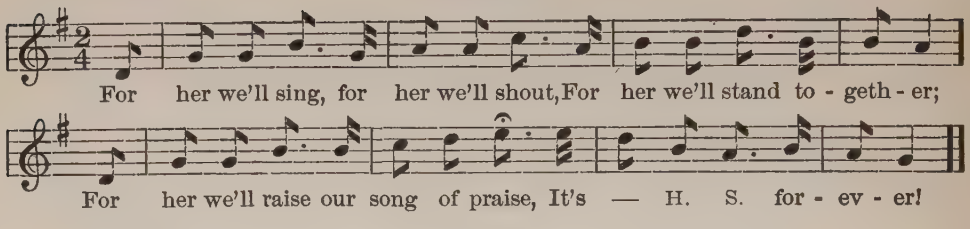

A - ya nic - o - so- kis, Fling-la - cho - o, Ki - ya - chu - o ki - ya chu - o;
molto accelerando e crescendo.
shout name of school.
Ki - ya ki - ya ki - ya ki - ya ki - ya ki - ya;

No. 263. Boom Boom De-Ay. (As adapted by K. S. M. T. N.)

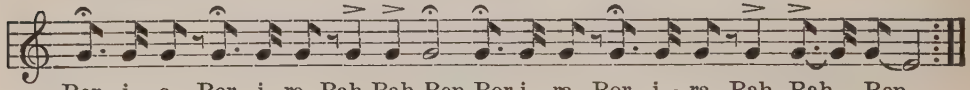


Rounds, Toasts and Singing Yells.—Concluded.

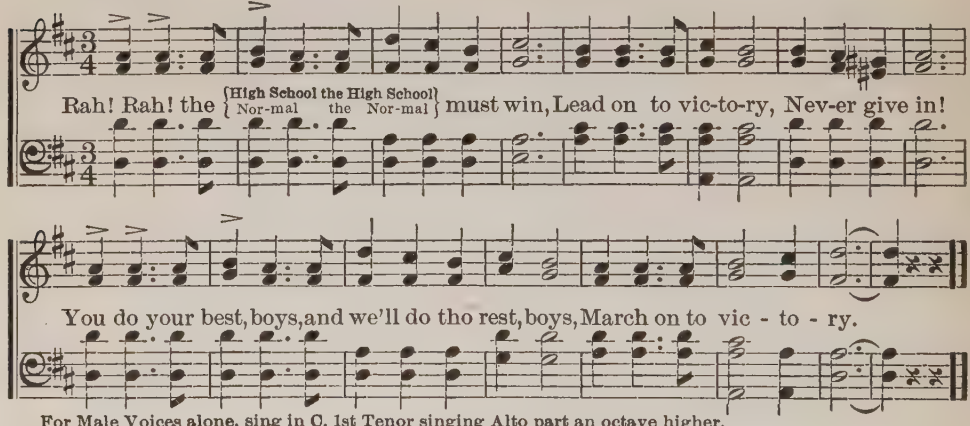
No. 264. K. S. N.



No. 265. Roria.

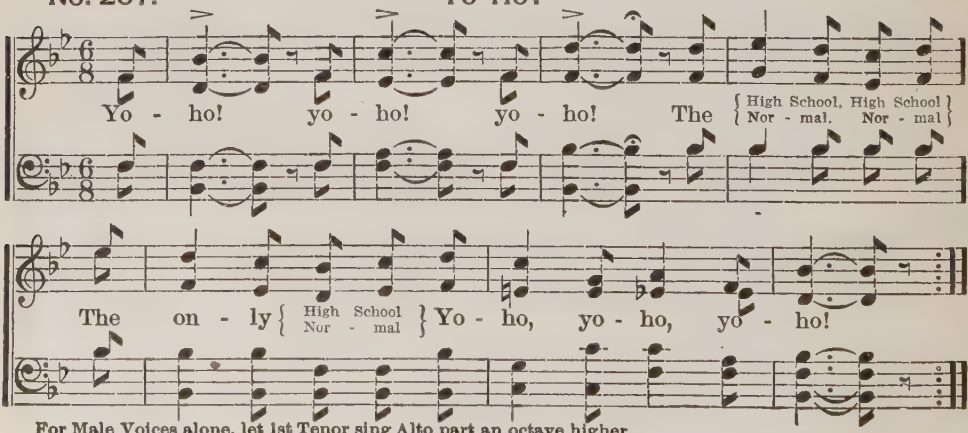


No. 266. Rah! Rah! The Normal!


Rah! Rah! the { High School / Nor-mal } { the High School / Nor-mal } must win, Lead on to vic-to-ry, Nev-er give in!
You do your best, boys, and we'll do tho rest, boys, March on to vic - to - ry.

For Male Voices alone, sing in C, 1st Tenor singing Alto part an octave higher.

No. 267. Yo-Ho!



For Male Voices alone, let 1st Tenor sing Alto part an octave higher.

No. 268.

Illinois

May also be sung to tune "Baby Mine."

C. H. CHAMBERLAIN — WALTER HOWE JONES

1. By thy riv - ers gen - tly flow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
2. From a wil - der - ness of prair - ies, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
3. Not with - out thy wondrous sto - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
nois, O'er thy prair-ies verdant grow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
nois, Straight thy way and nev-er var - ies, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
nois, Can be writ the nations glo - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li -
nois, Comes an ech - o on the breeze, Rustling thro' the leaf - y
nois, Till up - on the in - land sea, Stands thy great com-mer - cial
nois, On the rec - ord of thy years, A - bram Lin - coln's name ap -
trees, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.
tree, Turning all the world to thee, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.
pears, Grant and Lo - gan, and our tears, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.

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** These selections will be found among "Responses and Chants", Part 1.

STANDARD HYMNS—(Part II)

First Line or Title	Composer or Source	No.
A charge to keep I have.	*Mason*	77
Abide with me; fast falls the.	*Monk*	17
A mighty fortress is our God.	*Luther*	52
All hail the power of Jesus name. .	*Holden*	75
Angel voices ever singing.	*Sullivan*	42
Art thou weary? art thou.	*Bullinger*	21
As pants the wearied hart.	*Sullivan*	48
As the sun doth daily rise.	*Monk*	95
Awake, my soul, and with. . . .	*Barthelemon*	79
Awake, my soul, stretch.	*Handel*	22
Blest be the tie that binds.	*Nageli*	36
Brightest and best of the sons.	*Mozart*	35
But the Lord is mindful of. . .	*Mendelssohn*	119
Cast thy burden upon the. .	*Mendelssohn*	106
Come, my soul, thou must be.	*Haydn*	34
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays	*Schumann*	37
Come sound His praise abroad. . . .	*Smith*	99

First Line or Title	Composer or Source	No.
Come, Thou Almighty King	*Giardini*	1
Come, ye disconsolate	*Webbe*	60
Day is dying in the west	*Sherwin*	58
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind	*Maker*	112
Faintly flow, thou falling river	*Spanish*	69
Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all	*German*	20
Faith of our fathers! Living still	*Walton*	107
Father dear, I fain would thank	*Rhein'br*	73
Forever here my nest shall be	*Wilson*	8
Forever with the Lord	*Woodbury*	82
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	*Oliver*	92
From all that dwell below the skies	*Mozart*	94
From every stormy wind that	*Hastings*	64
From glory unto glory	*Hoyte*	121
Glorious things of Thee are spoken	*Haydn*	98
Glory be to the Father	*Meineke*	*2
Glory be to the Father	*Greatorex*	*9
God is love, His mercy	*Beethoven*	113
God of our fathers, known of old	*Gower*	111
God of the year, with songs	*Beethoven*	91
God shall charge His angel	*Mendelssohn*	26
Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah	*Hastings*	90
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	*Spanish*	68
Hail to the Lord's annointed	*Mozart*	43
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic voices	*Dykes*	16
Hark! the herald angels sing	*Mendelssohn*	120
Hark! the vesper hymn is	*Stevenson*	116
Hark! what mean those holy voices	*Weber*	19
Hear our morning prayer	*Unknown*	*3
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	*Dykes*	2
Holy Spirit, faithful guide	*Wells*	96
How firm a foundation	*Portuguese*	57
If, on the quiet sea	*Mason*	76
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	*Handel*	67
I love to tell the story	*Fischer*	25
In heavenly love abiding	*Mendelssohn*	70
In the cross of Christ I glory	*Conkey*	38
In the morning I will pray	*Gottschalk*	9
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling	*Monk*	47
Jerusalem the golden	*Ewing*	85
Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Oliver*	93
Jesus, I my cross have taken	*Mozart*	114
Jesus, Lover of my soul	*Holbrook*	88
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	*Gould*	89
Jesus shall reign where'er the	*Zuener*	27
Jesus, the very thought of	*Hastings*	8
Joy to the world, the Lord is	*Handel*	50
Kind words can never die	*Hutchinson*	62
Lead, Kindly light, amid the	*Dykes*	54
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead	*Gounod*	45
Lest we forget	*Gower*	111
Let glory be to God on high	*Dykes*	44
Lord, bestow on us Thy blessing	*Sicilian*	71
Lord, how Thy wonders are	*Webb*	74
Lord, I seek Thee	*Hoover*	*8
Lord of all being throned afar	*Taylor*	101
Lord, Thee I'll praise with	*Calkin*	13
Lord, when my raptured thought	*Wallace*	28
Lord, with glowing heart I'd	*Flotow*	109
Love divine, all love excelling	*Zundel*	4
My faith looks up to Thee	*Mason*	63
My God, how endless is Thy	*Schumann*	41
My God, my King, Thy various	*Rossini*	72
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	*Weber*	84
My soul, be on thy guard	*Mason*	51
Nearer my God, to Thee	*Mason*	65
Now thank we all our God	*Crüger*	59
Now the day is over	*Barnby*	56
Now the shades of night are gone	*Weber*	14
O come, all ye faithful	*Portuguese*	24
O could I speak the matchless	*Mason*	118
O day of rest and gladness	*Mason*	122
O for a heart to praise my God	*Dykes*	97
O God, our help in ages	*Franc*	23
O mother dear, Jerusalem	*Ward*	46
O paradise, O paradise	*Barnby*	15
O praise ye the Lord	*Unknown*	*4
O sacred head, now wounded	*Bach*	87
O worship the King, all Glorious	*Haydn*	7
Once more, my soul, the rising	*Dykes*	123
One sweetly solemn thought	*Phillips*	78
Onward, Christian soldiers	*Sullivan*	6
Our father, who art in	*Ancient chant*	*1
Praise God, from whom all	*Franc*	*10
Praise, my soul, the King of	*Smart*	33
Praise the Lord, O my soul	*Old chant*	*5
Praise the Lord, ye heavens	*Wilcox*	49
Praise to God, immortal	*Wortensee*	83
Praise ye the Father, for His	*Flemming*	32
Praise ye the Father, let all	*Gounod*	228
Recessional	*Gower*	111
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	*Hastings*	66
Silent night, holy night, all is	*Haydn*	18
Softly now the light of day	*Gottschalk*	10
Soldiers of Christ, arise	*Woodbury*	61
Spirit divine, attend our prayers	*Anon*	*7
Still, Lord, with thee	*Old Chant*	*6
Still, still with Thee, when	*Mendelssohn*	55
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour Dear	*Monk*	3
The heavens declare Thy glory,	*Mason*	39
The Lord is my shepherd	*Havergal*	11
The morning light is breaking	*Webb*	80
The shadows of the evening hour	*Hiles*	53
The Son of God goes forth to	*Cutler*	40
The spacious firmament on	*Haydn*	5
There's nothing bright above	*Bowring*	108
There's a wideness in God's	*Tourjee*	29
They who seek the throne of grace	*Pleyel*	102
To God, the only wise	*Handel*	115
To Thee, my God, my Saviour	*German*	31
Triumphant Lord, Thy goodness	*Hatton*	100
We feel Thy calm at evening hour	*Haydn*	104
We lay us calmly down to	*Schumann*	81
We plough the fields, and	*Schulz*	110
We three kings of orient are	*Old English*	30
With all my powers of heart	*Mason*	103
When all Thy mercies, O my God	*Haydn*	12
When I survey the wondrous	*Woodbury*	117
While shepherds watched	*Methfessel*	105

** See "Responses and Chants" Part 1

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS—(Part III)

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Decoration Day	*Geyer*	144
Dixie Land	*Emmet*	143
Flag of the Free	*Wagner*	132
Flag of a Thousand Battles	*Boyd*	147
God Bless Our Native Land	*Mason*	126
God Ever Glorious	*Lvoff*	145
Great God of Nations	*German*	130
Hail Columbia	*Phyla*	135
Joy! Joy! Freedom To-day	*Anonymous*	149
Keller's American Hymn	*Keller*	150
Landing of the Pilgrims	*Hemans*	133
Land of Greatness! Home of Glory	*Haydn*	134
Long Live America	*Pontius*	131
March of the Men of Harlech	*Welsh*	137
Marching Through Georgia	*Work*	139
Maryland! My Maryland!	*Randall*	127
Marseilles, The	*R. de Lisle*	141
Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory	*Howe*	128
National Hymn	*Warren*	148
O God, Beneath Thy Guiding	*Knapp*	146
O Native Land	*Reichardt*	142
Old Glory	*Mrs. Boyd*	147
Our Native Song	*Methfessel*	136
Our Colors	*Fitzsimons*	139
Recessional	*Gower*	111
Russian National Hymn	*Lvoff, Arr.*	145
Sleep, Comrades, Sleep	*Geyer*	144
The Battle Prayer	*Korner, Arr.*	138
The Breaking Waves Dashed	*Hemans*	133
The Men of Harlech	*Welsh National Air*	137
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